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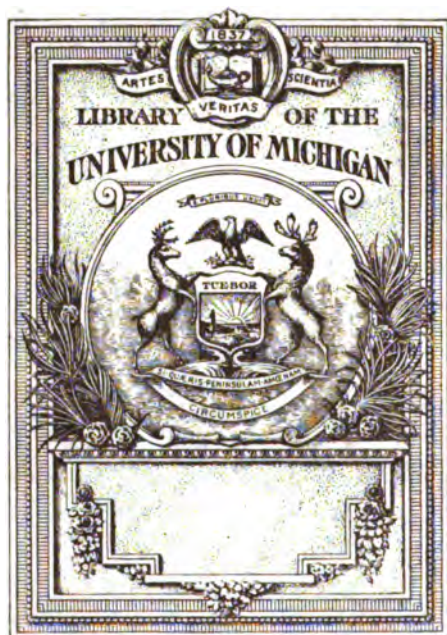
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR



Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

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The Monthly Packet.

JANUARY, 1883.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER XVII.

A FLATTERING TALE.

' . . . To the foolish some secular mirage, or shadow of still waters, painted on the parched earth; whereby at least their dusty pilgrimage, if devious, becomes cheerfuller, becomes possible.'—CARLYLE.

SHORTLY after this Mrs. Lydiard was summoned unexpectedly to a rich old aunt in the north of England, who had been taken suddenly ill. She went off in high good humour, at an hour's notice, leaving her two girls in charge of Mrs. Bell, who sent her carriage that afternoon to fetch them to the Villa.

News of this move did not reach Alding Place till the next morning, and Herbert remarked that Hetty and her cousin ought to have come to them. Margaret, however, said gently that the present arrangement was the best.

'We might find ourselves too much mixed up with Mrs. Lydiard's affairs,' she observed. 'I fear there may be second-rate people amongst her relations.'

'Possibly—but they need not be Hetty's relations.'

'Oh no; and besides, as we have already said, Hetty is herself. Still, if you wish it, Herbert——'

'No, I don't wish it. One must ask Conny Lydiard too, and she would be a bore.'

Herbert of course went to the Villa that afternoon, and repeated his visit every day. He very soon, though for different reasons, agreed with Margaret that this arrangement was the best. At Alding Place, under the eyes of his sisters, with visitors coming and going, his love-making could not be carried on half so pleasantly as in the free, indulgent atmosphere of Mrs. Bell's house and garden. She was not

troubled with many ideas of strictness and propriety, such as reigned with Margaret ; and Herbert would indeed have been an unnatural young man if he had not enjoyed the privilege of having Hetty to himself, where, when, and as long as he pleased ; Mrs. Bell having said, with a sleepy laugh, that in her opinion lovers had a right to be selfish. Herbert did not respect her any the more for saying it, or for giving him the liberty of which he was quite ready to take advantage. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, spending as much time at the Villa as his other duties would allow. It was a pleasanter playground than Mrs. Lydiard's little house in Eastmarsh, however considerate she might have been.

Hetty had now a fine opportunity for carrying out James Harvey's wish, by making friends with Lily Wade. But somehow this philanthropic undertaking did not prosper as it deserved. One reason may have been that Hetty's thoughts were so much occupied with her own affairs. Yet it was not in her to be quite unmindful of this little fair girl who went so quietly about the house, attending to all Mrs. Bell's business, subject to all her fancies, slightly considered herself by either mistress or servants, and yet with a sort of freedom and indulgence likely to do her more harm than good. Hetty was kind and polite to the girl, as she had always been, and once or twice tried to draw her out a little, but failed, she hardly knew why. Lily did not seem to care for her kindness, that was the truth. She put on something of a careless manner, independent—repelling, Hetty thought it—tossed her head with a smile that had a kind of triumph in it, a half-hidden excitement. It struck Hetty as rather odd. She supposed it was a foolish pride, morbidly afraid of being patronised, and felt sorry for Lily. But, with Herbert constantly there, she saw little of her, and it was not to be expected that she should be much troubled by her small airs. There was nothing for it but to let the silly girl alone.

If poor Lily was discontented, the visit of these two more fortunate girls was not likely to make her less so. Hetty had her lover, and might be seen walking in Paradise. Conny was nearly always with Mrs. Bell, who petted and spoiled her thoroughly. They would sit talking for hours of their mutual hero, Charley, with his letters in their hands. Thus Mrs. Bell did not want the talk, or the reading, or even the company of Lily, who spent most of her time trudging to Eastmarsh and back, the hot sun and other influences making a worse muddle than ever in her poor little brain.

So things went on for a few days. Then, late one afternoon, Mrs. Bell came out to Herbert and Hetty in the garden and asked him if he would stay and dine with them. He had accepted such an invitation once or twice before, but now he regretfully declined it. James Harvey was coming down, he said, for a farewell visit, before starting for Egypt with his brother. Most likely he would not stay more than one night, and Herbert could not be away.

'Bring him with you. I like Mr. Harvey,' said Mrs. Bell. 'Conny and I will amuse him. Won't that do?'

No, Herbert was afraid it would not do; his sisters would certainly object.

'Rival objections,' said Mrs. Bell. 'Well, Hetty, yours will have to give way.'

This hint made Hetty colour and feel very nervous. She was ashamed of Mrs. Bell. Fortunately, however, Herbert did not give himself the trouble to understand it.

Mrs. Bell went back into the house, and very soon afterwards Herbert said he must go. So Hetty walked with him to the gate, and they parted there under the shady elm-trees. Hetty watched and listened till he was quite gone, and then turned towards the house. She did not care to stay in the garden now that her sun was set.

In these days Hetty was a very happy girl. The cloud of the poaching trouble having cleared away, there was no shadow on Herbert's perfection. He grew dearer and more splendid every day, and Hetty knew with deep satisfaction that the truest happiness was to be alone with him, to listen to him without interruption, even from Margaret, who, with all her undisputed perfections, was far, far inferior to her brother. This was as it should be, and Margaret herself would have said so.

As Hetty was turning slowly back along the path, just now enchanted ground, she heard a rustle in the shrubbery, and Lily Wade came out from between two rhododendron bushes. This did not startle Hetty, for she knew that privileged people sometimes made a short cut that way, to and from Eastmarsh. There was no road, even a private one, but it was possible thus to cut off a large corner of dusty highway.

Lily looked hurried, eager, and excited. She had bright spots of colour in her cheeks, the pupils of her eyes were so large that they looked like dark eyes, and gave quite a new kind of brilliancy to her whole appearance; she was almost beautiful, and Hetty could not help staring at her for a moment. What had happened to the girl?

'Is Mr. Ethelston gone?' said Lily.

There was something mysterious even in her voice; she seemed to speak with a sort of uncertainty, as if she was afraid of letting out some wonderful secret.

'Yes, he is gone,' Hetty answered. 'Mrs. Bell asked him to dinner, but he could not stay.'

'I knew she was going to ask him, and I knew he wouldn't stay.'

'How did you know?' asked Hetty with most natural surprise.

'Oh, I knew. I am not so ignorant,' said Lily, tossing her head with a laugh. 'There are some people who would be rather surprised if they knew as much as I do.'

'I must be among them,' said Hetty, 'for I really don't understand you.'

Generally she would not have been much troubled by Lily's pretensions, but as they seemed somehow to be connected with Herbert, she was conscious of a little uneasy wonder. She looked curiously at Lily, not at the moment feeling very friendly towards this girl, who seemed to be putting herself forward in a quite startling and unwarranted way.

'Don't look at me like that, Miss Stewart! Don't leave off being kind to me!' said Lily more quietly, with a falter in her voice which softened Hetty at once. 'I am so wild with happiness I don't know what to do,' she went on, almost in a whisper. 'I have told nobody—but I will tell you all about it, if you like.'

'What is it?' said Hetty.

'Oh come, sit down. There can't be any harm in telling you. Everybody must know soon,' said Lily.

There was a garden-seat under a tree not far off. Hetty sat down as she was asked, still feeling a little nervous and uneasy, though she did not think now that the secret concerned Herbert. Lily seized her hand and kissed it in a hasty excitable way.

'Read this, and then you'll know,' she said, giving her an open letter.

As Hetty read it, which she did rather slowly, the girl stooped forward, staring into her face. Hetty certainly looked interested, absorbed, but her eyebrows went up a little, and her face, becoming very grave, expressed nothing but pained astonishment.

'Will you meet me in the lane at six o'clock on Friday morning? It is my last chance, as I leave England on Monday. I am due at A. P. late Thursday, for one night. I cannot pay a formal visit at the V. The above early hour will let me get back in time for breakfast. I want to speak to you on a deeply interesting subject, to tell you, and to ask you, something most important, which yet will not be altogether a surprise. Don't disappoint me. I will wait till half-past six.—J. H.'

'Who is this from, Miss Wade?' said Hetty.

She spoke coldly, and dropped the letter into her companion's lap with a little gesture of indignant scorn.

'Don't you know? Mr. Harvey, of course!' said Lily in an ecstatic whisper.

'Of course! What do you mean? Yes, I suppose it is from Mr. Harvey. But what in the world makes him write to you like that?'

'Do you think it strange? Ah, you are surprised at a gentleman like him caring about me. But I have had letters from him before now, such kind letters, and beautiful walks with him too. And he has given me lots of books, and taught me so many things—and there's nobody on earth like him!' said Lily, looking up with flashing eyes. 'I'm miserable at his going to Egypt and all that, but he is coming to see me once more, so I won't fret. He doesn't like me to fret. He is

as kind as an angel. Oh, don't look at me like that! Why should you be angry with me? It doesn't hurt you.'

Hetty sat in silent consternation. Here was Lily on the grass at her feet, kissing her hands again, half-laughing, half-crying, in the wild excitement of telling her story for the first time. Hetty was terribly distressed. She tried to pull her hands away, but the girl clutched at them desperately. She went on talking in a confused way about James and his goodness to her, and as Hetty listened, however unwillingly, there came springing up in her heart, conquering by degrees every other feeling, a great pity for this poor ignorant girl.

'Stop,' she said at last, 'let me speak.' She was bending towards Lily, her eyes so good and sweet and calm that the girl was checked at once, and listened to her quietly. 'If you want me to be your friend, of course you must tell me everything; and I hope you will take my advice. You don't really mean to meet that man to-morrow morning!'

'I do! I must! Of course I must. Why, I may never see him again!' cried Lily.

'You ought not. It was very wrong of him to ask you.'

'If Mr. Ethelston asked you, you would.'

Hetty might be forgiven if she felt that there was a gulf between herself, her circumstances, and a 'female soul' like this. The comparison was so odious that it almost took away her kindly feeling for Lily. She answered after a moment, with a faint, cold smile—

'Mr. Ethelston never could have asked me, and if he had, I should have said No. People who respect themselves don't meet in under-hand ways, or at queer hours. Mr. Harvey should never have thought of such a thing.'

'Ah, it's all very fine for you to talk—I know all about it. It's my wretched position—I'm not a lady like you. He knows very well—if Mrs. Bell found it out she would send me home, most likely. She thinks he always came out of politeness to her.'

'Mr. Harvey could very easily put it all right with Mrs. Bell,' said Hetty. 'If I were you, I should go to Mrs. Bell this moment and tell her all about it.'

'Oh no, never!' exclaimed Lily. 'He would be angry—and she would be so angry and so unkind!'

Hetty sat gazing dreamily across the garden. She was trying to remember exactly what Mr. Harvey had said to her about his interest in Lily Wade. He had at any rate deceived her as to the nature of it—unless Lily was deceiving herself almost beyond possibility. It was an extraordinary muddle. Some things seemed to point one way, some another. Lily seemed to deserve both pity and blame; James Harvey, as far as this judge could see, blame entire and undiluted. Could there be stronger evidence against him than the letter she had just read!

All this time Lily Wade sat crouched at her feet, hiding her face in her hands, and apparently crying a little; the sad side of her position having come uppermost. The triumph, having so signally failed in its effect on Hetty, was just at present forgotten.

'Has Mr. Harvey asked you to marry him?' Hetty said at length, in a low, gentle voice.

'N—no. He told me one day he should like to see me married to a good man.'

'Ah! Did you suppose he meant himself?' said Hetty. She was seldom guilty of sarcasm, but this was irresistible. 'What did you say?'

'I told him I should never marry at all. He said, Oh yes, I should, and then he laughed, and went on talking very kindly. But he's a gentleman, Miss Stewart,' said Lily, suddenly lifting her flushed face, 'and he treats me like a lady, and he has behaved to me just like Mr. Ethelston did to you, I expect, before you were engaged. But I must meet him to-morrow morning, because it's the last chance—he says so, and I'm not to disappoint him.'

'That letter is anything but gentlemanlike,' said Hetty. 'He will respect you all the more, Lily, if you don't meet him. He ought to have known it was impossible.'

'Oh, but it was the only chance.'

'Nonsense!'

'And people meet each other in books at all sorts of times.'

'Books!' repeated Hetty, with great contempt.

'Oh dear! you make me miserable, and I was so happy before. I'm sorry I told you anything about it,' sighed Lily.

'I am glad you told me, and you will be glad yourself some day, when you are wiser.'

Lily was going on with more of her futile arguments, but Conny's voice was suddenly heard in the distance, calling her cousin.

'Oh, don't tell her or Mrs. Bell,' said Lily, starting up with a last clutch. 'I've trusted you; I shall die if you tell.'

'No, no, I won't tell them,' Hetty answered. 'But you must promise me not to go out to-morrow morning. Do believe me, it will be so much better for you in the end.'

Lily gave no promise, however. She only shook her head and murmured something. Hetty was not satisfied, but Conny's voice was coming nearer, and there was not time to say more. If Mrs. Bell had been a different woman, how easy, how necessary it would have been to insist on Lily's telling her all; but confidence in Mrs. Bell was almost impossible, and it seemed to Hetty that the whole entanglement was very much her fault. Mrs. Landor! but she was out of reach that night, and to-morrow would be too late. What could Hetty do—what ought she to do for this poor girl who had trusted her?

She was very silent and preoccupied all the evening, but since her

engagement she had been subject to fits of dreaminess, and Mrs. Bell and Conny were not surprised. Lily also was silent, and sat working in a corner, sometimes glancing at the clock with restless eyes; but nobody noticed her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HETTY'S ADVENTURE.

'A very pitiful lady, very young,
Exceeding rich in human sympathies.'

Vita Nuova: tr. D. G. ROSSETTI.

HETTY could not sleep that night. She did not go to bed for a long time, but sat up in her room thinking this sad business over and over again. It was dreadfully puzzling; so many interests seemed to be involved. What would Gertrude say and think, for instance, when she found out that Mr. Harvey's curious speeches were only meant to free himself from her, that he might run after Lily Wade! She would hardly believe such a thing possible. Hetty could hardly believe it either. It did not seem to her at all like Mr. Harvey, though she had never had much fancy for him. The letter she had seen, on thinking of it, was not exactly a lover-like letter. Still how strange, how wrong, to compromise a girl by such an appointment—a girl who was not fit to take care of herself, and whose weakness and silliness he knew as well as any one. If he really meant to engage himself to her before leaving England, why did he not do it bravely and publicly, so that she might be happy and respected when he was gone? He was quite old enough to please himself, and it was too hard to expect the poor girl to keep a secret for so long. Could Herbert's friend be so unmanly?

The whole thing was most mysterious, most unsatisfactory. Hetty felt that she must do something, on her own responsibility, to lead these crooked ways straight. Mr. Harvey must know, she resolved, that Lily was not quite friendless. He ought not to be surprised, having asked her so earnestly himself to befriend the girl. Then again, as she thought of all he had said, the conviction came, 'In love! Oh, nonsense! Lily must be making some tremendous mistake. And the worst of it is, that if she meets him to-morrow morning she will certainly betray herself. Oh, I wish all men were noble and good, like Herbert!'

At last, after long thought, she made her resolution, and now perhaps she was not sorry that it must be carried out at once, that there was no chance of letting it out to Herbert or Margaret, who would both most certainly be horrified by it. Never mind! there are things one must do, even under the disapproval of one's greatest and dearest. This, Hetty thought, was one of them. To set this poor girl right, she must do what with any other motive would have seemed impossible.

With her native dislike of any concealment, she left her room in the middle of the night, and stole through two long passages to Lily's door. She knocked several times gently, fearing to disturb Mrs. Bell, who slept close by. As she stood there listening in the dimness, for it was not very dark, a cock crew in the yard, and a bird began to twitter sleepily near the passage window. Then all was still again. Hetty shivered, and felt as if the whole thing was a long painful dream. She knocked again, but there was no answer; and then she softly tried the door, but it was locked.

This at first sent such a trembling terror through all her limbs, that she leaned against the wall for a moment, and thought she was going to faint; but in another moment she remembered that Lily had told them one day she always slept with her door locked, for fear of burglars, and that Mrs. Bell had laughed and called her a goose.

Two things were certain: if she was asleep, Hetty could not wake her; if she was awake, which Hetty thought far the most likely, she would not let her in, fearing that she would interfere with her plans for the morning. So it was of no use to wait there in the passage. Hetty returned to her own room, and at last went to bed, not intending or expecting to sleep.

Being young and healthy and very tired, however, she fell sound asleep almost directly, and after three or four hours of perfect rest, during which Lily and James Harvey and all the wrongs and troubles of the world were as if they had never been, she started suddenly awake to find a brilliant glow of morning light streaming through the curtains. It was a few minutes after five; the sun had been up half an hour or more.

Hetty gave herself no time to think, but got up and dressed in a great hurry, with her ears on the alert for Lily, who must pass her door to go down stairs. She did not hear her, and hoped to be in good time, unless, as was quite possible, that restless being had gone out to wait for her hero as soon as it was light. Hetty wrapped herself in a shawl, and put on a shady hat; then, with a hearty hope that none of the men would see her, she glided down stairs, opened the front door, and let herself out. There was nothing strange or new in this, for she loved the early morning, and had often gone out to gather flowers for the breakfast-table. Sometimes, for breakfast was late at the Villa, she had persuaded Conny to come out with her for an early walk. To-day she hurried through the garden, feeling terribly nervous at the task she had undertaken, yet with a little cry in her heart, which had put itself into her morning prayers: 'Let what I am doing lead to good!'

She saw nothing of Lily when she turned into the lane. It was a still, glorious, dewy morning; the sun had not yet dispersed the sea of mist which filled all the valley, shining like a sea of clear gold. There was not a breath of wind to rustle the leaves of the great overhanging elm-trees, in whose deep cool shadow Hetty walked down the lane.

When she came to the road she did not pause, but walked on towards Alding. Before she had gone very far Mr. Harvey appeared, punctual to his time, and quickened his steps when he saw this shawl-wrapped maiden advancing in the misty atmosphere.

'Good morning! I am not late, surely!' he called out before they met. Hetty remembered afterwards that his voice sounded anything but sentimental. His start and exclamation the next moment would have amused her, if she had not been strung to a pitch at which nothing was laughable. She was very pale, standing still and looking at him with a grave dignity. He coloured scarlet, and seeing this, she felt the tragedy of the situation more deeply than ever. At the same time, after all her thinking and planning, she was utterly at a loss what to say to him.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Stewart. I took you for some one else. The sun was in my eyes, I suppose,' said James, recovering himself. 'Do you generally go out so early?'

'Sometimes,' said Hetty. Then she went on desperately, with drooped eyelids and rising colour, James watching her curiously: 'You expected to see Miss Wade. I came out early, that I might meet you before she did. She told me last night, and showed me your letter. Don't you remember,' she said, lifting her eyes with an appeal to all the truth and goodness in him, 'you asked me to be kind to her?'

'I did—yes,' said James. He waited to hear more, looking perhaps a little confused, but half smiling.

'You will think me extraordinary for asking such a question,' Hetty went on, in a great hurry, fearing every moment to see Lily appear at the corner of the lane; 'but you may trust me, indeed. I ask because I am so very much puzzled. Would you mind telling me what you have to say to her this morning?'

'I certainly would trust you, if my life depended on it,' said James; but then he looked at her and hesitated. 'Come, let us walk a little way towards Alding, if you don't mind,' he said. 'The party in question may come upon us before we are ready for her. What makes you anxious to know this? Do at least tell me that before I confess.'

'I have a good reason,' Hetty answered. 'I do not wish to tell it—at any rate, not just yet.'

'Then I must guess. Have I done Miss Wade any harm, in your view, by my attempts at education?'

'She certainly is not any wiser.'

'Ah! I'm sorry you think that. I have failed, then.'

'Failed—poor girl—I don't know. Tell me, please, what you are going to say to her this morning!'

'Good heavens! Do you mean that she has misunderstood me? Could absurdity go so far?'

Hetty made no reply.

'Well, listen. Didn't I tell you that a good deal of my interest in her sprang from another friend of mine? He is a young doctor in our neighbourhood—a good, sterling fellow. Long ago I knew that he and Lily Wade were half engaged, and I used to think it was a pity he could not make a better match. One day I met him in the woods, and he told me all about it. He had to support his parents, and saw no chance of being able to marry for a long time to come. Worse than that, he and Miss Wade had had a quarrel—her fault, probably—and the horizon altogether looked black. But it was quite plain that he meant to be very constant, and after that I managed to bring the girl here, wishing to improve her poor little mind for my friend's sake. I have taken a good deal of pains with her, as she has probably told you. Only the other day I had a talk with this fellow, who has not changed his mind, and my intention this morning was to talk to her about him, to tell her plainly what has been my object in helping her on, and to make her understand that I hope to find things all settled when I come back, and how they may both count on me as a friend, and so on. Are you satisfied?'

'Oh, yes, quite. I will keep the secret. I hope it will all come right in the end,' said Hetty.

'Ah, I don't know. I have made a terrible muddle, it seems. I ought not to have treated her at all like a reasonable being.'

'The poor thing is very silly, I am afraid,' said Hetty. 'Of course you could not know how silly she was. But I really don't much wonder, considering all the stuff she reads.'

'I shall not meet her this morning,' said James, after a pause. 'I hope I may never see her again—not till she is forty, at least. How providential that I leave England on Monday.'

'You will write to her, won't you, and make her understand. It would be hard to drop her without a word.'

'A stern medicine, but the best, perhaps,' said James. 'I will write to her, though, and it shall not be my fault, this time, if she does not understand. You have done a very kind thing this morning. Now I advise you to wash your hands of Miss Lily and all her ways.'

'No, poor thing, I shall not do that,' said Hetty. She was half amused, in a sad sort of way, by Mr. Harvey's indignation, and eagerness to cast off his disappointing *protégée*. It was not for his sake, after all, that she had come out that morning.

'I hope you will consider that all this is a secret,' she said. 'You must forget it, and I will too. I did not mean to tell you so much, but you could not help guessing it; and now let us both be bound in honour not to say a word against that poor girl.'

'That is a bargain,' said James, smiling. 'I am very glad to have seen you this morning, though under such strange circumstances. I suppose I shall find you in your own home when I come back in spring!'

'I suppose so,' said Hetty quietly.

'I hope I have regained your good opinion. You were rather angry and scornful, I fancy, when we met just now. Did you really think I was flirting with Miss Wade?'

'I did not know what to think,' said Hetty. 'What astonished me was your asking her to meet you in this way.'

'I am afraid it was not considerate,' said James penitently. 'But I often go out early, and I thought nothing of it. Don't you understand—I did not care to explain in the ears of Alding Place, and if I had called on Mrs. Bell, it would hardly have been possible to see Miss Wade alone. But it was thoughtless, and I repent. And now you want to get rid of me, but I must say one word more. Don't hurt my feelings again by suspecting me of flirting. I *have* flirted, though not in this case, and have been sorry for it. But I shall never flirt again, and I don't think I shall ever marry.'

Hetty did not feel that any answer was needed, but wished herself back at the Villa.

'Well, good-bye,' said Mr. Harvey. 'I am sorry I must wait on my brother, and cannot be at your wedding—but after all, weddings are apt to be rather depressing affairs, except to the principals. Good-bye. I hope you wish me a good journey?'

'Oh, certainly—and I hope your brother will come back better.'

'I have very little doubt he will.'

James was gone. The painful talk was at an end, leaving Hetty with the miserable feeling that she might as well have let things alone, stayed in her own room, and allowed Lily to keep her rendezvous. And yet she knew that she had been right.

Just after she and James had parted, she met a man who touched his cap to her. She knew she had seen him before, and afterwards remembered that it was Harry Dane. A moment afterwards she was overtaken by one of Mr. Ethelston's stablemen, riding to Eastmarsh. He also touched his hat, with something very like a stare of astonishment. It was not till the corner of the lane that she met Lily.

There Lily stood, upright and rigid, like a little figure of stone. Her forehead was wrinkled piteously, and she looked at Hetty with a sort of incredulous terror. Hetty went up to her, and took her hand very kindly. She now knew that the talk with James Harvey, though trying enough, had been nothing to this.

'I have been talking to Mr. Harvey,' she said. 'He is gone—you can't overtake him now. He is going to write to you.'

'What do you mean?' said Lily under her breath. 'He told me to meet him.'

'I know—but he thinks it better to write. I have been talking to him—'

'Yes—for ever so long!'

'Well, it was for your sake. You will be glad by and by.'

'What do you mean?' said Lily again.

'I think you have not quite understood him all this time. I was afraid so, last night. It was not your fault exactly—but, Lily, things don't happen in real life as they do in those novels you read.'

'Yes they do!' exclaimed Lily. 'Mr. Harvey told me so himself—that there were stranger stories in life than in books. What have you been doing? Why did you interfere?'

'You had no other friend. I did not do it to please myself,' Hetty answered meekly. 'Don't be angry with me. Wait at least till you have his letter. I think you will be glad that I did not let you meet him this morning.'

'If my life is ruined for ever, Miss Stewart, I shall thank *you*,' said Lily trembling, and with a tragic air.

'You will know better some day,' Hetty replied.

It was a relief that Lily found it impossible to stand still and talk any more. She did begin to speak, but caught her breath with a choking sob, turned away and hurried up the hill. Hetty did not attempt to overtake her.

All that day and the next she watched the girl, who carefully avoided her, but went about her daily tasks as usual, only with a feverish flush on her face, and a nervous start when any one spoke to her. Hetty's heart was full of pity. Herbert found her strangely low-spirited, and could not discover the reason. She would not tell him anything. He went home sooner than usual, and told Margaret that something had come over Hetty; she was awfully dull.

'Uncongenial companions. No wonder,' said Margaret.

'Why, she is used to them. Besides, she was dull with *me*,' Herbert replied.

Things seemed to become more serious, even sensational, on Sunday morning, when Hetty before going down found a paper pushed under her door.

—'I have had my letter. It is all your doing, and I will be revenged.'

(To be continued.)

PHILIP : A FAILURE.

I.

GOOD-BYE TO THE PAST.

*'Le temps emporte sur son aile,
Et le printemps et l'hirondelle
Et la vie et les jours perdus,
Tout s'en va comme la fumée.'*

'ARE you really going to leave us, Belle?'

'I must,' Miss Barbour answered wearily, 'what else is there for me to do? Grandfather has sent for me, and there is nowhere else for me to go. I can't stay here alone, I suppose.'

'Come and drive with me on the Pincio,' said the first speaker, good-naturedly removing a number of parcels from the seat at her side. 'Come, Belle, you will see your old friends, and it will do you good. They have all been wondering what has become of you.'

Miss Barbour shook her head.

'I don't want to see them. What is the use of beginning all over again when I must go away so soon? The best thing I can do is to forget them all as quickly as possible.'

'Belle, that is morbid.'

'Is it? I thought it was truly philosophic. Don't wait for me, dear Mrs. Cass; indeed I can't go with you to-day. I promised Margherita to do the marketing for her. Look, the horses are quite impatient.'

'But, child, I must see you again. I have a great deal to say to you. You cannot leave us like that.'

'I'll come and see you, of course,' said Belle, smiling. 'I have a reprieve of two whole days, and I dare say Philip Burnside will want to stay a little after coming so far.'

'Who is this Philip Burnside? I don't understand.'

Mrs. Cass's conscience stirred her with vague uneasiness about this grave, solitary girl, and she wanted to quiet it by a little cheap sympathy.

'He is my aunt's stepson. That doesn't make him any kin to me, does it? If you knew how I dread the thought of all those new relations! You are expected to be fond of your aunts and cousins as a matter of course, but I don't see how you can command affection all at once just because you have a grandfather in common. Is that very ungrateful?'

'I dare say you will like them when you know them,' said Mrs. Cass, weakly evading the point.

'Perhaps.' Belle smiled a wintry little smile. 'But papa and I did very well without them all those years. It was cruel of papa to die and leave me.'

'You poor child! Yes, we were very comfortable while dear Mr. Barbour lived, and we shall miss you dreadfully, Belle. When does this young man arrive? Don't you think your grandfather should have sent a maid?'

'Philip is not dangerous, I believe.' Belle looked faintly amused at her friend's perplexed face. 'I am to live with my aunt, you know, and I shall always be seeing him. I don't suppose Aunt Burnside would understand the necessity of a maid. I am going into a new world, Mrs. Cass—quite out of your bowing acquaintance.'

'Well, I wish you would drive with me to-day,' said Mrs. Cass, looking rather uncomfortable. 'You won't really change your mind? Come and see me soon, and bring the young man with you.'

She went, and Belle was left alone. She was standing in a sun-lit, grass-grown quadrangle, surrounded on all sides by the massive walls of an old palace. The days of its splendour when it had sheltered the proud bearers of an ancient title were over. Neglect had fallen on it; the sculpture about the doors and windows was worn and defaced; birds built about it undisturbed in the spring-time; the winds had wafted the seeds of slender grasses and drooping weeds that now draped and fringed it with greenness. The gay company had long ago vanished from the great rooms, and was succeeded by a family of no lineage, struggling foreign artists and Italians with a scant store of lire. Miss Barbour stood still when the carriage turned noisily and rolled away under the wide archway. The weed-grown court seemed to fall back into an intenser quiet after that brief interruption of sound. Behind her was a flight of steps ending in deep shadow as they were lost under the carved lintel bearing a time-worn coat-of-arms; the fountain in the centre was silent, falling slowly to pieces; Hebe still held up her vase, but no cool ripple fell flashing in the sun-glow; at a high window opposite some crimson flowers burned flame-like in the light. There was nothing about her in this deserted corner of old Rome that had not had its day and passed its prime; in the midst of this mild, slow decay, Belle alone could claim youth and a life to come. And yet in her black dress, out of which face and throat rose white and flower-like, standing with loosely-folded hands still as the forsaken Hebe, she seemed to cling to the past rather than to welcome the future.

The old life was leaving her, the old life of dreamy, artistic ease, and the new life offered no hopeful outlook. Of all sad hearts hers seemed to be the saddest, of all lonely lives hers the loneliest, stretching out bleak and barren, bright with no love, lightened with no friend-

ship. Belle was passionately troubled because she had to say good-bye to her happy past ; she clung to the flying hours that seemed so lightly, so heedlessly, to take her youth, her spring-time, with them.

By and by she lifted her long skirts, and crossing the flagged space passed out beneath the wide archway and into a narrow street. Here too was the stillness of the past, tall, sheltered houses half asleep in the sunlight, and few feet treading its pavement ; but it led to a busy little centre of life, where was coming and going, and the traffic of market folk with wares to sell, and loud voices to proclaim the same.

She paused here and there to buy what was needed, and threading other streets entered the Piazza della Rotonda. She crossed it at a slow pace, taking no heed of the chattering, picturesque groups gathered round the fountain. She was looking at the round-domed Pantheon with the hungry eagerness that would imprint every line and curve on the memory ; she lingered a long time, not feeling the hot sunshine, seeing only the great solemn mass darkly relieved against the blinding blue, remembering only that she was going away and would see it no more except in dreams. Entering the shadow of the great pillared portico, she lifted the curtain and passed in. The marble pavement felt cool to the touch of her hot feet ; the home of the discrowned pagan gods was deserted ; the very saints were forsaken to-day, not a single worshipper knelt at any of the tawdry shrines. There was a great splash of sunlight on the floor ; the warm, bountiful spring seemed to be looking in through the wide eye above her. She had seen the moonlight whiten the dim space often and often ; had watched the solemn progress of the stars ; the light drifting of the clouds across the open space or the gentle rain descending. Here too, in their day, red roses had fallen in showers and bruised themselves on the cold stone to symbolize the Pentecostal fire ; but that was long ago. To-day, as she stood, it seemed as if all her life were bound up with this spot ; she had come to it so often and in such varying moods. In leaving it she seemed to be turning her back on all the happy past—all the warm, sunlit, smiling past.

'Oh, I can't go, I can't go!' she whispered. How could she bid it farewell ! It was cruel to ask it of her. She stretched out her hands to the yellow sunlight with a sudden yearning—a craving she hardly knew for what. It was not a prayer ; it was at best a mute appeal against her lot—a dumb cry to be delivered from it. Belle had not yet learned, would not learn for many a day to come, that 'God's will is our weal.'

Other succeeding days she kept for similar pilgrimages to haunts she had known since she was a child. The love of Rome had grown with her growth, and she could not picture happiness away from it. She wandered here and there among the sad, forsaken convent gardens, and the deserted lanes and old churches of the Aventine, where few strangers are to be met, shrinking from her friends—the light, gay

Roman society she had found so charming; keeping the shortening spring hours for other farewells.

At last Mrs. Cass had a new prick of conscience, and obeyed it by stealing half an hour from the lag end of a summer party at the Pamfilii Doria, and driving to see Belle.

'I have been wondering whether the cousin has arrived yet,' she said, speaking the moment she entered the room. 'I was afraid he might steal you away from us without giving you time for so much as a good-bye. Look, Belle, Mr. Henshaw sent you these.'

Belle was seated in a dim twilight, the large, bare room was already full of dusky shadows. She rose and came forward slowly, reluctantly, to take the great bunch of pale windflowers and violets Mrs. Cass held smilingly out to her.

'I wish he had not sent them,' she said, very low.

'Ungrateful child! he neglected us all that he might gather them. Belle, I think he was very disappointed not to see you.'

Belle's head drooped over the flowers.

'I wish he hadn't sent them,' she said again.

It was cruel to remind her. The old life, the old friendships were trooping back and looking at her once again, and all her striving now was to forget them. That was what she had told herself all these weeks: she must learn to forget.

'So the cousin has not come?' said Mrs. Cass, watching her put the flowers one by one into a vase; 'perhaps he will not come at all.'

'Oh yes, he will—only don't call him my cousin, please.'

'The unexpected sometimes happens,' said Mrs. Cass, cheerfully, 'and I've been thinking, child, that you might do worse than accept Mrs. Smith's offer. It would keep you among us, and of course we should never make any difference.'

'To be Mrs. Smith's lady's maid—for that is what it would come to.'

Belle smiled as she thought of herself; she who had been petted and made much of in the easy society of the winter city, sinking down into the patient companion of a querulous, unlovable old woman.

'You couldn't help yourself, dear Mrs. Cass; the world would be all against you. And besides, there is my grandfather; he is the autocrat of my family, and as he is rich, everybody obeys him.'

'I didn't know he was rich, my dear; that alters everything. Mrs. Cass's tone was perceptibly a shade more respectful.

'Yes,' said Belle, looking dreamily out on the opposite wall from which the last sunlight had died off; 'he is very rich, I believe, and nobody knows who is to have his money, so all the aunts and cousins are very fond of him.' I dare say I shall grow to be very fond of him too.' She laughed a little too bitterly; perhaps the sound startled her, for she rose hastily.

'It is not the sort of life I would choose,' she said, as if to end the subject; 'but, after all, what does it matter? I have no choice

left, and I dare say being amiable to a rich old grandfather is as good a way of passing one's days as another.' Mrs. Cass knew of nothing better as a motive in life, of nothing indeed so good.

'You young people have a way of despising riches,' she said, shaking her head as she rose to go; 'but, my dear, a little money makes things very smooth and pleasant. You won't be so indifferent when you are older. And the idea that you will be in comfortable circumstances makes me much more at ease about you. Who knows but that you may become grandpapa's chief favourite, and come back to us as a great heiress?'

Belle asked herself as she sat again alone by the window after her friend had left her, would she indeed come to this? would she, too, enter the lists and run that ugly race, bending all her energies to get a step ahead of her rivals, counting no humiliations too hard for the sake of the prize? She had set no high ideal before her, and yet it seemed to her that this would be to fall very low indeed. She had never cared for wealth; her father's slender income had always seemed enough; what she did love was the cultured, full life of the old city with its great past; the friendships that were bright and genial as the Italian sunshine.

The court-yard was now full of deep violet shadows, in which the Hebe alone stood out dimly white and ghost-like as some forsaken phantom, haunting old scenes, and lights sprang up in the windows opposite. She rose as she noticed them and trimmed the lamp, but she left the night to look in undisturbed at the uncurtained window. The room was large, and the single light hardly penetrated the corners. It was bare now of all but the necessary furniture, and looked the more unhome-like to Belle's eyes, accustomed to much crowded ornament. Mr. Barbour had *dilettante* tastes and a collector's instincts, but the gatherings of a life-time had been sold at his death, so that Belle might not go quite empty-handed into the world—the world that would treat her coldly if she entered it a petitioner.

She had not paced more than once or twice across the polished floor when a sound outside broke the hush of the night—the sound of scuffling feet, and a clear, cheerful voice speaking energetically. Belle paused beside the lamp; the voice was an English one; she looked hastily at the drooping windflowers; it had nothing in common with Mr. Henshaw's subdued, well-bred accents; it was rather loud, but not unpleasant. Before she could make up her mind that it came announcing her last moments of liberty, the door was opened rather hastily and three figures presented themselves—Margherita, excited and gesticulating; a very tall, broad-shouldered young man attempting an elaborate, clear-voiced explanation, and a child staring at them with big black eyes—a small, tattered seller of flowers on the Roman streets, with some bunches of faded violets in the basket hanging on her arm.

The young man advanced.

'Miss Barbour,' he said courteously, 'please forgive me for coming so abruptly and beginning by asking your help, but I can't make anybody understand me.'

He smiled as if quite confident of her sympathy.

'You are Mr. Burnside, I suppose,' said Belle, and as she looked at the frank, pleasant face she smiled too, and held out her hand.

'Yes, Philip Burnside. I think you expected me! Would you please speak to this child; I can't make out what she says.'

'Where did you pick her up? What does she want?'

Belle went forward a little reluctantly to the small waif standing on one foot, the other curled up under her ragged skirt—the tears half dried and making white channels on the dirty little face.

'I found her down there—outside. A great hulking fellow was beating her. You might almost have heard her crying up here.'

'I dare say she wasn't much hurt,' said Belle, looking perplexedly into the black eyes staring at her; 'they always make a noise. What did you do?'

'To the fellow? Oh, I knocked him down,' he said, as if that were a simple matter of course. Then seeing her look of astonishment he explained apologetically 'he was a big fellow—as big as I am; if he had been a little fellow I wouldn't have done it. But to beat a child! I couldn't stand quietly and see that going on, could I?'

'It was not a very wise thing to do,' she said, looking faintly amused. 'Italians are revengeful and quick with the knife. He might have done you an injury.'

'Oh, I didn't hurt him much,' said Philip; 'he needed a lesson.' He did not add that he had picked his fallen foe up and thrust a handful of silver into his reluctant palm.

Belle turned and spoke to the child, and Margherita, who had been silent hitherto watching the interview with folded arms, broke in volubly. To Philip the high-pitched tones sounded very much like scolding.

'Margherita will take her and give her something to eat, and then she will run home,' said Belle, at length dismissing them.

'Good-bye, little one.' Philip laid his hand kindly on the dark head. 'Isn't it a pity I'm so stupid?' he turned smiling to Belle. 'I can't even say a word to her, though I made a venture with Latin.'

'She is from the Trastevere; they speak a dialect of their own there, but I think she understands you all the same,' Belle said, reading the goodwill in his eyes. She was surprised that he should trouble himself so much about a mere beggar. 'That man was her uncle,' she explained, 'and he was punishing her because she was idle and had not sold her flowers.'

'I must buy what are left. What ought I to give her for them?' he asked, lifting the withered, scentless violets.

She named the sum, and he paid it, sending the child away with a smile.

'They are of no use to you, they are dead.' She looked down gravely at the purple bunches. 'I am afraid if you undertake the cause of every distressed person you meet you will find your hands full, here at least, and you will be sadly imposed on. Those pathetic looks can cheat one into believing anything.'

'But, Miss Barbour,' Philip pleaded merrily, 'I wasn't wrong this time surely? I might be told plenty of falsehoods, I grant you—the habit is only too common everywhere—but I couldn't discredit the evidence of my own eyes—or ears for that matter. The blows could be heard.'

'If you lived here long you would cease to believe everything the beggars say,' Belle answered, as if she were tired of the subject. 'I used to pity them once too, long ago, and believe their whining stories. But I soon gave that up. Your help does them no good; it only demoralises them.'

'Not if it is the right kind of help,' said Philip gently. He looked down at her with a curiously earnest expression, as if he had forgotten where he was.

Belle glanced up and caught that fugitive look. She was a little surprised. It was almost as if he fancied she too needed help.

'Won't you sit down?' she said suddenly. 'Your chivalry to that little mite has made me forget my duty.'

'I think I ought not to stay longer to-night,' he hesitated. Yet he took the seat she indicated. 'I should not have troubled you so late but to ring you these.' He handed her two letters. 'And I thought—'

What he thought remained unuttered, and Belle, glancing listlessly at the letters, did not seem to notice the pause. He was beginning to understand dimly that she was in no such haste to embrace the new life, that she did not welcome him as a deliverer about to rescue her from her loneliness. Yet, as he looked at her slight, black figure and noticed its pensive droop, he felt profoundly sorry for her.

'Do you mean to stay some days? You will want to do a little sight-seeing, I suppose,' she said at last, lifting her serious eyes to his.

'Mr. Barbour, your grandfather, kindly said he would spare me for a week—that is to say unless you are inclined to come sooner. It must be entirely as you wish.'

'I can wait,' she said slowly. 'I am not a good guide. but I could tell you how to lay out your time best, I dare say, and what to see. Where are you living?'

'In the hotel in the next street, just round the corner. May I come and see you to-morrow?'

'Yes, come early, and we can go out before it is too hot. And

Philip'—the name slipped out involuntarily—'if you please I'd rather not hear about things—never mind explaining matters to me just now. We shall have time for all that by and by, on the journey; yes, you can tell me everything on the journey.'

'Certainly,' he answered, gravely, 'it shall be as you wish. And besides there is really nothing to tell.' He rose too and he held out his hand.

'You will let me say how much I have thought of you—how very sorry I am for you!'

'Yes, of course.' She looked up at him calmly. 'Why shouldn't you say it? I really think I am to be pitied. I am very sorry for myself, I know.'

She did not resent his pity; there was something about this blue-eyed young man that impressed you with a sense of his honesty. He certainly meant what he said, and why shouldn't he pity her as well as the little dark-eyed beggar if he so chose? She fell to thinking about him. He was not exquisitely finished like—like Mr. Henshaw, for instance. He had not shown any nice discrimination in the choice of a tailor; he wanted the intangible, subtle something that would have fitted him to sail bravely on the current of Roman society without adverse remark. He was just Philip Burnside, and she marked her sense of his position by calling him henceforward by his first name. Yet, mentally contrasted with Mr. Henshaw—she reluctantly confessed it—that gentleman seemed the loser. Mr. Henshaw was a carefully finished and polished gentleman; Philip was a man. She kept turning and twisting the letters about in her fingers, and by and by she opened one of them. It was good-natured of the aunts to welcome her since she might fairly be regarded in the light of a rival. The sheet she held was written in a crabbed hand, the letters crowded and irregular, as if the writer was not much used to the exercise. Belle began it with a smile:—

'DEAR NIECE,—I take this opportunity of sending you a few lines to assure you of my poor welcome when Philip brings you to London. This is your natural home now, and, though we are plain people, living in a very plain way and unable to offer you any *luxuries* or *gay* and *worldly* society, I trust Philip and I will be able to make you happy. My poor brother's death was a great blow to me. We must hope that he is now in a happier world: it is not for us to limit the mercy of God even to the worst of sinners. I trust, dear niece, you are taking this affliction in a resigned spirit. It is the will of God that we should suffer, and it is our duty to submit without a murmur. Our idols must be broken. I pray for you—that you may have a submissive spirit—night and morning, and I am ready to do a mother's part by you when you come.

'I remain,

'Your affectionate aunt,

'JANE BURNSIDE.'

The smile faded from Miss Barbour's lips as she read, and she tore the letter into little pieces. It was like the touch of a rough hand on a raw wound.

Resignation !—God's will that she should suffer—she quivered under the words. Did all good people feel like this ? She did not need to tell herself that she was not good, not resigned.

'So you were taken away from the pleasant life you liked so much, and from me, poor papa, that I might be punished,' she said to herself, going over to the window and kneeling down by the open casement. 'What have I done that I should be punished ? I am no worse than others ; why should I suffer so ?'

The cool night air blew against her hot brow ; the space of serene, deep] sky between the tall palace walls was thick sown with stars. Belle looked up at them as if in mute appeal. It had comforted her to think that her father was there—somewhere beyond those stars—that he was happy though she was left desolate. Would they tell her now that she must not trust too blindly to this hope, that perhaps, after all— She looked up again eagerly at the indescribable wonder above her—the myriad lights shining calm and clear high over the hushed and sleeping world, each moment as she looked revealing to her some new cluster unseen before. The sight stilled the rebellion on her lips ; for her as for others, there was an answer here, 'a last voiceless satisfaction.'

The God who made these and kept them in their courses could not surely mean her ill. Suddenly, she hardly knew how—the thought of Philip came to her. Philip had said he was sorry for her, but he had not spoken of resignation or of the shattering of one's idols. Somehow she separated him from his stepmother. He could not have written like that ; it was the letter of one who had never suffered, or who had learned to forget. Philip had looked as if he understood. It would have puzzled her to explain how she came by the conviction, and yet she knew, was certain, that Philip was good ; a man who would not be ashamed to kneel before he went to rest and tell everything to God.

Belle did not pray herself ; she did not know what to say, but the thought of Philip's petitions in which her name might find a place, brought a vague sense of peace and security with it.

II.

LAST DAYS IN ROME.

SOME of Belle's earliest thoughts were given next morning to her promise to guide Philip Burnside in his sight-seeing. She would rather think of that than of the matters that had occupied her the night before ; she welcomed anything that shut out for a little the remembrance of her changed lot.

She had forbidden him to speak of the future ; she too would cease to dwell on it.

She had fed her bird and arranged her flowers long before he came. She was standing at the window when she saw him cross the court; he glanced up and lifted his hat with a smile. Belle had found out already that he had a singularly pleasant smile. She looked at him critically. He was a grandly-made young fellow, a king among men, and there was about him an Arcadian simplicity, an ardent eagerness that was not displeasing after the languid conventionality of the men she had known. Then his friendliness was so spontaneous she could do nothing but smile and accept it. It seemed as if he were a person with whom it would be possible to live in peace; she was learning, she told herself, to be thankful even for this negative comfort.

'Am I late?' he asked, noticing that she had on her hat. 'I did not like to disturb you earlier.'

'Don't you call half-past ten rather an unreasonable hour to begin the day? But I forgot; in England people breakfast late.'

'Oh, I've been up and out for hours,' he answered. 'The sun woke me. To sleep with all Rome to see would be unpardonable.'

'Take care,' said Belle, smiling, 'or you will have "an indigestion of impressions." You sightseers always insist on "doing" everything, and consequently do nothing well.'

'But I have only a week,' pleaded Philip, 'and I've got to use my eyes for all our fellows at home as well as for myself.'

Belle did not ask who 'our fellows' were. By his own showing he had not lost his time. He had walked about the streets in the cold, clear hours of promise, and watched the city respond to the call of the new day; he was one of the first of several early worshippers to lift aside the curtain and enter the hushed, vast calm of S. Peter's. That, he confessed to Belle, was enough. He had lingered there till was time to turn reluctantly and snatch a hurried breakfast before coming for her.

'You have begun where everybody begins,' said Belle, smiling, 'and so I suppose you have done right. I dare say one needs to live a time in Rome before losing one's first love for S. Peter's. Some day I will take you to my favourite church, but not till you have seen other things.'

'But don't tell me I shall find anything to out-do S. Peter's; it could not be surpassed.'

'For bigness—no; the rest depends on your taste. I want you to look at this view now; it is one I like because it gives you such a wide sweep of the Campagna.'

They had crossed the Aventine, and leaving the city by the Ostian gate, were climbing the rugged side of the Monte Testaccio, whose barren ugliness was covered with a tender growth of anemones and crocuses. Beneath them, across the fields, lay the sunny English graveyard shadowed with dark cypresses; beyond it, like a sea watched

over by the brooding sky, stretched the wide Campagna full of an inviolable calm ; behind them rose tower and spire, dome and column, sun-touched and glittering as if with fire. Belle pointed out the Alban and Sabine ranges, mistily blue on the far horizon ; not a breath was stirring ; there was a hush as of a magical sleep over the landscape. They stood a long time saying nothing ; Philip was content to shade his eyes and to look, and Belle was pleased that he should be silent ; she would have thought less well of his good taste had he spoken. He turned from it all to look again towards the Ostian gate. Over this Via Sacra Saint Paul's feet had passed on the way to death : here he had taken his last, lingering backward look towards Rome, lying careless and unheeding under the bright sky. What other memory could for a moment hold its ground with that ?

'Will you come down there with me ?' she asked at last.

He followed her as she descended and entered the cemetery. English Keats sleeps there not far from the city wall and from that older monument to the dim memory of the tribune Cestius. They paused at the grave ; some one had laid fresh flowers on it, a wreath of the violets that grow everywhere in the Roman spring-time.

'What a pleasant place it is,' said Philip cheerfully. 'One fancies he must sleep the sounder under this brightness and warmth. He cared for those things so much—'

"All the delights of summer weather,
All the bells and buds of May."

'Yet he had to go and leave them—to leave everything ; wasn't it hard ? The grave that holds Shelley's heart is over there. You will be sure to find flowers on it ; I think it must be the Americans who leave them ; they are more English than we.'

'Shall I go and find it ?' said Philip, eagerly. 'Don't come please ; you will—you will want to rest.'

She looked at him.

'You may come,' she said slowly.

She led the way to the newer part of the inclosure. She hardly knew how it was that she could take him *there*. She could not have invited Mr. Henshaw to go with her, or any of her Roman friends, though they had known her father well. Philip had never even seen him, and yet he would understand.

'It is very bare yet,' she said, pausing at the spot of brown, up-turned earth ; 'it is just two months—two months to-day. It looks like two years. That is why I came.'

'It will grow green and beautiful very soon,' he said gently, thinking how quickly kind nature covers up her scars ; thinking, too, of the slow but certain renewal of content, the revival of interests that were counted dead, the sure calm after the storm. He could not

tell her this now; she would have refused to believe him. He felt infinitely sorry for her standing there tearless and calm in her black dress; all his soul rose up to befriend her.

'Poor papa,' she said, not looking at him; 'he was very fond of life; there were so many things to make it pleasant. He had his books and his antiques; he was very proud of his beautiful collection; he used to say it was almost like a second daughter to him. But I came first—the very first. We were so happy together, we didn't want any change; we both of us wanted to go on always just living together in this dear old Rome, and now—all at once—everything comes to an end, and there is no one to care, no one to understand——'

'God cares. He understands.'

It was said as simply and confidently as if he had said 'the sun is shining.'

'What makes you say that?' Belle asked, sharply.

'Because I know it,' he answered, looking across to the sun-touched plain; 'because I could not stand here and not know it.'

'Here among graves?'

'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' he answered, slowly. He had taken off his hat; the sunlight touched his hair and fell on his face bright with a strange peace. To him that quiet place of graves was the 'seed-bed of immortal hopes; 'there was in all he looked on the sure and certain promise of a coming harvest.

'If He cares, why does He let death be?' she asked, passionately. 'Do you call it caring to take our best from us—to snatch the only thing we prize from our grasp?'

'He is coming back to abolish death.' Philip looked at her with a smile. 'Think of that—death cannot live in His presence; it never could. While He was here on earth it had no power; it had to loosen its hold at His touch. When He comes again it will die. Just now I think He has hidden His face for a little that our faith in Him may grow. If He gave us all our treasures here and now, we might learn to do without Him.'

'Your mother says He did it to punish me,' she said, bitterly, 'and that I ought to be thankful to be punished. I am not thankful. I would have my father and my old life back just now—this minute if I could. I wanted nothing better—no other heaven; just this old happy life—nothing more.'

'Don't say that.' A shadow crossed Philip's face.

'I suppose you think it very wicked,' she flashed round on him. 'It is easy for you to be good—easy for you who are happy. What can you know about it?'

'I think I know; I have felt like you. I, too, am alone in the world.'

'Forgive me,' she said with sudden compunction, laying her hand on his sleeve; 'I had forgotten; I think trouble makes one horribly

selfish. But you are happier than I if you can believe in the love of God ; I only understand His anger.'

'Some day you will know the other side,' he answered ; and then he tried to tell her a little of his mind on that point, for he had thought much on these matters for one so young. He tried to show her how sacrifice is the universal law—death the only gate to higher life ; the death of One, the life of all. 'Think of those thirty-three years—of that last night and day. Never tell me again He does not understand,' he cried ; 'if He did not it would have been irony to create us.'

He spoke with a visible effort. Not till she knew him well did Belle understand how much it had cost him to say those words. Philip's was essentially a wholesome nature, entirely unvisited by a morbid desire to preach on all occasions. His strength went out in deeds, not words ; only her great need could have unlocked his lips.

Belle shook her head.

'People talk like that, but I can't reconcile the two. Why should I be robbed of the one thing I care for, and all the rest of my life be left ugly and bare ! Why is life such a mystery ? What does it all mean ?'

'I don't know,' said Philip. 'I can't tell you. We all grope among these perplexities, and we find no answer but this, "the meaning of it all is good." I am sure of nothing but that.'

'How nice it must be to be sure of things,' said Belle, with her twilight smile. 'Philip, you are to be envied. Come, let us get away from all these doubts. I am wasting your time, and I mean to take you home by the Ghetto.'

She would not let him speak again ; she could not bear the sad sincerity of his eyes. At this moment the thought of Philip's goodness was not comforting ; it was too remote from anything she had ever experienced ; his very sorrows must have been different from hers since he had taken them differently. The story of Divine pity fell coldly on her ears ; she was not ready for it ; she found in it nothing to fit her need. Human pity she had wanted, sympathy in her sorrow, companionship for her loneliness, but she had no faith to grasp the higher sympathy that had made Philip's trials light to him. Life's deep needs were very new to her ; hitherto her sunny present had been enough ; it is not till dark days come, till some part of its treasure has been taken from it, that the heart wakes and the sleeping depths are stirred.

Philip and she progressed rapidly in knowledge of each other during these days of the rare Roman spring, but they touched no more on burning questions. With Philip, tenderness and reverence for weakness or sorrow was a part of his nature ; he could not have helped being a little more gentle with Belle, a little more studious of her comfort, since he had had that glimpse of her unrest. As for her, she

did not resent his friendliness. She seemed in that one week to have drifted away from all her old acquaintances, to have entered on a new world where there was only Philip to lean on. It was almost with a feeling of surprise that she felt herself welcoming Mrs. Cass once more to the long, low room looking out on the court-yard.

'Belle,' said that lady, 'I am dreadfully offended. I hear of you here, there, and everywhere with that young man. Your old friends feel neglected and ill-used. My dear, will you take a word of advice from an old woman who has seen something of the world?'

'What have I done?' Miss Barbour looked up in surprise.

'Nothing wrong, my love. You are only far too good-natured. You know, Belle, people will talk.'

'So they talk because I go about with Philip Burnside,' said Belle, with a little proud movement of her head.

'They will talk about anything,' said Mrs. Cass.

'You need not be afraid for me since it is only Philip,' said Belle quietly.

'Well, I won't say anything more since it is only Philip. Will you bring the young man to see me to-night? You will meet one or two of your friends. You know, Belle, it is time to give up this habit of seclusion, and we all wish to see a little of you before you go.'

'I can't,' said Belle, shaking her head; 'don't ask me, please. I dare say it is very foolish, but—I think I could not behave. You would only be ashamed of me,' she said with a smile. 'I will tell Philip of your invitation, but——'

'But you think he won't thank me for it? Well, I must own to some curiosity to see the person who is able to keep you away from all your old circle. He must be very attractive.'

Mrs. Cass's tone was a little piqued, but Belle did not notice; she was trying to picture Philip in a Roman drawing-room.

'I don't think he has any dress clothes,' she said, her smile deepening; 'and—I'm sure he would quarrel with Mr. Henshaw. Philip is very much in earnest.'

'And Frederic Henshaw is not? There is one thing he is in earnest about, I am sure. Very well, Belle, I won't press it,' she broke off, noticing the sudden gravity of Belle's face; 'only, my dear, don't forget old friends for new.'

'Dear Mrs. Cass,' said Belle, softening at once, 'indeed you must never think so badly of me as that. How could I forget? It is only because I remember too well—because I dare not fall into the old ways. I should never be able to wrench myself away—don't you understand?'

Mrs. Cass, who had a heart hidden somewhere beneath her silks and jewels, held Belle to it.

'My dear, it's a shame; but you know I have always told you you

need not go unless you like. Am I not to speak then? Oh, very well, I suppose I must just take back the message undelivered.'

'What message?' Miss Barbour lifted her head and looked straight into her friend's eyes.

'Only a word from a friend who would like to call and see you—to say good-bye, I suppose. You know best.'

'I am going out with Philip,' Belle said, gravely.

'My dear, I am tired of hearing of this Philip. What message shall I take back, Belle?'

'Say—nothing at all.' Belle turned away with a slow blush and a little smile.

An hour later she was seated with Philip urnside in the garden of the Pamfili Doria.

The last of the lingering tourists had left Rome, frightened away by the sudden heat. To Belle who knew the summer drought that lays a finger of death on the Campagna, it was only pleasant. It had brought the flowers, they were all round her, nodding at her as she sat on the grass. Philip was stretched near her looking dreamily up at the green crown of a great stone pine. It was very still; the fountain near them was brimming over; the splash of the falling water had coolness in the very sound of it.

'Philip,' she said after a long silence, 'talk to me.'

'What shall I talk about?' he looked up smiling.

'Tell me a little about yourself. One must know something of a person's past to judge of his present.'

'There is nothing to tell,' he answered, puzzled where to begin.

'What were you thinking about just now before I spoke?'

'I was thinking,' said Philip, 'what a tremendously lucky fellow I am to have this chance.'

'The chance of a week in Rome? Is that such a great matter for thankfulness? If I had had only a week instead of a life-time I should have grumbled because it was so little.'

'Ah, but you don't know how to value small things,' he answered, looking at her and smiling. 'If you knew how many there are who wait and hope and never get what they long for at all!'

'I have had all my cake at once,' she said softly. 'I suppose I am going to learn now to do without. That will be harder than if I had lived on dry bread all my days. I should not have minded it then.'

'But you have the past to live on. To have full and happy memories is a great thing, and you might cheer so many people by just sharing all you have seen and known with them.'

'Do you propose that I should turn lecturer and give entertainments for the amusement of your friends?' she asked, with a touch of scorn. 'I understand that is the rôle of the emancipated woman in England.'

'I did not presume to think any such thing,' he answered quietly

'The people I had in my mind are those who never go to lectures at all, whose artistic sympathies lie dormant.'

'Those are the very ones who would neither listen nor understand. It would be a casting of your pearls before swine to share your knowledge with them.'

'But they can be made to care,' said Philip eagerly. 'You think them brutal, degraded—hopeless of cure.'

'I have no thoughts on the subject; I know nothing of degraded people,' said Belle, bending to gather a flower at her foot. 'If you mean poor people, I don't know any. There are beggars here, of course, but, as I told you before, you can't believe what they say; it is impossible to be interested in them.'

'And so you must let them alone,' he said, impetuously, 'and never show them that there is a better way? I know a little about our poor, enough to feel certain that we take the wrong way when we set about their reformation.'

'I thought the clergymen saw to all that; as the priests do here. They are paid for it, aren't they? Well, I will say if you like that some of them do it out of a genuine desire for good. Still it is their profession.'

'Yes, it is their profession, but it is yours and mine too, or ought to be. I don't need to wear a black coat before I can help people who need help, do I?'

She turned her serious eyes on him.

'Do you mean that one should go about into people's houses telling them of their sins?'

'No,' said Philip, laughing; 'I shouldn't like anybody to attack me in that way; and I don't see why because a man happens to be poor he isn't entitled to the same courtesy that is shown to others. Forcing a man's sins down his throat is hardly the way to make him repent of them.'

'Then,' said Belle, with a gleam of amusement in her eyes, 'since you disapprove of preaching I must conclude you believe in the argument of force. If you want to reform a man you knock him down.'

Philip's laugh rang out merrily.

'Yes, if he makes my blood boil by ill-treating a woman or child. It is the only argument that is of any avail with a coward.'

'What did you mean the other night when you spoke of the right sort of help?' she asked after a pause.

She was in an idle mood, when listening is more easy than speech, and Philip's ardent eagerness stirred her to a vague interest. In her own circle over-eagerness in any matter would have been pronounced bad taste, but here, in this green solitude, it had all the piquancy of a new sensation.

'I mean the sort of help that would be of some use,' he began, rather reluctantly. 'instance——' He paused.

‘Go on, please,’ she said.

‘Well, it is our way to denounce drunkenness—that bane of the lower classes. For the most part a man drinks because he doesn’t know anything better to do. It is the result of deficient education ; it is the readiest way that presents itself to him of amusing himself and forgetting his troubles. If you take away his one pleasure—a brutal one, I grant—I think you are bound to give him something in the place of it—to show him a better way of enjoyment—a better way of lessening the burden of his hardships.’

‘What way ?’ she asked, for he had paused as if his thoughts outran his words.

‘I would try to improve the rough condition of his life ; I would bring everything that is good and beautiful within his reach—music, pictures, flowers, books, science—all that ennobles and elevates. Why should we selfishly keep all these things to ourselves ? Life ought to be something more than a mere struggle for daily bread ; and God’s beautiful things are His gift to every one of us alike.’

‘Can that be done ?’ she asked. ‘If so, your poor must be different from ours, who live in the very middle of beauty and have no eyes for it—are blind to it all.’

‘It is being done here and there, and successfully. It is no new doctrine, but it lacks disciples. And yet it is work that might well content a man. It would surely be worth living, if for nothing else but to give one’s strength towards “lifting the world’s heart higher.”’

‘It sounds excellent in theory,’ she said, ‘but how about the practice ? Take one of the people you want to benefit, and place him before the *S. Jerome* singing his *Nunc Dimittis*, or your favourite *S. Michael* in the Capuchin church—would he read anything at all of the sublime triumph you spoke of in these ?—would they not be just meaningless daubs of paint to him ?’

‘You would have to teach him as you would teach a child—as you and I had to be taught ; but there are some here and there who would understand instinctively. There is a lad who is a friend of mine, Miss Barbour, a son of poor people who has had a hand-to-hand fight with poverty all his life. The boy is a born artist—his whole soul is in these things—and they have put him in a grocer’s shop. It had to be, you know ; there was no help for it. His parents are dead, and he is the bread-winner for the household. There is nothing uncommon about his case : I don’t want to make him out as having a special grievance. He has only learned, as others are learning every day, that there is one thing that can always be given up.’

‘What is that ?’

‘One’s own will,’ said Philip, smiling. ‘There is a good deal of silent sacrifice among the poor. That is why one wants to make their days a little brighter, if possible. I comfort myself for such barren,

starved lives with the thought that there is a heaven—a "heaven for beaten men." Don't you like that thought?'

Belle said nothing. Presently she rose, and told him it was time to go. The westering sun fell low and red on the straight stems of the stone pines till they seemed on fire; the solitude was glorified. Her heart cried out against this giving up—this spending of one's strength for others. There was no responsive chord in her that vibrated to his words. She dreaded to ask if this was the life he had planned for himself—the life she was expected to share, for which she must leave this paradise to which the spring had come.

All at once she shook off her gloom, and talked lightly and fast of this and that, and of how he must lay out the few remaining hours. For it was their last day in Rome. Next morning they were to set out on their journey to London; Philip called it going home.

Belle did not ask him to spend that evening with her; she was feverishly anxious to be alone.

'Go to the Fountain of Trevi, and drop your little bit of silver there,' she said, holding out her hand at the entrance to the court; 'that is always the last act of all. It secures your coming back again, you know. And you want to come back, I suppose, Philip?'

'And you too?' he said. 'Shall I not try the spell for you? Will you not come with me?'

'Good-bye! Oh, Rome and I need take no formal farewell of each other. Our parting may be less near than you think. What if I let you go without me, Philip?'

'Would you like to delay some days? It might be managed,' he said, perplexed by this new mood.

'To put off the pleasure of going to London for the sake of a few days?' she said, with a little laugh. 'Oh, no, that was not what I meant at all. Go and enjoy yourself, Philip. This is your last chance, you know.'

He lingered, watching her cross the wide flagged space; one side of it was already in deep shadow. He felt very sorry for her; he did not understand her, but he would have liked to comfort her if he knew how. She passed under the old carved lintel and the shadows swallowed her up: she did not once look round.

The long, low room up stairs was very bare now; everything that had made it pretty was sold or hidden away in the big boxes that stood roped and corded. Margherita had lit the lamp and made tea ready; she was full of anxious, voluble solicitude for her young mistress. Belle made a pretence of eating to please her; she endured the deep sighs and the loud-voiced grief of the old serving-woman as long as she could. Then it seemed to her as if she could not command patience for another instant; she must be alone.

'I have a headache, good Margherita,' she said; 'will you do my packing for me? See how lazy I am! I left everything spread out on the bed in my room all ready to put in the trunk.'

'Eh, to be sure! What would not Margherita do for her signora! She is tired, is it not so? and white almost as Margherita's clean apron. But the signora must rest, that she must promise.'

'Yes. I will do nothing at all,' said Belle, giving the promise with a smile. She extinguished the lamp and went to the window. There was a moon; it had risen and fell on the opposite wall and on the white mystery of the silent Hebe. She threw up the window and leaned against the frame. The old palace was still as death; one could have heard any footfall on the flags below and recognised a friend's step easily. Belle waited. She knew now that she was waiting for a familiar tread; it seemed to her as if with any breath she drew her deliverance might come, her salvation from the ugly, untried future. It was a great moment in her life; it seemed to her as if everything depended on it. She was going to take her destiny in her own hands; her future was hers to do with what she would. Would Philip be disappointed if she refused to go with him next day? Philip's disappointment counted for nothing; she had almost forgotten his existence. She was listening so intently that she heard even the feet of the few passers in the quiet street without. At last one footfall came nearer and sounded on the stones; now the comer must be crossing the white, moonlit band between the shadows. She shut her eyes; she would not look; her heart beat thick and fast. In a little while the door opened and Margherita came in.

'What! Was the signora all in the dark, and here was another of those tiresome letters for her to read. Giulio brought it; he would have lingered, but she had sent him away quickly. Why people took all this trouble instead of coming and having a chat, was a thing Margherita could not understand. Should she light the lamp for the signora to read it by?'

'No,' said Belle, stretching out her hand mechanically, 'give it me.' She could read it very easily by the moonlight. It was Mrs. Cass who wrote to her dearest Belle.

'I am coming of course to-morrow to see you off in the care of the big cousin, you poor little Belle. To-night the Wallaces and the Kingscotes offered themselves to us—tiresome people!—and kept me from you. I saw Frederic Henshaw to-day; he came in a great hurry to tell me of his new plans. He bade me say how sorry he was he could not come to see you to-night as he promised; he hopes to meet you in London. The Percys have carried him off to Venice. Belle, I am dreadfully disappointed in that young man——'

She read so far, but she hardly glanced at the rest—condolences, promises, offers of help. She crushed the note in her hand and let it drop at her feet.

She was standing still in the same place when Margherita came in once more with a little, flickering oil-lamp in her hand.

'What! Still all in the darkness, and the moon shining full on the face! The signora had no fear, surely; everybody knew that the moon brought bad luck. And now everything was packed, and the signora must rest. Margherita's old heart was ready to break in two to part with her child. But when one is going to journey to-morrow to the end of the world one must rest to-night. And there was nothing more to wait for; it was all done.'

'No, Margherita, dear old nurse,' Belle put her arms round the Italian woman's neck; her proud head drooped till her round young cheek touched the withered one; 'as you say, it is all done—all at an end. And there is nothing more to wait for, nothing at all.'

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HAGUE.

At last we passed a distant steeple and large castle, which we were told belonged to Ryswyk, the castle of the Prince of Orange ; then we went along through long rows of trees, and suddenly emerging from them we beheld a vast plain, a great wood, and a city crowned with towers and windmills.

Sir Andrew had been there before, and after showing our passports, and paying our fare to the boatman, who received it in a leathern bag, he left the servants to manage the landing of the carriage at the wharf, and took us through the streets, which were as scrupulously clean and well washed, pavement and all, as if they had been the flags of an English kitchen, and as silent, he said, as a Sunday morning in Edinburgh. Even the children looked like little models of Dutchmen and Dutchwomen, and were just as solid, sober, and silent ; and when Sir Andrew, who could speak Dutch, asked a little boy our way to the street whence my brother had dated his letter, the child gave his directions with the grave solemnity of a judge.

At last we made our way to the Mynheer Fronk's house, where we had been told we should find my Lord Walwyn's lodgings. It was a very tall house, with a cradle for a stork's nest at the top, and one of the birds standing on a single long thin leg on the ridge of the very high roof. There were open stalls for cheese on either side of the door, and a staircase leading up between. Sir Andrew made it known to a Dutchman in a broad hat that we were Lord Walwyn's sisters come to see him, and he thereupon called a stout maid, in a snowy round cap and kerchief, who in the first place looked at our shoes, then produced a brush and a cloth, and, going down on her knees, proceeded to wipe them and clean them. Sir Andrew submitted, as one quite accustomed to the process, and told us we might think ourselves fortunate that she did not actually insist on carrying us all up stairs, as some Dutch maids did, rather than permit the purity of their stairs and passages to be soiled.

He extracted, meantime, from the Dutchman, that the Englishman

had been very ill with violent bleedings at the lungs, but was somewhat better ; and thus we were in some degree prepared, when we had mounted up many, many stairs, to find our Eustace sitting in his cloak, though it was a warm summer day, with his feet up on a wooden chair in front of him, and looking white, wasted, weak, as I had never seen him.

He started to his feet as the door opened and he beheld us, and would have sprung forward, but he was obliged to drop back into his chair again, and only hold out his arms.

'My sisters my sisters!' he said, 'I had thought never to have seen you again!'

'And you would have sailed again for Scotland!' said Annora.

'I should have been strong in the face of the enemy,' he replied, but faintly.

There was much to be done for him. The room was a very poor and bare one, rigidly clean of course, but with hardly any furniture in it but a bed, table, and two chairs, and the mistress or her maid ruthlessly scoured it every morning, without regard to the damp that the poor patient must inhale.

It appeared that since his expedition to Scotland, the estate in Dorset had been seized, so that Harry Merricourt could send him no more remittances, and as the question about the Ribauumont property in Picardy was by no means decided, he had been reduced to sad straits. His Dutch hostess was not courteous, and complained very much that all the English cavaliers in exile professed to have rich kindred who would make up for everything, but she could not see that anything came of it. However, she did give him house-room, and though grumbling, had provided him with many comforts and good fare, such as he was sure could not be purchased out of the very small sum he could give her by the week.

'And how provided?' he said. 'Ah! Nan, can you forgive me? I have had to pledge the last pearl of the chaplet, but I knew that Meg would redeem it.'

He had indeed suffered much, and we were eager to do our utmost for his recovery. We found the house crowded with people, and redolent of cheese. This small, chilly garret chamber was by no means proper for a man in his state of health, nor was there room for us in the house. So, leaving Nan with him, I went forth with Sir Andrew to seek for fresh lodgings. I need not tell how we tramped about the streets, and asked at many doors, before we could find any abode that would receive us. There were indeed lodgings left vacant by the gentlemen who had attended the King to Scotland, but perforce so many scores had been left unpaid, that there was great reluctance to receive any cavalier family, and the more high-sounding the name, the less trust there was in it. Nothing but paying down a month beforehand sufficed to obtain accommodation for us in a house belonging to a portly widow, and even there Nan and I would have to eat with the

family (and so would my brother if he were well enough), and only two bed-rooms and one sitting-room could be allotted to us. However, these were large and airy; the hangings, beds, and linen spotless; the floors and tables shining like mirrors; the windows clean, sunny, and bright; so we were content, and had our mails deposited there at once, though we could not attempt to move my brother so late in the day.

Indeed I found him so entirely spent and exhausted by his conversation with Annora, that I would not let him say any more that night, but left him to the charge of Tryphena, who would not hear of leaving him, and was very angry with Mistress Nan, who, she said in her English speech, would talk a horse's head off when once she began. In the morning Sir Andrew escorted us to the lodgings, where we found my brother already dressed, by the help of Nicole, and looking forward to the change cheerfully. I had given Sir Andrew my purse, begging him, with his knowledge of Dutch, to discharge the reckoning for me, after which he was to go to find a chair, a coach, or anything that could be had to convey my brother in, for indeed he was hardly fit to walk down stairs.

Presently the Scottish knight knocked at the door, and desired to speak with me. 'What does this mean, madame?' he said, looking much amused. 'My lord here has friends. The good vrow declares that all his charges have been amply paid by one who bade her see that he wanted for nothing, and often sent dainty fare for him.'

'Was no name given?'

'None, and the vrow declares herself sworn to secrecy; but I observed that by a *lapsus linguae* she implied that the sustenance came from a female hand. Have you any suspicions that my lord has a secret admirer?'

I could only say that I believed that many impoverished cavaliers had met with great and secret kindness from the nobility of Holland; that the King of England, as he knew, had interested himself about my brother, and as we all had been, so to say, brought up in intimacy with the royal family, I did not think it impossible that the Princess of Orange might have interested herself about him, though she might not wish to have it known, for fear of exciting expectations in others. Of course all the time I had other suspicions, but I could not communicate them, though they were increased when Sir Andrew went with Eustace's pledge to redeem the pearl; but he came back in wrath and despair, telling me that a rascally Dutch merchant had smelt it out, and had offered a huge price for it, which the goldsmith had not withstood, despairing of its ransom.

Eustace did not ask who the merchant was, but I saw the hot blood mounting in his pale cheek. Happily, Annora was not present, so inconvenient questions were avoided. He was worn out with the being carried in a chair and then mounting the stairs, even with the aid of Sir Andrew's arm.

Tryphena, however, had a nourishing posset for him, and we laid him on a day-bed which had been made ready for him, where he smiled at us, said 'This is comfort,' and dropped asleep while I sat by him. There I stayed, watching him, while Nan, whose nature never was to sit still, went forth, attended by Sir Andrew and Nicole, to obtain some needments. If she had known the language, and if it had been fitting for a young demoiselle of her birth, she might have gone alone; these were the most safe streets, and the most free from riot or violence of any kind, that I ever inhabited.

While she was gone, Eustace awoke, and presently began talking to me, and asking me about all that had passed, and about which we had not dared to write. Nan, he said, had told him her story, and he was horrified at the peril I had incurred. I replied that was all past, and was as nothing compared with the consequences, of which my sister had no doubt informed him. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did not think it of Darpent.' I said I supposed that the young man could not help the original presumption of loving Annora, and that I could bear testimony that they had been surprised into confessing it to one another. He sighed, and said, 'True. I had thought that the barrier between the robe and the sword was so fixed in a French mind that I should as soon have expected Nicole to aspire to Mademoiselle de Ribaumont's hand as Clément Darpent.'

'But in her own eyes, she is not Mademoiselle de Ribaumont, so much as Mistress Annora Ribmont,' I said; 'and thus she treated him in a manner to encourage his audacity.'

'Even so,' said Eustace, 'and Annora is no mere child, not one of your *jeunes filles*, who may be disposed of at one's will. She is a woman grown, and has been bred in the midst of civil wars. She had refused Harry Merricourt before we left home, and she knows how to frighten away all the suitors our mother would find for her. Darpent is deeply worthy. We should esteem and honour him as a gentleman in England; and were he there, and were our Church as once it was, he would be a devout and thankful member of it. Margaret, we must persuade my mother to consent.'

I could not help rejoicing; and then he added, 'The King has been well received, and is about to be crowned in Scotland. It may well be that our way home may be opened. In that case, Meg, you, my joint heiresses, would have something to inherit, and before going to Scotland I had drawn up a will giving you and your Gaspard the French claims, and Annora the English estates. I know the division is not equal; but Gaspard can never be English, and Annora can never be French; and may make nearly as much of an Englishman of Darpent as our grandfather was.'

'Nay, nay, Eustace,' I said; 'the names of Walwyn and Ribaumont must not be lost.'

'She may make Darpent deserve a fresh creation, then,' he answered,

smiling sadly. 'It will be best to wait a little, as I have told her, to see how matters turn out at home.'

I assented with all my heart, and told him what our brother Solivet had said.

'Yes,' he said, 'Solivet and our mother will brook the matter much better if she is to live in England, the barbarous land that they can forget. And if I do not live, I will leave them each a letter that they cannot quite disregard.'

I said I was glad he had not consented to Annora's notion of bringing Darpent to Holland, since Solivet might lie in wait for him, and besides, it would not be treating our mother rightly.

'No,' said Eustace, 'if I am ever strong enough again, I must return to Paris, and endeavour to overcome their opposition.' And he spoke with a weary sigh, though I augured that he would soon improve under our care, and that of Tryphena, who had always been better for him than any doctor. Then I could not help reproaching him a little with having ventured himself in that terrible climate and hopeless cause.

'As to the climate, that was not so much amiss,' said Eustace. 'Western Scotland is better and more wholesome than these Dutch marshes. The seagull fares better than the frog.'

'But the cause,' I said. 'Why did you not wait, to go with the King?'

'There were reasons, Meg,' he said. 'The King was hounding—yes, hounding out the Marquess to lead the forlorn hope. Heaven forgive me for my disloyalty in thinking he wished to be quit of one so distasteful to the Covenanters who have invited him.'

And when I broke forth in indignation, Eustace lowered his voice, and said sadly, that the King was changed in many points from the Prince of Wales, and that listening to policy was not good for him. Then I asked why, if the King hounded, as he called it, the Marquess, on this unhappy expedition, should Eustace have shared in it?

'It was enough to anger any honest man,' said Eustace, 'to see the flower of all the cavaliers thus risked without a man of rank or weight to back him, with mere adventurers and remnants of Goring's fellows, and Irishmen that could only do him damage with the Scots. I, with neither wife nor child, might well be the one to share the venture.'

'Forgetting your sisters,' said I. 'Ah, Eustace, was there no other cause to make you restless?'

'You push me hard, Meg. Yes, to you I will say it, that there was a face among the ladies here which I could not look on calmly, and I knew it was best for her and for myself that I should be away.'

'Is she there still?' I asked.

'I know not. He had taken her to his country house last time I heard, and very few know that I am not gone with the King. It was but at the last moment that he forbade me. It is better so.'

I thought of what his hostess had told me, but I decided for the present to keep my own counsel. We thought it right to pay our respects to the Princess of Orange, but she was keeping very little state. Her husband, the Stadtholder, was on bad terms with the States, and had just failed in a great attack on Amsterdam; nor was either she or he in good health. The Princess royal replied therefore to our request for admittance, that she could not refuse to see such old friends of her family as the ladies of Ribauumont, but that we must excuse her for giving us a private reception.

Accordingly we were conducted through numerous courts, up a broad staircase of shining polished wood, through a large room, to a cabinet hung with pictures, among which her martyred father held the foremost place. She was a thin woman, with a nose already too large for her face, inherited no doubt from her grandfather, the Grand Monarque, and her manner had not the lively grace of her mother's, as if it had been chilled and made formal by her being so early transported to Holland. She was taken thither at ten years old, and was not yet nineteen; and though I had once or twice played with her, she could not be expected to remember me. So the interview was very stiff at first, in spite of her kind inquiries for my brother, whom she said the King loved and valued greatly. I wondered whether it could have been she who had provided for his needs, and threw out a hint to see if so it were, but she evidently did not understand it, and our visit soon ended.

Our way of life at the Hague was soon formed. Eustace was our first thought and care, and we did whatever we thought best for his health. I would fain have taken him back to Paris with us, but autumn was setting in, and he was not in a state to be moved, being only able to walk from one room to the other, and I could hardly hope he would gain strength before the winter set in, since a sea voyage would be necessary, as we could not pass through the Spanish Netherlands that lay between us and France. Besides, while the King was in Scotland, he always entertained the hope of a summons to England. Other exiles were waiting in the same manner as ourselves, and from time to time we saw something of them. The gentlemen would come and sit with my brother, and tell him of the news, and we exchanged visits with the ladies, whom Annora recognised at the room where an English minister held their service; but they were a much graver and quieter set of exiles than those we had known at Paris. They could hardly be poorer; indeed many were less straitened, but they did not carry off their poverty in the same gay and lively manner, and if they had only torn lace and soiled threadbare garments they shut themselves up from all eyes, instead of ruffling gaily as if their rags were tokens of honour.

Besides, more than one event occurred to sadden that banished company. The tidings came of the death of the young Lady Eliza-

beth, who had pined away in the hands of her keepers, and died a week after her arrival at Carisbrooke, where her father had been so long a prisoner, her cheek resting on her open Bible.

Annora, who had known her as a grave, sweet, thoughtful child, grieved much for her, broken-hearted as she seemed to have been for her father, and the Princess of Orange, knowing that Nan had seen the poor young lady more lately than herself, sent for her to converse and tell of the pretty childish ways of that 'rosebud born in snow,' as an English poet prettily termed the young captive.

Ere long the poor Princess was in even more grievous trouble from the death of her husband, the young Prince of Orange, from small-pox, and fell into such transports of grief that there was the greatest anxiety respecting her, not only from compassion, but because she was the staunch supporter of her exiled family to the best of her ability.

Eight days later, on her own nineteenth birthday, her son was born, and in such gloom that it was a marvel that mother or babe survived, for the entire rooms were hung with black, and even the cradle of the child was covered completely with black velvet, so that the poor little puny infant seemed as if he were being put into a tomb. We saw it ourselves, for Eustace sent us to pay our respects, and Queen Henrietta honoured me with commands to write her a report of her widowed daughter and first grandson.

For we were still at the Hague, Eustace gradually regaining strength, and the bleedings had almost entirely ceased; but the physician who attended him, the best I think whom I have ever known, and whose regimen did him more good than any other he had adopted, charged me as I valued his life, not to attempt a journey with him till after the winter should be over and summer entirely set in. If the effusion of blood could be prevented, he might even yet recover, and have a long life, but if it recurred again, Dr. Dirkius would not answer for his life for an hour; nor must he do aught that would give him a rheum or renew his cough.

After all, we lived very peacefully and happily in those rooms at the Hague, though Eustace was very anxious about the King, Annora's heart was at Paris, and I yearned after my son, from whom I had never thought to be so long parted; but we kept our cares to ourselves and were cheerful with one another. We bought or borrowed books and read them together, we learnt to make Holland lace, studied Dutch cookery, and Annora, by Eustace's wish, took lessons on the lute and spinnet; her education in those matters having been untimely cut short. By the way, she had a real taste for music—and the finding that her performance and her singing amused and refreshed him gave her further zeal to continue the study and conquer the difficulties, though she would otherwise have said she was too old to go to school.

Then the frost set in, and all the canals and sluggish streams were sheets of ice, to which the market people skated, flying along upon the

ice like birds. We kept my brother's room as warm as it was in our power to do, and made him lie in bed till the house was thoroughly heated, and he did not suffer much or become materially worse in the winter, but he was urgent upon us to go out and see the curious sights and share the diversions as far as was possible for us. Most of the Dutch ladies skated beautifully, and the younger ones performed dances on the ice with their cavaliers, but all was done more quietly than usual, on account of the mourning, the Prince of Orange being not yet buried, and his child frail and sickly. The Baptism did not take place till January, and then we were especially invited to be present. Though of course my brother could not go, Annora and I did so. The poor child had three sets of States-General for his godfathers, his godmothers being his grandmother, the elder Princess of Orange, and his great aunt, Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia. The Duke of York, who had lately arrived, was asked to carry the little Prince to church, but he shuddered at the notion of touching a baby, as much as did his sister at the idea of trusting her precious child with him, so the infant was placed in the arms of one of his young aunts, Mademoiselle Albertine of Nassau.

I saw no more than a roll of ermine, and did not understand much of the long sermon with which the Dutch minister preluded the ceremony, and which was as alien to my sister's ideas of a christening as it was to mine. Many other English ladies were mingled with the Dutch ones in the long rows that lined the aisle, and I confess that my eyes wandered a good deal, guessing which were my countrywomen. Nearly opposite to me was one of the sweetest faces I have ever seen, the complexion quite pearly white, the hair of pale gold, in shining little rings over the brow, which was wonderfully pure, though with an almost childish overtone. There was peace on the soft dark eyes and delicately moulded lips, and the fair, oval, though somewhat thin cheeks. It was a perfect refreshment to see that countenance, and it reminded me of two most incongruous and dissimilar ones, namely the angelic face of the Duchess de Longueville when I first saw her in her innocent, untainted girlhood, and of the expression on the worn old countenance of Madame Darpent.

I was venturing a glance now and then to delight myself without disconcerting that gentle lady, when I felt Annora's hand on my arm, squeezing so hard, poor maid, that her fingers left a purple mark there, and though she did not speak, I beheld, as it were, darts and arrows in the very gleam of her eyes. And then it was that I saw on the black velvet dress worn by the lady a part of a necklace of large pearls—the pearls of Ribamont—though I should not have known them again, nor perhaps would Nan, but for the wearer.

'Flaunting them in our very faces,' muttered poor Nan; and if eyes could have slain, hers would have killed the poor Vrow van Hunker on the spot. As it was, the dark eyes met her fierce glance and sunk

beneath it, while such a painful crimson suffused the fair cheeks that I longed to fly to the rescue, and to give at least a look of assurance that I acquitted her of all blame, and did not share my sister's indignation. But there was no uplifting of the eyelids again till the ceremony was ended, and we all had to take our places again in one of the thirty state coaches in which the company had come to the christening.

I saw Madame van Hunker led out by a solid, wooden-faced old Dutchman, who looked more like her father than her husband; and I told Annora that I was sure she had worn the pearls only because he compelled her.

'Belike,' said my sister. 'She hath no more will of her own than a hank of flax! That men can waste their hearts on such moppets as that!'

But though we did not at all agree on the impression Madame von Hunker had made on us, we were of one mind to say nothing of it to Eustace.

Another person laid her hand on Annora's arm as she was about to enter our carriage. 'Mistress Ribmont!' she exclaimed, 'I knew not that you were present in this town of our exile.'

I looked and saw a lady, as fantastically dressed as the mourning would permit, and with a keen clever face, and Nan curtsied, saying, 'My Lady, Marchioness of Newcastle! let me present to you my sister, Madame la Vicomtesse de Bellaise.'

She curtsied and asked in return for Lord Walwyn, declaring that her lord would come and see him, and that we must come to visit her. 'We are living poorly enough, but my lord's good daughter Jane doth her best for us, and hath of late sent us a supply; so we are making merry while it lasts, and shall have some sleighing on ice-hills to-morrow, after the fashion of the country. Do you come, my good ladies! The Duke of York is to be there! The poor lad is cruelly moped in yonder black-hung place, with his widowed sister and her mother-in-law, and I would fain give him a little sport with young folk.'

Lady Newcastle's speech was cut short by her lord, who came to insist on her getting into the coach, which was delaying for her, and on the way home Nan began to tell me both of her droll pretensions, which were like an awkward imitation of the best days of the Hotel Rambouillet.

She also told me about the noble-hearted Lady Jane Cavendish, the daughter of the Marquess's first marriage—how she held out a house of her father against the Rebels, and acted like a brave captain, until the place was stormed, and she and her sister were made prisoners. The Roundhead captain did not treat them with over-ceremony, but such was the Lady Jane's generous nature that when the Royalists came to her relief, and he was made captive in his turn, she saved his life by her intercession.

She had since remained in England, living in a small lodge near the ruins of her father's house at Bolsover, to obtain what she could for his maintenance abroad, and to collect together such remnants of the better times as she might, such as the family portraits, and the hangings of the hall. I longed to see this very worthy and noble lady, but she was out of our reach, being better employed in England. Nan gave a little sigh to England, but not such a sigh as she would once have heaved.

And we agreed on the way home to say nothing to my brother of our meeting with poor Millicent.

My Lord Marquess of Newcastle showed his esteem for my brother by coming to see him that very day, so soon as he could escape from the banquet held in honour of the christening, which, like all that was done by the Dutch, was serious and grim enough, though it could not be said to be sober.

He declared that he had been ignorant that Lord Walwyn was at the Hague, or he should have waited on him immediately after arriving there, 'since nothing,' said the Marquess, 'does me good like the sight of an honest cavalier.' I am sure Eustace might have said the same, and they sat talking together long and earnestly about how it fared with the King in Scotland, and how he had been made to take the Covenant, which, as they said, was in very truth a dissembling which must do him grievous ill spiritually, however it might serve temporally. My lord repeated his lady's invitation to a dinner, which was to be followed up by sleighing on hills formed of ice. Annora, who always loved rapid motion as an exhilaration of spirits, brightened at the notion, and Eustace was anxious that it should be accepted, and thus we found ourselves pledged to enter into the diversions of the place.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXCIV.

1603—1606.

THE HAMPTON COURT CONFERENCE.

EVERY man in England was anxious as to the part King James might take in Church matters. The Presbyterians had sent a Northamptonshire gentleman named Pickering to congratulate the King even before he left Scotland, and to endeavour to obtain a promise that he would favour their sect, as that in which he had been bred up; and Archbishop Whitgift sent Dr. Neville, the Dean of Canterbury, with compliments on his accession, and hopes that the King would continue to uphold the Church of England.

James replied that such was his full intention, and he showed that he was in earnest by warning off the Puritans who were hastening to him with petitions against the Church, and by a proclamation forbidding all innovations in doctrine or in discipline. The Roman Catholics likewise entreated him for toleration, and while in Scotland he had made them numerous promises. Some of his best friends had been Scottish Romanists, and he was inclined to favour them; but he was assured that to do so openly would be his destruction by offending his Protestant subjects, and he ended by deciding to refuse them all licence for freedom of worship, while he personally treated many of them with distinction. Thus of course he drove them to shifts and subterfuges. Priests circulated among them, and in most mansions of Romanist families there was a cunningly-contrived chamber, where such a guest might be hidden in case of danger. Some families compounded for the fine to which they were liable for not attending the parish church by paying a stated sum every year; some went to church often enough to avoid the penalty, others, in the districts favourable to them, took their chance, though always with the risk of being informed against and mulcted with all the arrears.

Puritanism had more hope, though its great champion Cartwright was just dead at the age of sixty. The party had often communicated with James while still in Scotland, and solicited his interposition with Elizabeth, and he, glad to obtain any partisans in England, and in the hands of his own Calvinist subjects, had seemed to lend them a willing ear. Thus they were encouraged to draw up a great petition,

which was contrived chiefly by two gentlemen named Arthur Hildersham and Stephen Egerton. It attacked almost all the Catholic customs of the Church and prayed for relief from these observances. They intended that it should be signed by a thousand clergy, and therefore called it the Millenary petition, though they only obtained seven hundred and fifty-three names. There were others who termed it the Lying petition. They begged for a conference with their opponents, a thing to which Queen Elizabeth had never consented. She looked on the matter from the Catholic side, with her own mind fully made up, and making no concessions to Calvinism but what were wrung from her by necessity; while James, on the other hand, bred up by the Calvinists, weary of their tyranny, and dissatisfied with their doctrine, naturally and wisely desired to understand what the two parties in the Church which owned his supremacy had to say for themselves. It is therefore very unjust to him to say that he permitted the conference in order to display his own theological knowledge. His whole behaviour in the matter justified the saying that he was the wisest fool in Christendom, or he might rather be said to have shown himself the most foolish wise man.

The conference took place at Hampton Court Palace in the January of 1604. The King nominated, to represent Puritan divines, Reynolds and Sparkes from Oxford, and Chatterton and Knewstubbs from Cambridge.

He would better have satisfied the party that justice was being done to them if he had let them choose their own delegates, and permitted the members to be more equally matched with those of the Church party, of whom nineteen were present, their offices marking them out. Archbishop Whitgift, now very old and infirm, left the chief debate to Bancroft, Bishop of London, and there were six more Bishops, all men of considerable learning and ability, also seven Deans, of whom the most noted were the saintly Lancelot Andrewes, Dean of Westminster, and Nicolas Overall, Dean of S. Paul's, who put the finishing touches to the Church Catechism. Archdeacon King was reputed one of the best speakers of his time, and was also there.

On the first day, the 14th of January, the King shut himself up with the Bishops, and the Puritans supposed it was to concoct measures against them; but the truth was that he wanted to be convinced in his own mind on certain points before throwing them into the arena. He wanted to understand the Church of England's defence of Confirmation, Absolution, and lay excommunication, and likewise to devise means of obtaining fit and able ministers for Ireland.

He did not approve of Confirmation being treated as a completion of Baptism or an indispensable Sacrament.

The Archbishop denied that the English Church held Baptism incomplete without Confirmation and referred to Apostolic practice, which Bancroft followed up with a reference to Hebrew vi. 2, observing

further that 'Mr. Calvin' had so expounded the text ; Bishop Matthew of Durham also spoke of the laying of hands on the infants brought to our Blessed Lord.

Then came Absolution, which James had heard likened to the Pope's pardons, and thought unnecessary except in cases of excommunication. Here Whitgift replied by showing him the forms of Confession and Absolution in the Daily Service, of which he approved ; and Bancroft referred to the other two forms, supporting them by the mention of the subject in the Confessions of Augsburg, Saxony, and Bohemia, and again James fully approved.

But he much disliked lay Baptism even in cases of necessity, especially if it was to be performed by a woman ; and the argument on this head lasted three hours, ending at last in the insertion of the words 'curate or lawful minister' in the rubric for private Baptism. It was the only matter in which the Bishops yielded an old Catholic practice to his prejudice.

As to excommunication, it was the penalty for offences proved in ecclesiastical courts, and King James rightly held that it was not fitting that it should be pronounced by lawyers acting instead of the Bishops. This was agreed to, but the affairs of the Irish Church seem to have been forgotten or passed over.

On the ensuing Monday the real conference with the Puritan ministers took place. Prince Henry, though only eleven years old, was admitted to hear it, sitting on a stool by his father, and a Scotch minister, Mr. Patrick Galloway, was also present.

The four Puritans had the bad taste to appear not in clerical gowns, bands and cassocks, but in what were called Turkey gowns, a sort of undress approaching to a dressing-gown, perhaps as a means of avoiding the acknowledgment of any canonical dress, in which the Bishops and Deans would certainly appear.

James began by making them an address, in which he called them 'the most grave, learned, and modest of the aggrieved sort,' and bade them state their objections at large. Upon which Dr. Reynolds reduced his requests to four heads—purity of doctrine, appointment of good pastors, good Church government, revision of the Prayer-book, in which of course much more was included. He then began to except against certain sentences in the Thirty-nine Articles, but was interrupted by Bishop Bancroft, who reminded his Majesty that there was an ancient canon forbidding men to speak against what they had once subscribed, and then proceeded to attack the garb in which the Puritans had thought fit to appear. "Fain would I know the end you aim at, and whether you be not of Mr. Cartwright's mind, who affirmed that we ought in ceremonies rather to conform to the Turks than the Papists. I doubt you approve his position because here appearing before his Majesty in Turkey gowns, not in your scholastic habits according to the order of the universities."

James, however, checked the Bishop, saying that there could be no order if each party did not speak at large without chopping.

On Confirmation there was a great debate, for the Puritans wished to establish the foreign Protestant fashion of a so-called Confirmation of young people by each parish pastor, and Dr. Reynolds averred that in a diocese of 600 parishes it was very inconvenient to permit Confirmation by a Bishop alone, and there could be no complete examination.

Bancroft replied that the Bishops' chaplains or other appointed ministers examined the children, and both he and the Bishop of Winchester defied Reynolds to show that in primitive times the rite was administered by any save Bishops. The result was to consider whether the word 'examination' might not be added to 'Confirmation.'

Some discourse followed, in the course of which the opinion of Rosny was quoted, that if the reformed churches in France had kept the same order as that of England, there had been many more Protestants there.

A desire to add sundry negations to the Articles was answered by the King that it would make the book as big as the Bible and confound the reader.

Dr. Reynolds then said that the Church Catechism (then ending with the explanation of the Lord's Prayer) was too short, and that Dean Nowell's was too long. To this the King agreed, laying down two rules: First, that curious and deep questions be avoided in the fundamental instruction of a people; secondly, that there should not be so general a departure from the Papists that everything should be accounted an error wherein we agree with them.

To a petition for a fresh translation of the Bible there was ready consent, and there ensued a curious debate about the publication of Papist and seditious pamphlets in discussion between the Secular priests and the Jesuits, which his Majesty said might be furnished in order to nourish a schism among them!

That it was desirable that learned and godly ministers should be placed in every parish every one was agreed, but the actual incumbents could not be ejected; and lay patronage caused, as the Bishop of Winchester showed, one difficulty. The Bishop of London wisely observed that 'a praying ministry' was the great need, and recommended that godly homilies should be read by ministers who had no gift of preaching. Then came the question of pluralities, mooted by Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who wished that 'some might have single coats before others have doublets.' Bancroft said, 'A doublet is necessary in cold weather,' and the matter remained as it was for more than two centuries.

The Apocrypha then had its turn, and the King desired Dr. Reynolds to note which passages he disapproved.

Mr. Knewstubs said 'weak brethren were offended at the Cross in Baptism,' and the King desired to know how ancient the custom was.

Dean Andrewes cited Tertullian, Cyprian, and Origen, and James declared himself satisfied, decidedly quashing the further arguments of Reynolds and Knewstubs, that having been used superstitiously it ought to be given up, like the brazen serpent by Hezekiah.

Mr. Knewstubs took exception at the 'wearing of the surplice, a kind of garment used by the priests of Isis.'

'I did not think till of late,' said the King, 'it had been borrowed from the heathen, because commonly called a rag of popery. Seeing now we border not upon heathens, neither are any of them conversant with, nor commorant amongst us, thereby to be confirmed in paganism, I see no reason but for comeliness' sake it may be continued.'

Dr. Reynolds then objected to the words in the Marriage Service, 'With my body I thee worship.'

'I was made believe the phrase imported no less than divine adoration,' said the King, 'but I find it an usual English term, as when we say "a gentleman of worship," and it agreeth with the Scripture's "*giving honour to the wife*." As for you, Dr. Reynolds, many speak of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow. If you had a good wife yourself, you would think all worship and honour well bestowed on her.'

The King seems to have been getting impatient, and cut short arguments with what he meant for wit. On the exception to the Churching of Women, as a Jewish ceremony, he said that women being loth of themselves to come to church, he liked this or any other occasion to draw them thither.

When Reynolds demanded that there should be regular meetings of the clergy in rural deaneries and synods, in which he was quite right, the King, who was fresh from the experience of the miseries and brow-beatings he had suffered from the General Assembly, broke forth in a characteristic speech: 'If you aim at a Scottish Presbytery, it agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet and censure me and my council. Stay, I pray, for 'one seven years before you demand; and then, if you find me grown pursy and fat, I may perchance hearken unto you, for that government will keep me in breath and give me work enough.'

He then spoke of the misrule that followed on the overthrow of the hierarchy in Scotland under his grandmother, Mary of Guise, saying of the Presbytery: 'How they used the poor lady, my mother, is not unknown, and how they dealt with me in my minority,' and he repeated his maxim, 'No Bishop, no King.'

James certainly had cause to dread the unrestrained voice of the clergy, but this refusal to permit the Church to make her voice known probably occasioned many of the ensuing troubles, and was a mistake only in some degree repaired in the present day. Finally, James asked if there were any more objections, and said, 'If this be all your

party hath to say I will make them conform themselves, or else I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse.'

There was another day's conference, when the alterations made in the Prayer-book were read by the Bishops, the chief of which were the insertion of '*and remission of sins*' in the form of Absolution, and of 'lawful minister' in the rubric respecting Private Baptism; also an explanatory word in some of the Sunday Gospels, showing to whom they were addressed, whether to the disciples or the multitude. The Puritans then begged that licence might be given to 'certain honest ministers in Suffolk,' who would suffer much in credit if they were compelled to wear the surplice and sign the cross. The Archbishop would have replied, but the King took the word out of his mouth, and refused to regard 'the credits of a few private men above the peace of the Church.' Cecil, Puritan though he was, objected strongly 'to the indecency of ambuling communions,' and the King wound up with a discourse very much admired by the orthodox.

Their opinion was that the King had risen above himself, Bishop Bancroft had been even with himself, and Dr. Reynolds had fallen below himself. So says Fuller; but the Puritans alleged that the speeches were very ill reported, and that they had been most unfairly treated. They went home murmuring, and though the Bishops complimented the King highly in their gratitude, they were very uneasy, expecting that in the coming Parliament there would be so strong a show of Puritans that he might be terrified into giving way.

Archbishop Whitgift, now seventy-three years old, was especially desponding, and hoped not to live to see the evil day. A conference of Bishops to consult on the matter was convened at Fulham Palace, to which Whitgift went by water on a bitter and windy day of February, 1604. He caught a violent cold, but on the Sunday crossed to Whitehall, and there went to church with the King, and had much conversation with him and the Bishop of London. While going to take his place at dinner he was struck with paralysis, and was carried home to die. The King came to see him, and sat long by his bedside. The dying Primate tried to speak to him in Latin, but nothing could be understood except the words '*Pro ecclesiâ Dei, pro ecclesiâ Dei*' (for the Church of God), oft-times and earnestly repeated. He tried to write, but failed, and with a sigh lay down again. He departed on Wednesday, the 29th of February, 1604, having done good and faithful service by checking the Puritan lawlessness, and bravely stopping Queen Elizabeth in the Tudor course of plundering the Church to gratify the rapacity of courtiers.

A week after his death came out a royal proclamation, calling on all men to conform to the Prayer-book with the recent alterations, including Overall's addition to the Catechism, although these changes had as yet had no sanction from the Convocation. This, however

followed in due time, when that body assembled together with Parliament in the ensuing March.

James's speech owned Rome as the mother of the English Church, and while strongly denouncing her corruptions, bade his Parliament consider of means to prevent recusancy. He at the same time threatened the Puritans if they would not conform. An Act was also passed to prevent the alienation of Church property by gifts to the Crown. There was a good deal of discussion about the supplies, but the Parliament were unanimous in treating Popish recusancy with increased rigour, making every person educated beyond seas incapable of inheriting property, and to prevent the introduction of priests as tutors, insisting that all teachers of grammar should be licensed by the diocesan.

Convocation met at the same time, and licensed the book of Canons of the Church, which have ever since remained in force. They are the authority for the customs of the Church and clergy, and it is well that they were finally completed when there had been time for some settlement of men's minds after the tempests of the Reformation.

Richard Bancroft, though promoted to the see of Canterbury in the December of this same year, 1604, was still Bishop of London when King James addressed to him a letter respecting the revision of the Bible, which had been promised in the conferences at Hampton Court. Fifty-four scholars had been selected for the purpose, and the King requested the Bishops and other patrons to reserve benefices for such as were not already provided for, as a reward for their labours.

The translation of the Scriptures in most general use in England was the Bishops' Bible. This was Archbishop Parker's revision in 1568 of the translation set on foot by Tyndale and carried on by Coverdale, and the rhythm and general turn of the sentences had been fixed as it were by these two original translators; but there were defects in it manifest to all scholars, and knowledge of Greek and Hebrew had made much progress during the last century. Another translation had been made by some of the fugitives into Switzerland in Queen Mary's time, and was called therefore the Geneva Bible. This was much in vogue in Scotland and among the Puritans, but the King and his more orthodox subjects much objected to certain twists of the language and marginal notes which expressed Calvinistic views. However, all were agreed that the best energies of scholarship should be devoted to producing a standard version in the best English at command, though still adhering as much as possible to the former wording, to which the translators had all become attached from their childhood upwards.

The work was not actually put in hand till 1607, when some of the original fifty-four had died and others had resigned, so that there were only forty-seven left, and of these Dr. Reynolds, one of the original movers, and Mr. Lively, Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, both

died just as the work had begun. The King put forth a letter of instructions.

The text of the Bishops' Bible was to be preserved whenever it was possible. The names by which the personages in the Scriptures were universally known were to be preserved, instead of trying to make them more similar to the original, and correctness of pronunciation being impossible, this was a wise regulation. Most likely what we make of Ibraheem and Ysuf or Daoud, is quite as unlike as Abraham, Joseph, or David, to what these patriarchs actually called themselves. The old ecclesiastical words were likewise to be preserved, such as Baptism instead of washing; and a preference was to be given to the meanings of words adopted by the early Fathers of the Church, who in dealing with Greek certainly had the advantage of us. The old divisions of chapter and verses were also to be preserved, marginal references were to be added, but no marginal notes except mere explanations conveying no special interpretation. The forty-five scholars were divided into six classes, two working at Westminster, two at Oxford, two at Cambridge. Each man of each class was to revise a chapter at a time separately, then with his emendations it was to be submitted to his whole class, and after the class had considered of it, the other composers overlooked the work. Where there was an obscure passage, scholars were consulted by letter, and when opinions differed, the question how the text should stand was fixed at a general meeting, and learned divines were appointed as censors of the work.

Comparison was made with Luther's work, and with the French and Italian versions, by which much light was often obtained. In fact there never was a translation of the Scriptures made so entirely as the work of the Church which undertook it. It occupied four years, and was published, in 1611, with the same preface and dedication to King James that it still bears, and which was written by Dr. Miles Smith, Bishop of Gloucester. Thinking of King James I., as we are accustomed to do, we feel a fulsome tone of panegyric in this address, but we cannot wonder at the enthusiastic gratitude with which he was regarded by the English translators, who, after all their fears of him as Presbyterian by breeding, and Roman Catholic by sympathy, found him their ardent friend and, moreover, a scholar able to give intelligent appreciation to their labours. No wonder he seemed to them an English Solomon, raised up for this special work, which we really owe to his patronage and comprehension of the subject; for none save a king trained in theological erudition could have so understood the necessities of the case, and none without his peculiar authority over the Church could have issued such regulations.

The first edition was issued in 1611, with a promise that a copy should be presented to any scholar who detected and corrected an error in it. We call it the Authorised Version, curiously enough, for it

never was authorised, either by King or Convocation ; it only made its way by its own surpassing merits, not only in England but in Scotland. There was at first some clinging to the Genevan version by the Calvinists both in England and Scotland, but as this was never forbidden, no spirit of controversy was roused to defend it ; and coming at the very moment when there was no declared war between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, there was no opposition to the book making its way in the north as well as the south. And thus, whatever unhappy divisions afterwards arose, the same version of the Holy Scriptures is equally dear to the Church and to the Kirk.

Another happy conjuncture of circumstances had brought about that the English language had just been moulded into its enduring form, by the scholarship of the early Tudor reigns, and the literature of the later. The diction preserved from the Bishops' Bible by the forty-five was still comprehensible to the homely English, and moreover to the lowland Scots, a matter in which the Scottish-speaking King may very possibly have had much influence ; but the rudeness of the old tongue had been modified by (among others) Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Cranmer, Lord Bacon, and Shakespeare, all perfect masters of the powers of the language. Every modern tongue has at some time or other been fixed to a standard generally formed by some great work. Dante made the "*lingua Toscana*" of Florence standard Italian, Luther's Saxon High Dutch Bible fixed German ; French, somewhat later, was pedantically moulded by the Hôtel Rambouillet and the Academy ; and English took its instructions from the Bible and Shakespeare. The language of the first is familiar to all persons of the slightest religious training, the second to all of any culture. With these models, some words may be added, some forms dropped, but never entirely disused or forgotten. And there is a rhythm, a poetic taste, an inherent beauty, in the mere flow of the words that renders them a fit medium for the inspiration that dictates the substance, and makes them easy to retain on the memory, with an expressive charm of their own.

Scholarship and criticism have made progress, and now, two hundred and seventy years later, a fresh revision has been made, but thus far, more with the effect of confirming our trust in the main correctness of King James's translators ; nor have the comparatively few alterations that have been made tended to disturb a single doctrine, handed down through the Church, and confirmed through the Holy Scripture, our precious birthright.

Archbishop Bancroft had not lived to see the completion of the work, but in the Convocation that accompanied the first Parliament of James, stringent canons were enacted in accordance with the decisions of the conference at the Savoy, and sentence of excommunication pronounced against the disobedient. There was much opposition, and the Parliament refused to confirm the Act. The judges were

consulted, and declared it to be binding on the clergy, as passed by Convocation, but not on the laity as wanting the authority of Parliament.

The Archbishop enforced the canons on the clergy, and those who would not submit lost their benefices. Accounts vary whether the number thus deprived amounted to fifty or three hundred. Possibly the fifty had considerable preferment, and the others had less to lose. The Puritan laity sent up petitions in their favour, but James would hear nothing. He said the Puritan devil had been the torment of his mother and himself; he called some of the petitioners before the Privy Council to be admonished, and deprived others of their commission as justices of the peace.

It was the maxim of the day that the faith of the ruler was to be the faith of the people. The Roman Catholic reigned over Roman Catholics, the Lutheran over Lutherans, the Calvinist over Calvinists, and James was resolved that as an English Churchman he would have all his subjects of the same way, or else make them suffer for it by heavy fines if they would not go to Church, and imprisonment for those who could not pay the fine.

(To be continued.)

HYMN FOR JANUARY 6TH.

(The Baptism of our Lord.)

I.

LORD, Who once a world of sinners didst o'erwhelm with watery wave,
Thou Who, through the Red Sea guiding, didst Thine own by water
save;
Who didst lead Thy people forward to possess the promised land
Once through Jordan's stream, dividing where Thine Ark was bid to
stand;

II.

Who, in days of great Elijah, didst by fire and water plead
With Thy disobedient Israel—Abraham's unfaithful seed;
Who, by Jordan's stream, bid sev'n times o'er the leper's head to flow,
Didst to heathen nations healing, and its source in Thee foreshow:

III.

Thee we worship lowly standing in our flesh by Jordan's shore,
Come to cleanse the stream of cleansing, Thee, true Healer, we adore,
Who in mystic sign by water wastest here our sin away,—
Token of the darker torrent which Thy Side must shed one day.

IV.

NOW heaven above is opening, now Thy Father's voice we hear
Which His Son aloud proclaims Thee,—us in Thee His children dear;
While the Comforter descending bids us hope through Thee to win
Holy hearts, His new Creation, pure like Thine from thought of sin.

V.

Glory be to God the Father Who adopts us in His Love,
To the Son Who died to gain us entrance to the Home above,
To the Spirit, the Life-Giver, meet saints making there to dwell;
To the Three in One, Whose Goodness, Grace and Love, no tongue can
tell.

Amen.

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER I.

THE MOTIVE POWER—DUTY.

MY DEAR A——,—Your letter which I received yesterday made me rather sad at first ; I was so sorry to know that you were disappointed in your home life. But upon second thoughts, I felt it to be only what was to be expected. You have been dreaming, and you wake up to reality. It is what we must all do, sooner or later, and the earlier in life the wakening comes the happier and better in the end. Life at home is not fairyland ; you thought it would be so ; no lessons, no rules, much love, much amusement, constant variety, and pleasant excitement. But you cannot escape from lessons, you tell me, though they are not to be learnt regularly ; and you must obey rules, because the home would be a scene of confusion if you did not ; and you believe that you have love—you are sure of it, indeed ; but that does not prevent your being found fault with ; and as for amusement, but little of it comes in your way, and that which does is not always to your taste. We have talked of all this, dear A——, often before. I have prophesied, and you have listened, but only half believed. And now, I dare say you think I shall turn upon you with the provoking words, ‘You see I was right.’ But I am not going to do anything of the kind. I have too much sympathy with the phase of trial you are going through ; I have gone through it myself. I remember well the dreariness which came over me when first I began to recognise how rapid life may be, even in its best [form, when it is valued only for itself.

This is a subject upon which it would be easy to preach a sermon, with which you would quite agree ; but it is not knowledge, it is feeling that you require, and I can’t give you feeling, neither can you give it to yourself. Your view of life is at fault. You think it a hard saying that life in this world is intended for probation, and yet until you can recognise the truth you can never be contented.

You said to me once, and I dare say you will be inclined to say again, ‘Why should God have created us if He did not intend us to be happy ? And if He did intend us to be happy, why has He

placed us in a world where we must often of necessity be unhappy !'

These are grave questions. I answered them at the time in the best way I could, but I remember feeling sure that you did not really take in the meaning of my words ; or, at least, if you understood at the moment, I was tolerably certain you would not remember them sufficiently to be influenced by them, and so it has proved. And I dare say you will repeat the question, and I shall repeat the answer many times before they will really take effect. They can only do so when you have made them your own by acting upon them.

Why is this life probation, and not necessarily happiness ? Because, so far as we can judge, it is only through probation that beings endowed with free will can attain to the highest, noblest happiness. That is the simplest answer I can give. I do not touch upon the question of sin, and the fall, and its punishment, because Adam and Eve were placed in a state of probation even when they were perfectly innocent of sin. Probation seems to be a necessary part of the training of an immortal being for his highest destinies.

But you will say, 'This seems very hard. A God of Love must intend His children to be happy.' Yes, but not simply happy in the sense of physical or even mental enjoyment, for that would be a very low species of happiness. Beings endowed with a moral sense, a knowledge of right and wrong, can only be truly and nobly happy when they have the approval of a good conscience. You who have so great an admiration for everything grand and heroic, or which seems to you so, will own this without hesitation. No man can be acknowledged as a hero whose life is merely enjoyment. There must be struggle, effort, self-denial, self-discipline, where there is true heroism. And if man can accept nothing less, how can we expect that God will ? Not that this answer of mine will answer all the questions which may be raised as to man's position in this world ; very, far from it ; I only bring it forward as a fundamental truth which we must accept if life is ever to be anything to us but a continued disappointment, a vain striving after the unattainable. Once accepted, everything falls into its proper place. Happy we *may* be ;—at your age, and with your advantages, happy, I believe, you *will* be ; but duty will be your object, happiness its accessory. Enjoyment when it comes will be received as a gift instead of being demanded as a right. I entreat you to think over what I have said, and see whether it does not correspond to the facts you observe around you. Are the persons you know who make happiness their object really happy ? Did you ever meet with one who was happy ? Remember, I am not speaking of unsought-for happiness, such as the happiness of little children, but that which is expected, planned for. Does not the very act of planning and contriving for it in some way destroy it ? And if so, must there not be something in our nature which proves the pursuit of happiness to be a mistake ? I

think you will say, yes, but whether you will be at all nearer the practical result which ought naturally to follow such a conviction is quite a different matter. The thirst for happiness is no doubt an instinct. We cannot quench it. And we are so constituted that the present shuts out the future, and to say that we are to be perfectly happy in another world seems often to be but a poor compensation for all the disappointment and sorrow which meet us in this world.

Still, there is the fact. Make happiness your object and you will never find it. But make duty your object, and if you cannot attain to happiness, you will at least have peace. Happiness, in the sense of full satisfaction and perfect enjoyment, is reserved for another life. Only glimpses of it are given us here. I speak to you upon these subjects from what I have felt.

Years ago, when I was about your age, or rather younger, I learned by my own experience that only through duty can happiness be reached. I was at school. It fretted me that I had so little time to myself. I did not wish to waste it, but there were things to do which interested me—books which I wanted to read, amusements which were very enticing. I did not dislike the lessons, but they interfered with my objects of pursuit. I was always looking out for a few moments to myself, grudging any extra lesson-time which interfered with a holiday when I might be free. But one day it came into my mind (rather, I ought to say, the thought was sent to me) that I was encouraging a delusion; that what I may call the motive of my life was at fault; that lessons were my business, my object, and holidays and amusement were simply exceptional events not to be counted upon.

You will scarcely believe how entirely my view of school life was altered after that, how perfectly contented I became, how much easier it was to study, and how much more thoroughly enjoyable my recreation hours were. I have never forgotten the change that came over me; and it is just that which I want you to feel. It would make your home life so very different. You want to do your duty—that I am sure of; but you don't make it your aim, you don't plan and contrive for it. When it presents itself it is generally attended to, but that is all. It is an unwelcome visitor, and you are glad to wish it good-bye, and return to your pet pleasures. But duties are legion. They knock at our door at every moment. If we have consciences we cannot escape from them by refusing them entrance.

Dear A—, let me entreat you to welcome them. How precious they may be, what supports, aids, guides, stepping-stones to happiness you will recognise when you are old as I am, probably long before. Only take my assurance upon trust.

Yours ever,
E. M. S

LETTER II.

THE MOTIVE POWER—LOVE.

MY DEAR A——,—Thank you for being so candid. My letter has not given you much comfort. I was afraid it would not, because in fact it only embraced one view of life, and therefore was necessarily imperfect. I mean by this that there is a great deal to help us on in the way of motive, besides direct duty; but I laid *that* before you so plainly just because it is fundamental, and without it no superstructure of goodness can stand; and also because a person of your temperament is peculiarly tempted to build without it. You have such grand dreams of self-sacrifice, you are so easily roused to enthusiasm, your feelings in fact are so quickly touched, you may deceive yourself easily, and it is that, I honestly own, which sometimes frightens me about you. I have just been reading over Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. I wish you would not merely read it, but study it. There is deep truth in it. The truth of experience. If you could learn it, I should be still more pleased. You may not recognise now all there is in it, but it will be a treasure to stand by you through life. And in these days of many books and little thought, it is well to store our minds with the teaching which has borne the test of years. Also, it says what I should like to say, in much better words than I could ever find to express myself in, and so I hope the sermon may be more palatable. Duty is indeed but one side of the shield—the silver side; Love—God's love, the love of our dear Lord, is the other—the golden. But the shield is *one*; the two sides are inseparable. Duty without love is hard and cold; and love without duty is glitteringly deceptive.

If you want to recognise both practically, you must do your duty from the motive of love; or, to speak more simply, you must do your duty with the thought that in doing it you are working for God, and He is pleased with you. When I was your age—a little younger perhaps—that was a suggestion made to me by a brother, to whom I owe more in the way of religious impulse than to any other human being. It took deep root in my heart, and therefore I put it before you. People think duty unattractive, because they are told that it can claim no merit and no reward. 'You have only done your duty,' seems to them a sufficient answer when any claim to special praise is made. What we wish is to do more than our duty. But this debtor and creditor view of life is based on a false idea. Our Lord tells us so when He bids us own ourselves unprofitable servants. Merit and reward it is impossible to claim as a right, but they may be recognised, and unquestionably we are allowed to recognise them as the outcome of God's love. It is only because we are what we are—human and

earthly—that the thought of this love is not always an all-sufficient motive.

But just think of our warmest affections. How variable they are, if we measure them by feeling! We profess—and the profession may be quite sincere—that we would gladly die for one whom we dearly love. We say that the whole world is nothing to us when weighed in the balance against some cherished friendship; and yet, in daily life, in the presence of the very person who is thus precious to us, we are, too often, absolutely self-engrossed. A slight personal discomfort will make us irritable; a desire for some petty enjoyment will lead us to be selfish; a self-indulgent indolence will render us neglectful.

If we were called upon to measure the value of our affection by the small self-denials which we are willing to practise in order to show it, should we not be compelled to condemn ourselves as the most cold-hearted, indifferent beings under the sun?

I say *small* self-denials, because the difficulty of the test lies in these. There are many persons who would really die for one they love who yet would not move from a comfortable arm-chair to stir the fire to spare that same person a little trouble. The occasion is, in fact, not sufficiently important to rouse the affections.

And there are, besides, times when we really cannot feel for any one but ourselves. Physical pain and mental anxiety are to most persons absorbing. But is, therefore, love dead within them? Is it even dead when we are cross, pettish, provoking?

It would be a sorrowful world indeed if it were so. Love lives through all these changes, only, for the time being, it is inoperative.

And if human infirmity tells so sadly upon human love, how much more, alas! is it likely to tell upon our love to God, or the consciousness of His Love to us?

We desire to think of Him, but we forget Him. We long for His approval, but some miserable self-interest is for the moment all-enticing. And therefore it is that we must lay the foundation of our actions in that stern, steadfast sense of duty which will urge us forward when love has for the moment ceased to be a motive power.

Duty may be termed an inferior principle to love, but it is in this world less subject to fluctuations, and less likely to be alloyed by the admixture of other motives. Influence may indeed often be mistaken for it, for good influence is very powerful and most valuable. But we shall deceive ourselves grievously if we lean upon it. It is an undoubted advantage to young persons to live with those whose opinions they rightly respect, and whose approval they covet. Such approval must always be a most powerful incentive, but no earthly influence will ever take the place of the fixed sense of duty which is based upon the recognition of the imperative claim of God's law.

To do right for right's sake. *That* is a principle which will work under all circumstances, because it is accompanied by the sharp.

stinging goad of conscience which will compel us to listen. The more perfectly we accustom ourselves to obey, the less we shall be able to bear the misery of disobedience. And then will come the blessed aid of the consciousness of God's love—that consciousness which, when realised, brings with it a thrill of joy that makes the sternest duty a glorious privilege.

Consistent duty alone can feel this joy, or give the inward peace which is the abiding support of a Christian's life.

There is, I know, another phase of love which may, for the time, be more exciting than the sense of God's approval; even the love of the repentant prodigal for the Father who has pardoned and welcomed him back to his home; but I cannot wish for that love for you, for I pray that you may never so wander into the desert land of grievous sin.

And there is a love of the same kind, based on the wondrous love of the Atonement; but this grows with our spiritual growth, and strengthens with our spiritual strength.

None can fully feel it until they have measured their own actions by the standard of God's Perfection, and learnt how infinitely far they fall short of it.

That the efforts of duty tend greatly to increase this knowledge I need not say. The blessed sense of God's favour is compatible with the keenest perception of unworthiness and the deepest gratitude for the forgiveness purchased by our Redeemer's sacrifice.

They love the best who serve the best, and to them comes the best of rewards.

When the great English general directed that on his tombstone should be inscribed, 'Here lies Henry Havelock who tried to do his duty,' it is clear that he looked upon duty not only as the stern lawgiver (to use Wordsworth's expression), but as wearing a smile upon its face, even the smile of a loving Lord's approval of his efforts. The thought of that smile will surely be a sufficient stimulus; the hope of it a sufficient motive; even as the sight of it will undoubtedly be one day a sufficient reward.

The smile of God! who would not work for it? Who would not long for it? If the bright look and word of approval from a father, a mother, a friend, whom we respect, is so dear to us here, what will not be the smile of our dearest Lord when He welcomes us at the gates of Paradise, and acknowledges us as His own, before the dread tribunal of the universe! This is no fancy, no poetical imagery. What we call poetry is often the utterance of the deepest truth, and as surely as there is a God who made us, and has given us a law which we are to obey, so surely is He pleased with us when we strive to obey. As surely as there is a Redeemer who took our nature upon Him, and died for us, so surely does His countenance bear the impress of human pleasure when He sees us striving to follow His steps.

As truly as there is a Blessed Spirit who inspires us with holy desires, so certainly does He feel the joy of satisfaction when these desires are brought to good effect. You need not tell me that we can never obey, never satisfy ; that our best efforts are mere fragments of the perfection which we are told to strive after ; none can know this better than I know it. None can have a more vivid daily experience of the vast distance between what we ought to be and what we are. But look at the little child tottering across the room from its nurse to its mother—trembling, falling, taken up, and set on the way again ; and again falling, and reaching its mother's knees only to bury its little head in her lap—it may be with tears. Does the mother reject it ? Does the nurse look sternly at it ? Is there not a joy, a smile ready to welcome the effort ? And will not Christ be a million times more ready to welcome our efforts, to set us upon our feet when we have fallen, to cheer us with loving words as we totter on our way, to soothe us with the smile of acceptance when we hide our faces from Him, conscious only of our shortcomings. The smile of God ! Think of it again. Dwell upon it. You cannot do so too often, too hopefully. Sir Henry Havelock *tried* to do his duty ; *tried*, remember, not always succeeded, but tried. Let me only think that you will *try*, and I shall be happy about you.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

EURIPIDES.

‘Euripides, with close and mild
Scholastic lips, that could be wild
And laugh or sob out like a child
Even in the classes.’

—MRS. BROWNING.

‘How about Euripides,
He that was born upon the battle-day?’

—*Balaustion's Adventure.*

EURIPIDES was born in 480 B.C., the year in which the battle of Salamis was fought. He is said to have been at first brought up for an athlete, and very early in life to have studied painting. At twenty-five, however, he brought out his first tragedy, and thenceforth philosophy alone shared his devotion with the drama. He wrote in all about ninety plays, of which nineteen have been preserved. His death, in 406 B.C., took place at the court of Archelaus, in Macedonia, whither he had retired shortly before.

Euripides, the retired student, was much less identified with stirring Athenian life than Æschylus or Sophocles, yet if he hardly seemed to love Athens enough it was because he loved mankind more. From his studious retreat he looked out on the world with eyes more deeply philosophic than either of his great rivals, and the spirit of his philosophy still vibrates in the very latest pulse of modern thought.

The place occupied by Euripides as a poet may be said to be even still under dispute. Never has a poet so undoubtedly great been the object of so much hatred and so much love. And never, it must be added, has a poet laid himself more open, in his work, to misinterpretation whether of friend or foe. The reason of this is to be sought for in his peculiar intellectual position. He is neither antique pagan nor modern thinker, but a curious compound of both. Strangely modern by the bent of his genius, he was yet necessarily hampered by the limitations of his time, and the result was a certain incongruity in his work. Yet an impartial view of it reveals a genius consistent both in its strength and weakness, and animated by a devotion to its highest ideal.

The detractors of Euripides from his own day to this could not deny the beauty of certain passages in his plays, but they found in them as a whole nothing but a proof that he was an atheist and corruptor of religion, immoral himself, and a teacher of immorality by the mouths of his characters, a hater and contemner of women ; while they summed

up his poetical sins in the sweeping charge that he 'lowered the dignity of tragedy.' A glance, however slight, at these charges may help to give us a juster view of the poet. At the outset, his accusers blamed the man, when they ought rather to have blamed the time. We have already, when speaking of Sophocles, noted the change which was passing over Athenian thought during the life-time of that poet. Everything was questioned, faith was giving way to reason. We have seen, too, that while Sophocles clung rather to the past, and suffered the new ideas to pass by him half unheeded, Euripides eagerly met them half way. The change in the time was inevitable, but it found in Euripides a spirit congenial to its own. Its eager questionings fell upon his mind as upon a soil prepared. As he sympathised with it so was he its representative. Euripides could not but be a philosophic poet.

Looking on life as a philosopher, it was impossible for Euripides to be poet or artist merely. His thought started from the burning questions of the day and took its shape from the actual life that he saw around him. Thus reality was the mould in which his mind worked. It is reality that is his rock of offence with some, his high merit in the eyes of others. Reality is the feature that gives him his dramatic character and makes him the representative of the last but by no means least worthy phase of Greek drama.

The creations of Æschylus belong to a sphere supra-mundane if not super-natural. Sophocles had chosen his types in an ideal humanity, but Euripides takes us by the hand and leads us out among men and women. He shows them to us in their every-day joys and sorrows, their love and hate, their meanness and their heroism. The burden of the sorrowfulness of humanity is laid on him. He is possessed with the idea of the brotherhood of man. His sympathies are cosmopolitan. Nothing human is alien to him. He has a fellow-feeling for the despised slave, and sympathy for the little less despised woman. In his eyes kings and queens and heroes are but men and women after all. He is fond of dispelling the 'divinity that hedges' them with the grim touch of a *Teufels-druck*. We begin now to understand in what sense Euripides 'lowered the dignity of tragedy.' His stage is flooded with the 'light of common day.' Coming to him from the differing yet equally ideal worlds of Æschylus and Sophocles, we are sensible at first of a cold shock. We miss the glow of the 'light that never was on sea or land.'

His 'reality' then, it seems, was what foremost roused the ire of Euripides' enemies. But there were other elements of discord in his spiritual nature to perturb his dramatic conceptions and provoke adverse criticism. We have said that he sympathised with and represented his time, but he was also in advance of it. While his sympathy with the 'innovating spirit' of course shocked the orthodoxy of the older generation, his deeper thought went far beyond the shallow

scepticism then fashionable, and thus put him out of sympathy even with the crowd.

From the vigorous and imaginative faith of Æschylus, Euripides was far removed; a serene quietist like Sophocles he could not be. The popular religion was such as necessarily to repel a thoughtful and religious man, and Euripides was by nature both thoughtful and religious. His studies seem to have led him to the conclusions of Anaxagoras, who incensed the populace by his identification of Zeus with mere intelligence. And yet dramatic exigencies compelled him to introduce upon the stage the popular gods whose crimes and vagaries seemed to him nothing less than absurd. The gods thus play an anomalous part in his dramas. They are continually made to interpose in the action in a mechanical manner, or are represented, as if with veiled ridicule, in an absurd light. And then again, as though the flippant irreligion of the day had stung his deeper reverence to the quick, Euripides turns round on those who so misunderstand him, and portrays the gods as overwhelming in might and majesty. We are often made to feel in reading him, that could Euripides have been but a little more modern and thrown aside the gods altogether, his dramas would have gained in force and coherency.

Another point in which the poet's views seem to have been completely misconstrued was his treatment of women. It cannot be denied that he spoke of them with exceeding severity. His censure is too bitter to be accounted for by ordinary poetic usage, as exemplified, for instance, so often in the Elizabethan drama. Nor can the reason be found in his own domestic unhappiness. The fact seems rather to be that Euripides' high ideal of womanhood made him resentful of their failings, and it must be remembered that women—like slaves, whom also he pitied—were in a position of inferiority, and doubtless characterised by the faults, or even vices, of that position. That Euripides wrote the *Alcestis* is sufficient to defend him from the charge of mere blind hatred against the sex. What is certain is that he has sounded all the depths of woman's heart as delicately as Racine, from the passion of an outraged Medea to the piteous pleadings of a guiltless Iphigeneia.

Leaving Euripides as a man and a thinker, we may pass for a moment to his art, which we perceive to be but the flower of his philosophy. His discursive and contemplative spirit, enamoured of reality, did not even attempt to soar to the Titanic world of Æschylus. As little could his quick-changing conceptions lend themselves to the gradual evolution, the nice gradations of Sophocles' art. His plots are often careless and unequal. Far from evolving his story, he is fain to make it known beforehand to the audience by means of a Prologue. His Choruses, beautiful as they lyrically are, are often disconnected from the main theme. Too negligent of unity, he seeks rather to move by scene or situation or incident, by the presentation of human life in its

thousandfold variety. His language itself is not involved or subtle, but that of every-day life. Philosophic in his method, his philosophy further asserts itself in his prominent and peculiar characteristics. To the thoughtful observer human life must necessarily appear at first a sight sad, and Euripides is the master of pathos. No poet ever drew more tears. With ready imaginative sympathy he has felt deeply the vicissitudes of the human lot, approached it under all its varying conditions. His touch lays bare the beatings of the human heart, and strikes the chord of every passion and affection. And life has other aspects for him too. His attentive eye has caught the colour, the variety of the outward moving panorama of men and things; has turned aside to dwell with loving appreciation on the beauty of external nature, and the picturesqueness of both has passed into his verse. But he has not stopped short even here. Looking with visionary eyes on the things of reality, he has informed them with a new spirit, and blended truth with fancy in themes of the most romantic interest.* Nor are the grace and brilliancy of his imagination less striking than the homeliness and pathos of his dramatic conception. It is his pathos, his romance, his picturesqueness that make Euripides the most modern of the ancients. In his variety, his free flow of fancy, his careless prodigality of treatment, there is discernible something of that 'wood-note wild,' that 'naturalness' which is the distinguishing trait of Shakespeare. To further the resemblance there are not wanting indications that the genius of Euripides also had its humorous side.†

Bearing in mind his excellences, we can the more readily admit some defects in Euripides. His disregard of form sometimes becomes a serious defect, splendid single scenes being counterbalanced by large portions of inferior work, and the unity of the whole sacrificed to temporary effect. Another feature that somewhat mars his plays is the weakness of his delineations of men as compared with those of women. Again, in his anxiety to move, he pushes pathos to excess, and exaggerates the language of abasement or suffering. But his worst fault perhaps is a tendency to let his verses reflect the least worthy tastes of the day, and allow his characters to descend to quibbling and sophistry, or devote their ingenuity to 'proving the worse the better reason.' Still, with all his merits and all his defects, Euripides stands nearest to the modern world in sentiment and feeling. How popular he was during his life-time throughout the Greek world, and how his catholic and sympathetic genius was already beginning to obtain loving recognition far beyond the narrow limits of Athens, is affectingly shown by a famous anecdote. When the Athenian expedition to Sicily had

* Notably in the *Bacchantes*, of which our extract gives but a slight impression.

† For instance, in a scene in the *Alceste*, which space precludes our quoting, where Heracles, unconscious of the calamity that has befallen his host, is represented feasting by himself in Admetus' house.

ended in disaster, and Athenians of noble birth were slaves in Syracusan households, those of them who were fortunate enough to be able to recite the verses of Euripides obtained their freedom as a recompense.

In the extracts that follow, only a few of the poet's most characteristic and splendid passages can be given, though even from these some impression may be gained of his power and variety.

From the ALCESTIS.

[*In this most beautiful play, Euripides tells how Alcestis, wife of Admetus, king of Pheræ, in Thessaly, laid down her life to save her husband's, but was afterwards brought back from the grave by the hero Hercules.*]

THE SERVANT DESCRIBES THE LAST MOMENTS OF ALCESTIS

CHORUS.

LET her at least be sure renowned she dies,
And noblest wife of all beneath the sun.

SERVANT.

How aught but 'noblest'? who dare say it nay?
What must the woman prove that would outvie her?
And how could wife show that her lord she honoured
More than by willingness to die for him?
Thus much knows the whole city, but thou'lt marvel
To hear of that she did within the house:
For when she saw the fated day was come,
She washed with river-waters her fair skin,
And taking forth from cedarn cabinets
Raiment and garniture, adorned herself
Meetly, and stood before the hearth and prayed:
'Mistress,* since I go down unto my grave,
Falling before thee the last time, I'll pray:
Be mother to my orphans; mate my boy
A loving wife, my girl a noble spouse.
Nor let them die, as I their mother perish,
My children, in their prime, but happy see
Long days and peaceful in their fatherland.
And to each altar in Admetus' house
Did she draw near and wreathed and prayed to it,
Stripping the while a spray from myrtle boughs.
She wept not, made no moan, the doom at hand
Robbed not her fair cheek of its natural hue.
Then, to her chamber and her couch burst in,
Then fell at last her tears, and thus she spake:
'Oh couch whereon my stainless maidenhood
I yielded up for him through whom I die,
Farewell, I cannot hate thee, me alone
Hast thou destroyed, for loathing to betray
Thee and my lord, I die; and this my place
Some other wife shall have—oh not more chaste,
But happier, it may be.' So, bending down,
She kisses it, and all the couch was dewed
With the soft passion streaming from her eyes.

* She here addresses Artemis or Vesta.

But when the tempest of her tears was slaked,
 Upstarting from the couch, drooping she went,
 And leaving oft the chamber, turned as oft,
 And threw herself once more upon the bed.
 And both the children clinging to her dress
 Wept, but she took them in her arms and kissed
 Now one and now the other, with dying love.
 And all the servants of the household wept,
 Grieved for their mistress ; but her right hand she
 Held forth to each ; none was too mean for her
 To have some word for and be greeted back.
 Such in Admetus' house the woes that reign.
 As he had died 'twere once to cease ; that 'scaped,
 He bears such grief as he shall ne'er put off.

From the MEDEA.

[The hero Jason brought with him to Greece, Medea, the Colchian princess, who had helped him to win the Golden Fleece, but he wishing to forsake her for Glaucl, daughter of Creon, king of Corinth, Medea in revenge slew Jason's two sons, and destroyed Glaucl by sending her a burning robe for a gift.—Medea is a strange contrast to Alcestis, but a woman still. Her passion is the revolt of an originally fine but untutored nature. The terrible nature of her revenge is the measure of her outraged love, her pity and her tenderness.]

MEDEA DELIBERATES WHETHER SHE SHALL SLAY HER CHILDREN.

My children, oh my children, ye have still
 A country and a home where, parted far
 From most unhappy me, ye shall abide,
 Reft of your mother evermore ; but I
 Must go, an exile, to a foreign land,
 Ere I have joyed me in you, lived to see
 You happy, or adorn your bride, or deck
 The marriage-couch, uphold the nuptial torch.
 Oh woe upon my froward woman's heart !
 In vain then, oh my little ones, I reared ye ;
 In vain did labour and with toils was worn,
 Bearing strong pangs of travail ; once indeed,
 Poor fool, I had so many hopes in you—
 That ye would tend on my old age and wind
 With loving hands the shroud round my dead limbs --
 A lot for which men pray ; now the sweet hope
 Is gone, for reft of you, my life shall seem
 A thing but harsh and bitterness to me.
 And never, never shall your loving eyes
 Look on your mother more, in that changed life
 Ye shall hereafter lead ; alas ! my children,
 Why look ye so upon me ; why smile up
 At me with your last smile of all ? alas !
 What shall I do ? fair friends, it fails, my heart,
 Before that love-light in my children's eyes.
 Do it I cannot ; meditated deed,
 Farewell ! my children shall my exile share.
 Boots it—to pain their father through their woes,—
 A double sorrow on mine own head pull down ?
 Be it far from me ! murderous thoughts farewell !
 And yet—how is't with me ? would I become

The mark of scorn, letting my foes go free ?
 This must be done ; how womanish, meseems,
 To let those tender words stir at my heart !
 Go, little ones, within. And if there be,
 Whose conscience holds him from my sacrifice,
 Let him see to it ; my hand I will not slack.
 Ah woe ! ah woe is me !
 Do not, my soul, do not this bloody deed ;
 Spare them, thou wretch, have pity on thy babes.
 Yonder * with us abiding they shall cheer thee.
 Never—by all the fiends deep Hades holds—
 Shall this thing be, that I should leave my sons
 Naked unto my foes to triumph o'er.
 Die, every way, they must ; and since needs must,
 My hand shall slay them who did give them life.
 'Tis fated every way, 'scape shall they not.
 Already the crown wreathes her brow ; the robe
 Enfolds her to her death, our royal bride,†
 Full well I know ; but since myself must tread
 A path most pitiable, ay, do intend
 To send these forth on one more piteous still,
 I'd fain speak with my children ; give, sweet sons,
 Give your right hand up to your mother's clasp.
 Oh dearest hand, and mouth to me dearest,
 My twain ! noble of face and mien, may ye
 Be happy—in *that other land* ‡—the life
 Had here been yours, your father hath usurped.
 Oh their sweet childish clinging, oh the touch
 Of their soft flesh, the fragrance of their breath !
 Go, go within ; I may no more endure
 To look on you, but grief hath vanquished me.
 The guilt it doth intend my mind sees clear,
 But passion o'er my better thoughts prevails,
 The cause to mortals of their deepest ills.

CHORUS. THE GLORIES OF ATHENS.

HAPPY are Erechtheus' sons § from olden time,
 And of the blissful gods the children dear ;
 Nourished on fairest Wisdom, meed sublime
 Of a sacred and inviolate clime,
 Airily their steps part ever the serenest atmosphere ;
 Where, if truth be in tales of yore,
 Long ago—a band divine—
 Golden-tressed Harmonia bore
 The Pierian Muses nine.

There too, story telleth, when her lips had quaffed
 Deep of Cephissus' || waters flowing fair,
 Over all the land did Cypris ¶ waft
 Winds enperfumed of caressing air ;

* *i.e.* in Athens.

† *i.e.* Glaucê. See Introductory Note.

‡ Spoken ambiguously. While she seems to refer to Athens (their place of exile), and the life at Corinth they are about to leave, she secretly means *Hades* (the realm of the dead), and the 'life' they will shortly lose at her hands.

§ The Athenians, descended from Erechtheus.

|| A river near Athens.

¶ Cypris was another name for Aphroditê (Venus), the Goddess of Love.

THE GARDEN OF IMAGINATION.

I AM a Londoner. From my room, in which I am a prisoner, I can only see grey house-roofs and dingy chimneys, or sometimes, by craning my neck at a particular angle, I catch a glimpse of the boughs of a sooty plane-tree in a square garden. Yet out of the memories of gardens I have loved in former days, and with the companionship and help of my books, I have made for myself a garden, in which, having closed my eyes to shut out the dreary London blackness, my imagination can wander at her will. There would be smooth swards of grass and a 'bird-haunted lawn,' where the air would be sweet with 'the breath of flowers.' There would be streams of water, and pleached alleys such as Lord Bacon describes, framed 'for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery;' or where, on rainy days in summer, you may pace up and down and hear the soft drip of the warm rain-drops on the thirsty leaves overhead, and yet be dry beneath in the very midst of the gentle moisture. There would be fruit in abundance, such fruit as grew in John Evelyn's garden, the very names of which excite one's curiosity or one's appetite—the nutmeg peach, the ladies' longing, the mayflower and violet-apple, the bloody pippin, the *mouille-en-bouche*, the *bon chrétien fondant*, and the dead man's pear. There would be lines of potatoes, with the pale lilac flowers, which have each a beak like that of a bird in their centre; delicate-scented beans; tall, grey leeks, with their soft-tinted flowers; green peas, where thievish blackbirds would tear open the tender pods with their yellow bills (I can afford to pardon the sweet thieves in the abundance of my imaginary garden); and rows of curly, crinkled cabbage, with the shiny drops of wet in their dimpled leaves. Evelyn tells us, in his *Kalendarium Hortensium*, that cabbages had been brought to England from Holland, only a hundred years before his day, by Sir Anthony Ashley, of Wiburg St. Giles in Dorsetshire, as he believed.

There would be too, in this garden of mine, broad borders, well stocked with all the sweet old flowers that poets have sung, lovers have plucked, and magicians have used in their black arts, for hundreds and hundreds of years; flowers that have each, besides their beauty and fragrance, their own romance. Here should we find tall white lilies, such as the angel brought to Clovis on the day of the battle of Tolbiac, when he became a Christian, and which the great Frank king commanded should be planted with the roses in his garden. These lilies abound in the Holy Land, and, according to Shirley Hibbert, may be the lilies of the Bible, the Hebrew Shushan, whence we have taken our English Christian name Susan.

There would be the blessed thistle, which, it is said, drives moles and hurtful creatures out of the garden; pheasant's eye, which is also

called Adonis, because it was the plant stained with his blood ; and sweet white rockets, Marie Antoinette's favourite flower, which she loved to see in her garden at Le Petit Trianon.

Carnations should abound in my garden, as they did in that of the great Condé. They were 'the finest flowers of the garden of the Hesperides,' and in Spenser's days were worn by lovers. They were, however, among the flowers Perdita cared not 'to get slips' of ; yet we know that in the garden at Summerby did

'Many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air.'

I would have a tuft or two of milfoil (which is a corruption of the French name, *mille-feuille*), or Achillea, so called 'after Achilles, because he first discovered its healing properties. It still cures cut fingers in France, under the humbler title of *herbe au charpentier*.

Nor should my borders lack irises, white and 'watchet'-coloured, which are, it is supposed, the true *fleur de lys*, or, according to Anne Pratt, originally *fleur de Louis*. In Gerarde's day these flowers abounded in London, as indeed they do to this day. Along the edge of the garden wall, and hanging down over it, would be orpine, or live-long, or midsummer-men, which, Hannah More tells us, girls used to hang up in their rooms on Midsummer Eve, and by the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left they knew their lovers would be faithful or faithless.

There would be garden-scabions—Queen Anne's pincushion, or mournful widow, call it what you will—with its smell of sweet pepper ; Turk's-cap lily, which is said to be the real plant which sprung from the blood of Hyacinthus, and on the leaves of which, with the eye of faith, may be read Ai Ai. Our pretty nigella, or gith, or St. Katharine's flower, or, as it is more generally called, love in a mist, or devil in a bush (which it has been cynically remarked is 'all the same thing') is, according to Mrs. F. Foster, Ophelia's fennel : 'There's fennel for you and colombines.'

There would also be some marigolds—the *soucis* of the French, and the *cuidados* or 'cares' of the Portuguese, which are thought to bring ill-luck as a gift, but which in English gardens are simply the homely flower whose petals flavour the cottager's broth. Margaret of Orleans took for her device a marigold turning towards the sun, with the motto '*Je ne veut suivre que lui seul*.'

In the spring the borders should be gay with snowdrops, or fair maids of February as they are called in old-fashioned country places, and with daffodils 'that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty.' In Hertfordshire, children used to gather large bunches of daffodils, tie them to a stick, and carry them up to London, singing--

'Daffy-down dilly is coming to town'
In a yellow hoop, and a green gown.'

There should also be what old writers called 'gallegaskins, or curled cowslips'; Jerusalem cowslip with its spotted leaves; and Solomon's seal, the root of which Gerarde tells us, when 'stamped while it is fresh and greene, and applied, taketh away in one night, or two at the most, any bruise, blacke or blew spots gotten by fals or women's wilfulness in stumbling upon their hasty husbands' fists.' There is the same touch of grim humour in the French name for briony (our lady's seal) which possesses similar virtues: '*L'herbe de la femme battue*.' Crown imperial should not be wanting; the flower with which George Herbert thought peace abode—

'Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell;
But when I digged I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.'

Nor should there be any lack of woodruff in the edge of the shrubbery; the little white flower which is used to make *maitrank*, and which when dried is sweet as new-mown hay. This is the old-fashioned rhyme about the spelling of the word—

'Double u, double o, double d, e,
R, o double u, double f, e.'

Beneath my parlour window should be a little night garden, that is to say a plot of such flowers as shine by night and not by day; so that on summer evenings I might throw open the casement, and 'in embalmed darkness guess each sweet,' although like Keats, when he wrote his exquisite ode to the nightingale—

'I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs.'

There would grow dames' violet (*Hesperus matronalis flor pleno*), and brown night stock; *Dictamnus albus* or burning bush, so-called because if a lighted match at dusk be placed at the base of the flower, the flame will run up the spike of aromatic blossom, without injuring the plant; marvel of Peru or flowers of the night; and evening primroses, the *Nachtkerzen* of the Germans.

Westeria, roses, jasmin, and passion-flowers would cover the warm brick walls. Richard Bradley tells us that the Spanish friars who discovered the passion-flower in the New World first ascribed to its various parts the likenesses to the different instruments of the Passion of our Lord, whence it takes its name. The three alabasteries are the three soldiers, the crown of rays are the halo, and the shape of each of the five stamens resembles the hammers; the nails are on the pistil, which itself forms the pillar where Our Lord was scourged, and the time the flower lasts represents the three days. The ten petals stand for the apostles, and when the friars were asked how it was that two were wanting to complete the twelve, they answered that 'Judas had hanged himself, and Peter had denied his Master.'

The smell of jasmín has something strangely sweet and suggestive; I never smell it without a vision rising before me of a subtropical garden watered by narrow streams, where the soft night air is heavy with fragrance and a silver moon is rising over a 'sleeping sea.' There is nothing which recalls the past so vividly as the smell of a flower. 'I cannot abide . . . the scent of the flowers; they turn me sick and faint,' says Miss Matty in Cranford, speaking of cowslips which years before had been lying by her in the rectory, when her brother came in to bid her his long good-bye. I knew an old, old lady who could not bear the smell of southernwood, because, when she was a girl of fifteen, her sister's bier had been strown with it; and ever after, through the long years, the scent brought back to her the white bed, and the green herbs, and the still, white face, with the soft rippling hair round it, folded away beneath the cerecloth.

'There is rosemary, that's for remembrance,' said Ophelia; 'pray you love, remember.' Rosemary is among the most fragrant of herbs, and it is said that the honey made by the bees at Narbonne owes its peculiar flavour to it. There is an old Hampshire superstition that rosemary will only grow in gardens where the wife rules the husband.

Thyme—the old symbol of a noble spirit in affliction, since this plant is sweetest when bruised—should not be wanting in my herb garden, nor even bitter rue, the symbol of repentance; for the Scotch proverb tells us, 'Thyme and rue baith grow in a garden.' 'There's rue for you, and here's some for me—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference,' says Ophelia. And the gardener in *Richard II.* tells us, 'I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.' It is supposed that no poisonous thing will grow near rue. *La Maison Rustique* directs that rue, to improve its smell, should be planted next to a fig-tree; adding that in the same degree that it is a friend to the fig-tree, so is it an enemy to henbane. The writer also advises that the seed of rue and caraway should be sown with cursing, to make them both spring early and strongly. There should be no lack of fennel, in spite of its rank odour, which, however, Milton calls the 'smell of sweetest fennel.' Anne Pratt tells us that it was among the herbs which used formerly to be strown before a bride. In Evelyn's days the fennel, which was the most highly prized, came from the Azores. But it is supposed that the fennel of which the ancient Greeks wore crowns was not our modern fennel, but probably wild celery. Wormwood is an invaluable plant in a herb garden if the old saying be true—

'Where chamber is sweep'd and wormwood is thrown
No flea for his life dare abide to be known.'

I must also have a root or two of our wild 'common avens,' the *herba benedicta*, or herb bennet of the monks, the dried root of which will give a scent of cloves to linen. I would have plenty of sage; for—

'He that eats sage in May
Shall live alway.'

The French call sage *l'herbe sacrée*, or *toute bonne*, and; they have a legend that when the Virgin Mary and the Child Jesus were escaping into Egypt the Virgin besought in vain the rose and the carnation to hide them from Herod's soldiers, who were close at hand. But when she turned for help to the sage, it spread out all its little branches and received both Mother and Child into its shelter. When the danger was passed the Virgin blessed the kindly little plant and gave it every healing power. We would find also a corner for borage, which was one of the four cordial flowers—borage, rose, violet, and alkanet;

‘I, borage
Bring courage.’

And there should be a plant of *elicampane*, or *hellenium*, so called because Helen held a nosegay of it in her beautiful hands when she was carried off.

I should have every herb that is used in making salad; our ordinary lettuce and endive, which has a pretty blue blossom; and dandelion, since ‘it was with this homely fare the good wife Hecate entertained Theseus;’ salad-burnet from the fields, which is the much-loved *pimpinella* of the Italians, and has a taste like salad-oil—

‘L’insalata non è buon ne bella,
Ove non è la *pimpinella*.’

John Evelyn gives full directions for the making of salads. He has made lists of the herbs to be used, each being carefully gathered with a silver knife, and mixed according to the proper quantities, one ‘*fasciat* or pretty full gripe’ of this, and a ‘*pugil*’ of that. He also adds a number of ingredients which are little to the taste of the present day. He recommends a sparing use of ‘Indian salt,’ i.e. sugar; saffron balls, made with honey, are to be sprinkled over the top; juniper berries are good, and the root of salad-burnet is better than pepper. As to mustard, it is ‘a noble ingredient.’ Evelyn gives two recipes which I cannot forbear to add. The first I have tried and found excellent; the second sounds so appetising that I should like to try it.

1. ‘The large *heliotrope* or sun-flower (e’er it comes to expand and show its golden face) being dressed as an *artichoak* is eaten for a dainty.’

2. To make fritters, take Spanish chestnut flour, wet it with rose-water, sprinkle it with grated *parmesan*, and then fry in fresh butter, ‘for a delicate.’

I never open the old herbalists and writers on gardens without a sense of infinite refreshment. They are full of the tenderest and most enthusiastic love for their science. Gardening is to them that ‘delicious toil,’ and they find a sanction, nay, even an example, for their labours, in God’s Word. ‘God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of Humane pleasures,’ says Lord Bacon.

There is a sense of leisure in their gentle discourses which is very grateful in the turmoil of thought of the present day. 'Time was before men in those golden days.' There were discoveries to be made everywhere, and by every one. What are truisms now were not trite then.

Our old herbalists found in their art a solace for all the ills of life. Are you sick or sorry? Motherwort will heal the heartache, and thyme-dodder will cure 'cold greefs' and 'trembling at the heart.' Are you bewitched? Hang mistletoe about your neck and 'witches can have no power over you;' or gather a branch of elder on the last day of April and fasten it to your door and you will 'disappoint' their charms. 'Mathiolus says,' quotes the Compleat Gardner, 'that *Herba Paris* takes away all evil done by witchcraft; he knew by experience.'

Would you be merry? Sprinkle your hall and dining chamber with water in which vervain—or 'Mercurie's moist blood' as some pleasing writers call it—has been steeped. Do you wish for quiet sleep? 'The root of a male peony, dried and tied to the neck, helps nightmare.' If you lay daisy-roots under your pillow, or vervain on your bed, you will have pleasant dreams. Bay-leaves under your pillow will give you dreams that come true, and with white heather you will dream whatever you wish.

There is a large amount of poetry crystallised in the old-fashioned and country names of flowers, in all languages. Such names as bonny bird's e'en (mountain primula), the Italian *Sposa del sole* (our English marsh marigold), and traveller's joy (wild clematis) have each a peculiar grace. There is a magnificent parasite, like a leafless crimson lily, growing upon wormwood in Armenia, which in Turkish is known as seven brothers' blood.

The names for the heartsease are numerous, and most suggestive. It is Shakespeare's Love in Idleness, Kit run the street, Pink o' my John, Jump up quick and kiss me, Herb Trinity, and Three faces in one hood, according to country-folk and old writers. It is the French *Pensée*, the German *Je länger je lieber*, and *Stiefmütterchen*, and the Portuguese *Amor perfeito*. Of wood-sorrel Gerarde says: 'Apothecaries and herborsists call it alleyluya, or cuckowe's meat, either because the cuckowe feedeth thereon or by reason that it springeth forth and flowereth when the cuckowe singeth most; at which time also alleyluya was wont to be sung in churches.'

Stitchwort, Eugénie de Guérin's favourite flower, is the German *Augenrostgras*. Our daisy, or more properly day's eye, is the French *Paquerette*, the Portuguese *Bonina do campo* (or 'good little one of the fields'), and the German *Gänseblume*. Nepeta, or cat-mint, or catnep, the leaves of which are white with down, has furnished us, according to Anne Pratt, with the old English simile, still used in Norfolk 'as white as nep.' Some of the quaint old names have been corrupted after the fashion of words, so as to lose their meaning. Basier, the

old name for auricula, is evidently bear's ear, which corresponds exactly with the French *Orielle d'ours*. The nettle, Anne Pratt tells us, was originally the Saxon noedl or needle. The tulip, according to Gerarde, owes its name to its shape, which resembles a 'tulipan' or turban.

Tutsan (the tipsy leaves of Devon and Somerset) is properly toute saine.

There are several legends in connection with trees which I cannot forbear mentioning. It is supposed that the reason why the aspen is always trembling is its shame and grief in the eternal remembrance that the cross was made of its wood. Judas is said to have hanged himself on an elder, and that ever after those tiny fungi in the shape of an ear, known as Judas's ear, or Jew's ear, have grown on elders. Anne Pratt quotes the following recipe from an early and apparently poetic physician :—

'For a cough take Judas' eare
With the paring of a peare :
And drink this without feare
If you will have remedie.'

It is said that the hawthorn was Mary Queen of Scots' favourite tree, and it is well authenticated that Napoleon in the island of Saint Helena pined for the shade of oaks.

There are several plants which I have omitted from my garden because they, as yet, represent nothing but names. Mr. Henry Bright in his charming book complains that he has in vain sought for the musk-rose of which there is such frequent mention in old writers; it cannot be Keat's musk-rose, 'mid-May's eldest child,' as, according to Gerarde, it flowers in August. The very name of musk-rose is so redolent of fragrance that I feel I am richer in possessing the bare name than I might be if I knew the real plant, for reasons akin to those which made Wordsworth shrink from visiting Yarrow.

What is bacchus-bole, a flower of a 'sad light purple and a proper white divided equally'? Or 'yellow Dutch violets'? And where does 'white lavender' grow? Where is mandrake to be found—which in old days was supposed to grow under gallows? We read that the only safe way to pull it up was to tie a dog to it and then pull at the dog, which would, not unnaturally, give 'a great shreeke.' A man or woman would die should they attempt to unroot it.

One thing, however, that Mr. Henry Bright tells us he has searched for fruitlessly I have found and enjoyed in bygone days. This is the scent of strawberry leaves dying, 'which,' Lord Bacon says, 'yields a most excellent cordial smell.' If Mr. Henry Bright will linger on an autumn day about the hour of sunset in some wood where the ground is carpeted with wild strawberries, he will perceive that the air is full of a rich delicate scent, that comes and goes, a fragrance so subtle and evanescent that it is almost impossible to trace it to its source.

ANNE FELLOWES.

A TANGLED TALE.

KNOT VIII.

A SERPENT WITH CORNERS.

'Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.'

'It'll just take one more pebble.'

'What ever *are* you doing with those buckets?'

The speakers were Hugh and Lambert. Place, the beach of Little Mendip. Time, 1.30 P.M. Hugh was floating a bucket in another a size larger, and trying how many pebbles it would carry without sinking. Lambert was lying on his back, doing nothing.

For the next minute or two Hugh was silent, evidently deep in thought. Suddenly he started. 'I say, look here, Lambert!' he cried.

'If it's alive, and slimy, and with legs, I don't care to,' said Lambert.

'Didn't Balbus say this morning that if a body is immersed in liquid it displaces as much liquid as is equal to its own bulk?' said Hugh.

'He said things of that sort,' Lambert vaguely replied.

'Well, just look here a minute. Here's the little bucket almost quite immersed: so the water displaced ought to be just about the same bulk. And now just look at it!' He took out the little bucket as he spoke, and handed the big one to Lambert. 'Why, there's hardly a teacupful! Do you mean to say *that* water is the same bulk as the little bucket?'

'Course it is,' said Lambert.

'Well, look here again!' cried Hugh, triumphantly, as he poured the water from the big bucket into the little one. 'Why, it doesn't half fill it!'

'That's *its* business,' said Lambert. 'If Balbus says it's the same bulk, why, it *is* the same bulk, you know.'

'Well, I don't believe it,' said Hugh.

'You needn't,' said Lambert. 'Besides, it's dinner-time. Come along.'

They found Balbus waiting dinner for them, and to him Hugh at once propounded his difficulty.

'Let's get you helped first,' said Balbus, briskly cutting away at the joint. 'You know the old proverb, "Mutton first, mechanics afterwards"?''

The boys did *not* know the proverb, but they accepted it in perfect good faith, as they did every piece of information, however startling,

that came from so infallible an authority as their tutor. They ate on steadily in silence, and, when dinner was over, Hugh set out the usual array of pens, ink, and paper, while Balbus repeated to them the problem he had prepared for their afternoon's task.

'A friend of mine has a flower-garden—a very pretty one, though no great size—'

'How big is it?' said Hugh.

'That's what *you* have to find out!' Balbus gaily replied. 'All I tell you is that it is oblong in shape—just half a yard longer than its width—and that a gravel-walk, one yard wide, begins at one corner and runs all round it.'

'Joining into itself?' said Hugh.

'Not joining into itself, young man. Just before doing *that*, it turns a corner, and runs round the garden again, alongside of the first portion, and then inside that again, winding in and in, and each lap touching the last one, till it has used up the whole of the area.'

'Like a serpent with corners?' said Lambert.

'Exactly so. And if you walk the whole length of it, to the last inch, keeping in the centre of the path, it's exactly two miles and half a furlong. Now, while you find the dimensions of the garden, I'll go and think out that sea-water puzzle.'

'You said it was a flower-garden?' Hugh inquired, as Balbus was leaving the room.

'I did,' said Balbus.

'Where do the flowers grow?' said Hugh. But Balbus thought it best not to hear the question. He left the boys to their problem, and, in the silence of his own room, set himself to unravel Hugh's mechanical paradox.

'To fix our thoughts,' he murmured to himself, as, with hands deep-buried in his pockets, he paced up and down the room, 'we will take a cylindrical glass jar, with a scale of inches marked up the side, and fill it with water up to the 10-inch mark: and we will assume that every inch depth of jar contains a pint of water. We will now take a solid cylinder, such that every inch of it is equal in bulk to *half* a pint of water, and plunge 4 inches of it into the water, so that the end of the cylinder comes down to the 6-inch mark. Well, that displaces 2 pints of water. What becomes of them? Why, if there were no more cylinder, they would lie comfortably on the top, and fill the jar up to the 12-inch mark. But unfortunately there *is* more cylinder, occupying half the space between the 10-inch and 12-inch marks, so that only *one* pint of water can be accommodated there. What becomes of the other pint? Why, if there were no more cylinder, it would lie on the top, and fill the jar up to the 13-inch mark. But unfortunately—Shade of Newton!' he exclaimed, in sudden accents of terror. 'When *does* the water stop rising?'

A bright idea struck him. 'I'll write a little essay on it,' he said.

Ballus's Essay.

'When a solid is immersed in a liquid, it is well known that it displaces a portion of the liquid equal to itself in bulk, and that the level of the liquid rises just so much as it would rise if a quantity of liquid had been added to it, equal in bulk to the solid. Lardner says, precisely the same process occurs when a solid is *partially* immersed: the quantity of liquid displaced, in this case, equalling the portion of the solid which is immersed, and the rise of the level being in proportion.

'Suppose a solid held above the surface of a liquid and partially immersed: a portion of the liquid is displaced, and the level of the liquid rises. But, by this rise of level, a little bit more of the solid is of course immersed, and so there is a new displacement of a second portion of the liquid, and a consequent rise of level. Again, this second rise of level causes a yet further immersion, and by consequence another displacement of liquid and another rise. It is self-evident that this process must continue till the entire solid is immersed, and that the liquid will then begin to immerse whatever holds the solid, which, being connected with it, must for the time be considered a part of it. If you hold a stick, six feet long, with its end in a tumbler of water, and wait long enough, you must eventually be immersed. The question as to the source from which the water is supplied—which belongs to a high branch of mathematics, and is therefore beyond our present scope—does not apply to the sea. Let us therefore take the familiar instance of a man standing at the edge of the sea, at ebb-tide, with a solid in his hand, which he partially immerses: he remains steadfast and unmoved, and we all know that he must be drowned. The multitudes who daily perish in this manner to attest a philosophical truth, and whose bodies the unreasoning wave casts sullenly upon our thankless shores, have a truer claim to be called the martyrs of science than a Galileo or a Kepler. To use Kossuth's eloquent phrase, they are the unnamed demigods of the nineteenth century.'

'There's a fallacy *somewhere*,' he murmured drowsily, as he stretched his long legs upon the sofa. 'I must think it over again.' He closed his eyes, in order to concentrate his attention more perfectly, and for the next hour or so his slow and regular breathing bore witness to the careful deliberation with which he was investigating this new and perplexing view of the subject.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Note by the writer.—For the above Essay I am indebted to a dear friend, now deceased.

ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO SHOREDITCH.

HAVING often wished to see London life as it really is, at the east end, I gladly took advantage of an opportunity which occurred to carry out my desire. The following details, full of melancholy interest, are the results of my day's experience.

The 'Sisters of the Church,' Kilburn, whom I went to visit with a friend, gave me such accounts of their work in the east end of London, and of the misery and wretchedness in Shoreditch, that I was very pleased when they offered to take me with them on one of their visiting days.

Tuesday, and Whitsun Tuesday too, was the day fixed for my accompanying them on their errands of mercy. I accordingly reached the Home about half-past ten, and we very soon afterwards set off for the east end, which we reached by the underground railway, taking our tickets to Bishopsgate Station. Each sister carried a can, containing soup to be heated, and some sago pudding. The Mission House is quite a primitive little place, and is situated in Sclater Street, a narrow thoroughfare skirting the north of the old Eastern Counties Terminus, and introducing one to a labyrinth of wretched, ill-paved little streets, bordered by dirty, dilapidated houses, the abodes chiefly of a race of matchbox-makers and weavers. The Sisters occupy the ground floor and first story. The former consists of scullery and the front room, which is divided by a wooden partition, making a little kitchen, where they cook the dinners for the sick, and then carry them out into their own homes. Up stairs the room is also divided by a curtain, part being used as a sort of oratory. Here mothers' meetings, classes for girls preparing for baptism, confirmation, &c., are held; a woman living above, whose husband is a silk weaver, takes care of the house and keeps it clean. The lower room is ornamented with texts round the walls, and a table goes the length of the room, where the girls who come to the confirmation classes have a dinner on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Each week the Sisters have a list of sick sent them by the vicar of the parish, under whom they work, and then take the dinners to the persons mentioned.

The first thing to be done was of course to prepare the soup, and this one of the Sisters immediately proceeded to do, while another peeled some lemons, another cleaned the knives, &c.; altogether this part of the business seemed to me rather fun, and I tried to help where I could. The table was prepared for the children's dinner, and one sister went out to buy some meat pies, &c., for them. Each child pays a penny, but it being Whitsun Tuesday, none of them appeared; and so their food was divided among some other poor people. While

preparations were being made for our dinner, which we had before going on our round, I heard a most curious noise overhead. I was told this was silk-weaving, and as I had never seen any done before, I went up stairs to witness the performance. It was worked by the woman's husband who takes care of the Mission House, and lives on the second story. He was a very nice old man, but he looked weary and ill, and so indeed he was—he was suffering from a painful internal illness, and the pain in his back was sometimes so acute he could hardly bear it; but the woman was rather a whining old thing, full of troubles and worries. It seemed very hard work; he was making carriage blinds. I wonder how often grand ladies driving about in their carriages think of the pain and trouble it has taken many a poor creature to make the very blinds of their vehicles.

After dinner we set off. We divided into three parties; I went with Sister E——, and carried one of her cans. The people in the streets were most dreadful-looking—men, women, yes! and even boys, all drunk. Going down a passage a boy was pushed out of a door, nearly against me, by two women, one of whom was hitting him about the head, and the other quarrelling with the first, about it—the boy howling, and the women screaming and yelling. We now arrived at the first house, and I shall never forget it; I never saw anything so sad in my life before. We knocked, and a man, a toy-maker, the husband of the poor sick woman inside, opened the door. He was quite tipsy, and Sister E—— whispered so to me, asking if I was frightened. Of course I said 'No, not with you,' and we entered. The room was small and very, very dirty. A little child was another inmate of the room, and her history is a most touching one. The first time Sister E—— went to the house she noticed the child had but one eye, and asked her how she had lost the other; if it was an accident? 'Oh! no,' was the answer, 'mother poked it out one day because I hadn't lighted the fire quick enough, so she took up a bit of wood from the grate and sent it into my eye.' Just fancy how the poor mite must have suffered! Can anything more horrible be imagined? I had heard so much about the little girl that I looked at her with great interest. She is very interesting looking, and her one poor brown eye has much intelligence in it. The Sisters are very fond of her, and she is very bright and quick.

The one object in the room, however, which attracted the eyes of all beholders was the poor sick woman. She was sitting on a chair, leaning forward, with her head resting on a most filthy pillow, moaning piteously, and rocking herself backwards and forwards, evidently in fearful suffering; and so indeed she was. She rarely ceases moaning, day or night, except when she sleeps. She has been in this state for three years, and for more than eighteen months no woman had crossed the threshold to do anything for her, and she had no one to feed her or wash her but this little child, her niece, who appeared to be about eight

years old. The cruel mother, after having poked her eye out, left her to the tender mercies of any one who would have her. The sick woman, her aunt, had therefore taken in the poor little thing, who was now repaying her for her kindness by tenderly waiting upon her. It was most touching to see the child lifting up the aunt's head (hitherto hanging down), and feeding her with the pudding the Sister had given her. I shall never forget the woman's face, it was scarcely human; her eyes looked as if she had been crying day and night, and her poor mouth could not shut. She suffers from chronic rheumatism and paralysis, and cannot speak, though she understands all that is said. Sister E—— had taken the child some little tarts, and heard her say her prayers. It made one feel quite ashamed of oneself to hear her repeating 'Oh, my God, I love Thee with all my heart because Thou art so good;' and when she was asked how she could do good, she replied promptly, 'By taking care of aunt.'

The whole scene was most pathetic—the drunken man, the poor woman sobbing out loud, the Sister saying most touching little prayers, every word of which the poor creature evidently understood, and the little child who seemed born innately good, in the midst of so much sin. I could not help thinking how many of us grumble, and look injured, if the least thing goes wrong, and yet here was this poor creature without even any necessities of life, and with no spiritual comfort.* We next went to see a poor little sick child; the way to get to her was to go down a horrid passage and up a flight of stairs; but we could not get in. Sister E—— thought Mary was locked in alone, but we afterwards heard from her sister Topsy that her mother had taken her out. How she had accomplished this we could not make out, as Mary cannot move; she is a cripple, and a most sad case it is; she was dropped by Topsy when quite a baby. The fall injured her spine, and the child lies in a perfect arch, and can only lean on her elbow; we made another attempt to get at her, but there was such a fight going on between a man and a woman, that we could not go down the court. I must just say another word about Topsy. She is one of those wild girls of whom one hears in the bad parts of London; she has killed one little brother by dropping him, and hurt her sister for life. The Sisters have got a great deal of influence over her, and she has been confirmed; they were very anxious I should see her, and we met her in the street, and she certainly is a rough-looking girl; she occasionally brings a friend like herself; this friend tries to teach another little acquaintance what she learns, and the last mentioned said she often sits on the door step looking up at the stars, and thinks they are God's eyes looking at her. We went to one more house where there was a poor paralysed woman, bed-ridden, and her old husband, a brush-maker. When the Sister said the Lord's Prayer the old man *knelt* for the first time, to the surprise of Sister E——. We

* The poor woman is since dead, and the little girl was taken into the Orphanage of Mercy, where she was called "Shoreditch Emma."

took her some soup, but she can hardly speak, or even understand. On our return to the Mission House we all related our experiences. Certainly the streets, especially one, were most fearful; almost every one we met was drunk, but no one was rude. The Sisters were treated with the greatest respect, and the children clustered round them.

There was another old woman living on the top floor of the Mission House, quite an original; Sister E——, expecting I should be amused, took me up to see her. She was very entertaining, a most cheery, clean old person, with a very comical expression. Sister E—— asked her if she liked the dinner with some salad she had given her last week; but her only answer was, 'I never eat such stuff, but I did like the book you lent me;' and I offended her dreadfully by being surprised she could read, and she announced she thought 'No one ought to marry what couldn't read,' and when I asked if she was ever dull, she said, 'Not often, but somehow I don't always feel right in myself; I'll just tell you how it is. I had a husband, and he done for me eleven year, and he's been dead two, and sometimes I wishes him back.' The matter-of-fact way of talking about it entertained me very much.

As we were going along the street we suddenly found ourselves in a crowd, and were surprised to find that the commotion was caused by a marriage—fancy, a marriage, amidst such a scene of swearing and drunkenness! There are almost as many heathen in these parts of London as in the wilds of Africa. One woman was shown the picture of our Saviour on the Cross, and she told one of the Sisters she had seen a poor man on a cross, and how it must have hurt Him. Thus many hundreds have hardly heard of God, and this in England—a Christian country! How can we, if it lies in our power to help, let such things be? Will not some come forward and give something out of their abundance to help on the good work of the 'Sisters of the Church,' whose object is not only to feed and comfort the bodies of these poor outcasts, and ease their pain and misery, but at the same time to speak peace unto their souls? I could not help thinking on Tuesday, as I returned from Shoreditch to the West End, how much that is even thrown away by the luxurious people living there would comfort many and many a poor suffering brother and sister in the very same city. When one thinks of dear little children, who ought to be the very essence of all that is pure and innocent, living in such an atmosphere of vice and crime, we feel compelled to help them. If we cannot give our money, we can at least work for them, and give our time, the Sisters gladly supplying the material. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

The above was written some time ago, before 'Our Work' was published, and there are now few people in England who do not know *something* of the work of the Sisters of the Church; still help is wanted as much as ever for the sick and poor in Shoreditch.

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEW BOOKS.

Spider. Books! books without number. What shall we get?

Arachne. What do you want?

Spider. I have all sorts of commissions. Miss Lacy wants something as sweet as that dear little *Gold Dust*, and as small, to send out to her niece in Canada.

Arachne. Here are two little books on the same model, *Whispers of Love and Wisdom* (Griffith and Farran) and *Avanturine* (S.P.C.K.).

Spider. What does *Avanturine* mean?

Arachne. It is a semi-precious stone all over particles of gold.

Spider. Which shall I have?

Arachne. That depends on whether you prefer bits from English authors, or from French, chiefly Eugénie de Guérin and Madame de Pressensé. *Whispers* is the English one. *Avanturine* is the translated. Moreover, here are Mr. Adams's *Four Sacred Allegories*, each in a dainty little volume of the same size. Look! Is not this a charming book?

Spider. *Till the Daybreak.* What lovely sepia drawings of flowers and birds! I see it is a birthday book. What a beauty! and how much does it cost?

Arachne. Seven and sixpence, which is not dear considering the beauty and grace of those larch blossoms and catkins, and the other drawings. You see it was begun by one sister, and finished after her death by another, and the proceeds are to be given to a cot in the Bethnal Green Cottage Hospital. It must be ordered from Miss E. St. B. Holland, Deaconess House, Mildmay Park, N.

Spider. I do hope it will succeed. Those yew branches are wonderful! and look at the little wren! I must remember that, in case a very pretty present is wanted. Here too is a lovely daily textbook of Marcus Ward's, called *Forget Me Not*. I am catering for all sorts of readers as usual. Ah! there is Miss Gaye's *Coming* (Seeley and Jackson). I believe that is a beautiful story of a Swiss or Tyrolean valley, where there is a belief, like that of *The Waiting Nations*, in a Prince coming again, where the nobler, simpler spirits read the myth the right way, and connect it with the real Advent we are all looking for. It is real and very suggestive.

Spider. *Decima's Promise* (Nisbet) is by Agnes Giberne, but quite in an unusual style for her. There is the undercurrent of principle of

course, but hardly any religious discourse; and Decima works out the moral for herself. She is such an amusing rattle, and one quite shares her father's fear that sobering down will take the fun out of her. Poor girl! she does a 'sad thing and has a sad punishment; but altogether it is a meritorious story.

Spider. I must have that. And is *Princess Alethea* good? (George Bell). I suppose it is. Most things are that come out in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*.

Arachne. Yes; the masterful Alethea is a capital sketch, though I own I doubt the probability of a man like Mr. St. Aubyn going out after the poachers. By the bye, the chapter about the old Major Shaw trying to get into his own house by climbing on the water-butt, tumbling into it, and being taken for a burglar, is a capital bit for a penny reading.

Spider. Another *Aunt Judy* story. Is not this *Hector* (George Bell) by the author of *Castle Blair*?

Arachne. Hector is a very fascinating little boy, and though I never knew one like him I can believe in him nevertheless. It is called a book for boys, but I doubt boys caring for it much, though it is very interesting reading for any age.

Spider. What is *Rosy*? (Macmillan).

Arachne. One of Mrs. Molesworth's best stories about the cure of an ill-tempered, jealous little girl, whose mother is a wonderful specimen of patience, not only with her, but with her surroundings. The children are all very true and real.

Spider. Have you seen Miss Coleridge's excellent *Girls of Flaxby* (Walter Smith)—such thoroughly real pupil teachers? I think it even better for the ladies who deal with them than for themselves.

Arachne. Miss Weber's *Two Life Stories* is very interesting, with plenty of thought in it, only unfortunately both the stories make first cousins fall in love with one another, a thing much better avoided.

Spider. Mrs. Marshall's *Rex and Regina* (Seeley) is very nice reading too, though her books are not so clever as Mrs. Molesworth's, but they are very sensible, and I am glad that good mothers are coming into fashion again. There is a very good mother too in the *Diamond Ring* (Masters)—an odd story, but entertaining, though I cannot think how Mrs. Mitchell could let her vicarage children do anything so horrid as to talk about pa and ma.

Arachne. I have no objection to papa and mamma; in fact it seems to me that there is a graceful reserve in not using in ordinary life the sacred titles of father and mother; but pa and ma ought never to be put in the mouths of any child above a greengrocer's. Indeed, I did not think the vicar, in the story you mean, treated with enough respect, though we are told of his good qualities.

Spider. There is another very good mother in Laura Lane's *Ella's Mistake* (S.P.C.K.). It is very amusing when the girl comes home

from the pious aunt, thinking herself crossed by her worldly home. She gets up a Mission Work Party, and won't have reading aloud that she may have edifying conversation ; and then all the party chatter, gossip, and quiz people, so that the mother is forced to come and stop it. And then she will not go to a garden party because it is worldly, and when her mother and sister come home, they find she has been trying experiments on her hair, and has cut it into a fringe !

Arachne. I should have thought that kind of pious aunt was rather gone out of fashion in our class of life.

Spider. Still it is very clever and good, though I like *Grumble* (S.P.C.K.) much better. It is a charming story, and the only fault I have to find with it is that the poor child can scarcely be blamed for feeling herself hardly used when her brother would waste all the time over his puppies when he had promised to take her to see her own chickens.

Arachne. Perhaps it meant that she was being broken-in to the lot of woman, not to grumble when their man kind keep them waiting in that provoking way. Here is one I have read. *Alone in Crowds*, by Miss Lyster, is a really delightful story, perfectly full of interest. It is about a youth bred up in a desert island by a cultivated father, brought to England at seventeen, and there turned loose to make his way. The author of *Miss Molly* has also written a book very superior to all she has done before, called *Geraldine Hawthorne* (Blackwood). It is about a deserter's noble wife in the great old American war. Its one want is a touch of religious feeling. If they were heathen Greeks the book would be a perfect picture of noble, faithful love. But it is not even true to nature to leave religion so much out of American daily life in those days.

Spider. *Princess Opportunity* (S.P.C.K.) Shall I have that ?

Arachne. It is very pretty and suggestive, showing how Occasion must be caught by her streaming locks ; but I own I don't understand the applicability of all the instances. How did the little Duke of Gloucester seize the Opportunity by his answer, 'I will be torn in pieces first' ? It was so far, only words, though of course it was his last chance of gratifying his father. The opportunities ought to have been all critical moments of action, like Edward Osborne's jumping into the Thames to save his master's daughter.

Spider. I read *A Baker's Dozen* (S.P.C.K.), which is a pleasant story of a scrambling multitude of children, with a young governess cousin to take care of them.

Arachne. Here are three good historical stories. Mr. Crayke's *Fairleigh Hall* (Mowbray), for the great rebellion ; *Under the Blue Flag*, about the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion ; and *Isabean's Hero*, on the revolt in the Cevennes. There is little that is not true about the Huguenot hero, Jean Cavalier.

Spider. Is there anything good for the lending library and school children ?

Arachne. Not so much as I could wish. The stories of the S.P.C.K. last year were better for the purpose than most of these, excepting *Tender and True*, which is a grown-up story of a flyman and his wife, and *The Cruise of the Good Ship 'Barbara,'* which is just what boys like. *Jenny's Offering* is fairly good; but I have been reading it to the school children, and I do not find that it catches their attention. *Trust Me*, and *Susan Pascoe's Temptation*, are the only other S.P.C.K. stories that seem to me quite what I want for reading to the school children or the mothers; but I wish there were more as good as *Missy and Master* and *Harry's Discipline*. *Fast Friends* is pretty good for the street arab style.

Spider. I want something boyish.

Arachne. Well, there is a droll American book, called *The Hoosier Schoolboy*, which amused me very much; also two of Ascott R. Hope's, *A Book of Boyhoods*—real boyhoods of distinguished men who have left an autobiography, and *Home-Spun Stories*, which begins very oddly with an explanation of the author's mode of working, and how he wrote *Buttons*. *Corrington Gate* (S.P.C.K.) is meant for boys, but the part about ghosts and witches is far more likely to frighten a child than to teach him courage.

Spider. Now for something more solid.

Arachne. A little bread to all this sack?

Spider. Travels first, then.

Arachne. Mrs. Macdougall's *Life in Sarawak* (S.P.C.K.) is very full of interest. And so are the letters of another brave Missionary Bishop's wife, Mrs. Wilkinson. They are called *A Lady's Residence in Zululand during the Reign of Cetewayo* (Mowbray). With either of these you may consider yourself set up for reader at the Missionary Working Party. Also Miss Oswald's *On the Fells and Fiords of Iceland* (Blackwood) gives a most pleasant account of that wonderful isle, and of its old sagas, still so fresh in the recollection of its people.

Spider. I see some more Home Library volumes of the S.P.C.K.

Arachne. Among which Miss Bramston's *Judea and her Rulers* gives an excellent sketch of Jewish history between the two captivities. I am too old-fashioned to agree with it in all points, but it is a capital book. Mr. Wratishlaw's *John Hus*—for so he spells the Reformer—is also well worth reading. But what we *Packet* readers take up with special affection is the *Life of Annie Keary*, by her sister (Macmillan). Her *A York and a Lancaster Rose* is still fresh in our minds, and it is the record of a happy time in her life of gentle usefulness and devotion, ever growing purer and higher through many experiences. She would have left us more but that she put aside literature for closer and more direct duties, and thus was much more than her books. It is pleasant to find that her prettiest child's book, *Blind Man's Holiday*, embodies her own experiences.

Spider. Mrs. Calkill and all? Oh, delightful! And where was her town? London, of course!

Arachne. No; Hull. But I am afraid I see no signs of Father Phim himself being a portrait.

Spider. One felt all those characters were true, and that Helen was herself all along, and I am glad to know it.

Arachne. The history is of a beautiful mind always growing. And so too is the short *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*, the founder of the publishing house, a man whose upward life, through toil and ill-health, and whose resolution to do his utmost for God and man through and by his work, are most memorable.

Spider. And oh! look at this charming picture and verse book for little children, *Abroad* (Marcus Ward). Look at St. Ouen! Look at the market! Oh! how capital. How French the people are!

Arachne. It is over late to recommend Marcus Ward's Christmas Cards now. How many breakfast-tables have they not delighted! But here are some charming cards, with texts and mottoes, from Shakespeare, fit for any season, with these wonderfully truthful *fac-similes* of moss. Don't they look as if 'one could pick them off the cards? 'Scripture Gems' are one set, 'Shakespeare Mottoes' another, to be had of H. Burnside, Blackheath.

Spider. Here is another historical tale to add to our list, Miss Peard's *Jeannette* (Routledge), a very excellent one about the children of the Huguenots at the time of the Revolution of the Edict of Nantes. They are full of character. Here, too, is Mrs. Molesworth's *The Boys and I* (Routledge), really a most excellent and delightful story. It is hard to choose between so many capital ones.

INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE.

IN an age like our own, full of new ideas and of enterprise, it is often interesting to observe how two inventions will unite to produce a third, utterly unthought of by the original inventors. Probably, indeed, every new invention owes its existence to something of the kind, so that there is nothing really new, *i.e.* wholly original, under the sun. In the case of our present subject, Instruction by Correspondence, it is easy to assign to it its direct parents. These are the Diffusion of Education and the Penny Post. Both are essentially modern ideas, and there are still surviving staunch Conservative spirits of a past generation who maintain that the world did better without either the one or the other; that letters never have been worth more than one reading, far less worth keeping, since Sir Rowland Hill's grand invention; that post-cards are a vulgar impertinence; that since 'the masses' were taught to read and write, good servants at least have vanished from the face of the earth. Well, we are not writing in defence of diffused education or the penny post; call them inevitable misfortunes if you will. Possibly both are abused, as every other good thing has been, and will be, to the end of time. Conservative ourselves, in the sense of reverencing time-honoured usages, and deprecating violent change, we never can be so in the sense of refusing to 'allow for growth,' or to try the new way in order to see if it be not, in fact, an old friend with a new face, to welcome kindly the new-born invention, remembering that in order to reach a respectable old age, it may probably have to begin like the human creature, with a noisy and generally troublesome babyhood. In spite of the drawbacks of diffused education, it surely starts from an excellent principle that everybody should have a share of every good thing, and that no class should be hopelessly excluded, as a class, from any privileges of rational beings. As to the cheapening to the lowest degree of everything that can be cheapened, that seems to us a more questionable principle to begin with; still, when it conduced to the invention of the Penny Post, it found wholesome occupation for once.

But now for the child of these two inventions. Instruction by Correspondence. What is it, and what can we say for it? It is simply the teaching of one class, however distant their residence, by one master, through the medium of the penny post. It came into full play as soon as the Local Examinations (working quietly for some years), had really begun to influence the secondary education* of the whole country. This will be easily seen. Candidates began to flock year by year, in larger numbers, to the greater centres of examination;

* For the benefit of the wholly uninitiated the technical term secondary education includes all special subjects, everything beyond the three R's as taught in a parish school.

fresh centres were continually being formed to meet new demands, and of course preparation of candidates for examinations by means of classes gradually took definite form. The need of definite work is evident enough. When one standard of examination, fixed by the university, is to be applied all over the country, no matter whether a candidate needs much or little preparation, it must in either case be definite, not merely good in a general way. Preparation with a different set of books from those used by examiners may greatly interfere with success. When at last it appeared that no matter how many preparatory classes were formed throughout the country, there were always some students intending to present themselves as candidates at a centre so distant as to preclude their joining the classes formed near that centre, the plan of including them in the class, and doing the work through the post, was originated, acted upon, and found to be eminently successful. For the benefit of any to whom it is wholly new, we describe the process. Any one on entering a correspondence class, sends name, address, and fee in advance, to the secretary, and is enrolled as a member. A paper is sent to the student, containing an outline of the course of study, the books or parts of books to be worked up, and a few preliminary directions. At stated intervals (commonly a fortnight), each student receives a paper of questions, to which written answers, without the help of the book, are to be neatly made out, the subject having been read up. These answers sent back to the master, are corrected in red ink by him, and returned to the scholar with a fresh set of questions, and this process is repeated throughout the session, until the time of examination, which is entirely optional to every student. During the past season, 714 students enrolled themselves in the Edinburgh Correspondence Class belonging to S. George's Hall, and out of these only 139 presented themselves for examination in Edinburgh. This shows that each correspondent is left perfectly free, as to the coming up for examination, though of course the main object of the class is to enable those in country homes to avail themselves of the Local Examinations.

We have already spoken in these pages of the widespread benefits conferred, as we think, by these Local Examinations, and given a few hints as to their use and the preparation required (*vide Monthly Packet* for February, April, and November, 1877). We need not go over the same ground again, further than to say that all learners who really can do it without sacrifice of home duties, will find that it is well to apply this definite test to their own acquirements. It shows them what they have gained, what they may further try for. It is, so to speak, an outward testimony to their success, greater or lesser. No student, worthy of the name, will think that the highest certificate given in the local centre is to be the end of the race, as long as there is further opportunity given for self-improvement; to many it will, we trust, be merely the fresh starting-point for greater successes. But

the class of learners we mainly wish to reach at present are those who can never hope or who do not wish to come forward for examinations. They abound in country places, in small towns and remote parishes; quiet, useful, stay-at-home young people, who would greatly like to read and acquire knowledge for themselves, to know something of standard authors, of foreign languages, of elementary science. Their main hindrance is not so often want of time (the town mice often envy the amount of it possessed by the country-cousin mice!) as want of method. Family life often makes people unmethodical in their own pursuits. Helping each other, and talking over little details, often degenerates into hopeless dawdling, and wasting the powers of three over what is scarcely work enough for one, unless there is a good backbone for the day supplied by definite reading or study of some sort. And for solitary learners how great must be the advantage of the definite work and aim of such a class! How often does one find girls saying, 'I want to read, to study, to know some one thing really well, but here, quite alone, nobody even to tell me how to begin, interrupted every half hour, what can I do?' Too often the question is answered by doing nothing; enrolling in a Correspondence Class would give the very help and stimulus sought. Girls whose education in a country place has necessarily been scanty, or even the fairly well-educated, who feel their acquirements getting rusty, their foreign tongues slipping away, their reading getting more and more desultory, who, without caring for examination, would like to share in the advantages possessed by their town friends in the shape of lectures and classes, would be quite astonished at the way in which these advantages are brought into their very houses by these correspondence classes. How effectually the class-work is done can be proved by reading over the lists of marks and prizes given yearly at examination time. The larger half of prizes and first-class certificates are adjudged to students who did all the work through the post. This proves that even though they may miss some advantages to be gained by personal teaching from the masters, and some explanations given to the orally-taught class, yet that is counterbalanced by the greater freedom and quiet concentration of attention possible to a home-worker, and the power of taking for their studies the hour that suits them best in place of being tied to the hour for the class. We may also say that the necessity of writing out all their work is the very best preparation for the ordeal of examination; in fact it is a miniature examination of fortnightly recurrence. When the actual reality comes, there is nothing alarming to the nerves in pen, ink, and paper, and a string of questions; they are accustomed to the process, and can at once bring their thoughts to the end of their pen. Those who work without desire for examination can at least assure themselves that they work at no disadvantage.

Why, some will probably ask, should we write to girls in England

about correspondence classes in Scotland, in Edinburgh? for we certainly do recommend to all intending students the admirably organised and well-taught S. George's Hall classes. Because we think that, as a whole, the Scottish system is peculiarly well suited to the leisurely course of home study we are advocating. It may be less brilliant, but it is certainly as thorough as the English university system. In the first place, there is no difficulty in Scotland about age. The division into senior and junior is according to capacity alone. If a lady of forty wished to enter a class and begin at the very beginning of her subject, she is welcome to do so in Scotland; in England she can only be a junior student if under eighteen years of age. Otherwise she must start overweighted with the difficulties of senior papers, however uninformed she may be. In the case of those who do wish for examination, a girl who fails in one subject must, on the English system, go through the whole of her examination again next year, or lose her certificate: in Scotland, only the faulty paper must be done again; the other work, if good, will be counted, unless she fails in two, which, of course, would necessitate doing the whole again. Therefore, the strain on the nerve and strength of a girl involved in keeping up all her subjects at examination pitch for a twelvemonth, with all the dread of a second failure, would make us hesitate to allow any girl not very robust to attempt the ordeal upon the English system.

It may be owing, possibly, to natural Scottish caution; or it may be that Edinburgh, being one of the most distinguished of our medical schools, the subject of health is constantly brought forward—certain it is that the Edinburgh professors are keenly alive to the fatal mistake of encouraging young women to sacrifice health and nerve-strength by going up for severe examinations at an early age. No brilliancy of attainment in a young girl can atone for breaking her down in health, and we very rarely hear of such a thing happening in Edinburgh. When it does, it is the student's own fault in attempting too much, contrary to all good advice. To the quiet home students we are specially addressing, we, therefore, think we give good and sound counsel in urging them to make acquaintance, by means of the penny post, with S. George's Hall and its staff. Ladies in England should apply to Miss Schwabe, 2, Glenorchy Terrace, Edinburgh; those in Scotland to Miss Walker, 37, Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh. These lady secretaries will forward to any place a prospectus of subjects and books—a goodly list, in which the most insatiable appetite for learning might find something on which to satisfy itself. We hope, at any rate, that those who feel the very smallest desire to improve their education or to refresh it after the lapse of a few years since its close, will not fail to try for themselves, even for one season, and upon one subject, how much pleasure and real benefit they can obtain by enrolling themselves in our classes for Instruction by Correspondence.

L. D.

Notices to Correspondents.

A. E. G. will be greatly obliged if the editor or readers of the *Monthly Packet* will tell her of any books containing instructions or addresses (or outlines of such) suitable for use at the meetings of a guild of young women and girls, consisting principally of factory-workers, but including others of a more educated class.

All Hallows Mission, 127, *Union Street*.—The Sister-in-Charge gratefully acknowledges 2s. from H. M., but must add, that the old Lucknow soldier for whom it is sent has now gone to his rest; also 2s. 6d. from S. H., Bath.

Curate asks: Could the editor or any of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* suggest some indoor mechanical occupation (slightly remunerative) for a man in delicate health?

The Society for Self-Improvement in Algebra and Arithmetic.—The fresh year for the above society will begin (D.V.) on the 15th of January, 1883. Secretary, *Miss Warner*, *Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees*.

N. H. would be much obliged by being informed in the *Monthly Packet* if the pretty story of *Fair of Face* is founded on fact?

E. F. N.—For boys, *The Union Jack*; for girls, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, *Little Folks*, *Black and White* (S.P.C.K.), *Mrs. MacDougal's Residence in Sarawak* (S.P.C.K.), *Mrs. Liddell* (Christina F. Tytler), *The Other Half of the World*, *A Lady's Residence in Zululand*, *Mrs. Wilkinson* (Mowbray).

The *Muffin Man* wishes to know the author of these verses, and whether there are any more—

‘I have done, at length, with dreaming,
Henceforth, oh! thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine.

‘Life is struggle, combat, victory;
Wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn.’

The *Muffin Man* has copied the poem for *Cherry*. She does not know the author, and only has it in manuscript herself; she fancies it is anonymous—

ON MILLAIS' HUGUENOTS.

‘Your favourite picture rises up before me
Whene'er you play that tune;
I see two figures standing in a garden
In the still August noon:
The one, a girl, with pleading face turned upward,
Wild with a great alarm.
Trembling with haste she binds her brodered kerchief
About the other's arm, whose

Gaze is bent on her in tender pity,
 Whose eyes look into hers
 With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it,
 Hers are so dim with tears.
 What are they saying in that sunny garden,
 With summer flowers ablow ?
 What gives the woman's voice its passionate pleading ?
 What makes the man's so low ?
 "See, love !" she murmurs, "you shall wear my kerchief,
 It is the badge I know,
 And it will bear you safely through the conflict
 If—if, indeed, you go.
 You will not wear it—will not wear my kerchief !
 Nay, do not tell me why—
 I will not listen—for if you go without it
 You will go hence to die.
 Hush ! do not answer, it is death, I tell you—
 Indeed I speak the truth—
 You, standing there, so warm with life and vigour,
 So bright with health and youth,
 You would go hence out of the glowing sunshine,
 Out of the garden's bloom,
 Out of the living, thinking, feeling, present,
 Into the unknown gloom !"
 Then he makes answer : "Hush ! oh, hush ! my darling,
 Life is so sweet to me
 You need not bid me guard it.
 If such a thing need be,
 If such a thing need be—though not through falsehood—
 I could not come to you,
 I dare not stand here—in your pure sweet presence—
 Knowing myself untrue."
 "It is no sin," the wild voice interrupts him,
 "This is no open strife ;
 Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare
 In which to spend your life ?
 Oh ! for my sake—though but for my sake, wear it ;
 Think what my life would be
 If you, who gave it first true worth meaning,
 Were taken now from me :
 Think of the long, long, days so slowly passing ;
 Think of the endless years.
 I am so young, must I live out my lifetime
 With neither hopes nor fears ?"
 He speaks again, in mournful tones and tender,
 But with unswerving faith :
 "Should not love make us braver, ay, and stronger,
 Either for life or death ?
 And life is hardest. Oh ! my love, my treasure,
 If I could bear your part
 In this great sorrow I would go to meet it
 With an unswerving heart.
 Child ! child ! I little dreamt in that bright summer,
 When first your love I sought,
 Of all the future store of woe and anguish
 Which I unknowing wrought ;
 But you'll forgive me ! yes ! you'll forgive me,
 I know, when I am dead !
 I would have loved you more (but words have scant meaning),
 God loved you more instead."

'There is silence in that sunny garden,
 Until with faltering tone,
 She sobs, the while still clinging to him,
 "Forgive me ; go, my own !"

'So human love, and death by faith unshaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm,
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading
Is lost in deepest calm.'

M. K. sends the German words of a song called 'Irene,' inquired for by *Miss Beatrice Conant* in the *Monthly Packet* for December.

IRENE.

'Ob ich dich liebe!
Frage die Sterne,
Denen ich oft meine Klagen vertraut,
Ob ich dich liebe!
Frage die Rose,
Die ich dir sende, von Tränen bethaut.

'Ob ich dich liebe?
Frage die Wolken,
Denen ich oft meine Botschaft vertraut,
Ob ich dich liebe!
Frage die Wellen,
Ich ha' in jeder dein Bildniss geschaut.

'Wenn du mich liebtest
Himmliches Mädchen,
O dann gestände ich dir es auch laut,
Wie ich dich liebe,
Dass ich dich nenne
Stets meinen Engel, und bald meine Braut.'

To the Editor of the Monthly Packet.

Theberton House, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

MADAM,—May I ask you to have the great kindness to insert this letter in your magazine? Some months ago an advertisement appeared in the first pages of the *Monthly Packet* begging for help towards building a church for the railway village at Didcot Junction (North Hagbourne). I am very anxious to bring some particulars about this building fund into more general notice, as I cannot but believe that were the facts of the case publicly known much help would be forthcoming towards raising the sum of one thousand pounds, which is all that is asked for.

This village has grown up on the outskirts of the large and poorly-endowed agricultural parish of Hagbourne, in Berkshire; the inhabitants consist nearly entirely of railway servants, obliged to live here for the convenience of the railway and the travelling public. The population already numbers between five and six hundred persons; fresh houses are springing up in all directions, and when the new line to Southampton is finished the place will probably become much larger. The farmers of the parish have done all they could for their new neighbours at the junction by building a school, but can do no more. The Great Western Company, as a company, refuses to help; an appeal sent to many hundreds of shareholders has resulted in a most disappointingly small sum.

'They will never build a church at North Hagbourne,' has been said to me. 'Who is there to subscribe?' Who, indeed? unless some of

those many thousands who stop at Didcot during the year on their way to Oxford will send some donation, no matter how small, towards raising a very simple church for the hardworking railway servants. The way in which they attend a service now held in the school shows how much they would appreciate it and make use of its services.

Donations received by Messrs. Hedges and Wells, Bankers, Wallingford, and the Rev. W. R. Baker, Vicarage, Hagbourne, Didcot, Berks, who would gladly furnish further particulars. Small sums, from one penny upwards, received by Miss Bowles, Milton Hill, Steventon, Berks, or by myself, Miss Wintle, Theberton House, Saxmundham, Suffolk. Collecting cards may be had from Miss Bowles and Miss Wintle.

To the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet.'

DEAR MADAM,—Will you be so good as to allow me, through your January number of the *Monthly Packet*, to tender my cordial thanks to those who responded to my 'Plea for Waifs and Strays' ? I only hope the cause pleaded in December by the Mission of the Good Shepherd will meet with a like response. Sister Emma has now been able to open the second house of St. Andrew's Home ; but her anxiety will be very great until she has a long list of annual subscribers for the maintenance fund. Are there not four hundred people who can and will give 5s. a year to it in addition to their other charities ? and two hundred who could give 10s. in the same way ? 200*l.* would thus be secured easily. Subscriptions promised for four or five years is a great present help.

Believe me, dear Madam,
Yours faithfully,

H. J. H.

VENTNOR, December 7.

Miss Shipton (the Author of 'Hope Deferred'), and the Author of 'Emmie's Awakening' are requested to send their addresses to the Editor.

We are reminded that Lord Cobham quoted from the book of Susanna when he exclaimed, 'With Daniel' ; but he certainly put the phrase in suspicious proximity with washing his hands.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

By some accident our Spider questions were omitted for the January number.

Write the life of the Archbishop whom you consider to have had most influence on the Church of England.

The population of a parish is 1,200, and increases six per cent. yearly. What amount of church accommodation will be required at the end of ten years, at the rate of 58 per cent. of the population ?

It was half-past twelve by a sun-dial in west longitude 1° 20' on October 10. Find the Greenwich solar and mean solar times. *N.B.*—The equation of time for that day is given in the *Churchman's Almanack*.

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER XIX.

FRESH FIELDS.

'J'aimais le manoir dont la route
Cache dans les bois ses détours,
La citadelle crénelée
Ouvrant ses bras sur la vallée,
Comme les ailes d'un vautour.'

—VICTOR HUGO.

ON that memorable Friday morning Tom Lander went to town by the early train. He had business that would keep him away for one night. As he and his mother parted at the gate James Harvey passed by on his way back from his rendezvous. He looked at them rather hard, but scarcely stopped, going on with just a word of greeting.

'He came for the night, Ethelston told me,' said Tom, as Mrs. Lander gazed up the road after him. 'By the by, we have seen no more of Sir Michael. I thought he was coming down again, mother.'

'He changed his mind, I suppose. Just as well, for certainly I did not want him,' Mrs. Lander replied.

'You inhospitable woman!'

She stood at the gate for some minutes, looking down the road now, watching her boy as far as she could see him between the dusty hedges. Inside her garden, with its screen of trees and shrubberies, was all the beauty, the glory and luxury of the summer morning. There one could sit in the shade near beds of roses and carnations, breathing the purest air, free to think and do what one pleased in the sacred peace of the country. But Mrs. Lander was not quite happy; she was restless; she was anxious about Tom. She now wished she had gone

with him, much as London wearied her. It would have been better than to sit at home all day thinking about him.

No one could ever have called her a silly woman, yet some very sensible people might have disapproved of the way in which her whole life was bound up in Tom. When he was away, with all her strength and resolution, she could not settle down wisely to any home occupations. She did things, but in a careless, absent sort of way. And now she was troubled by a haunting fear that two such different men as Tom and his squire could not work together for long, and that to save Tom's peace of mind it might some day become a question of leaving Alding. She was aware, too, that this would be partly her fault; that the Dane affair, which the Ethelstons were not likely to forget, was as much hers as Tom's. Of course she knew that neither of them could have acted differently. But she knew, too, that such things might happen again, things in which Tom would have to take the weakest side, setting himself against Mr. Ethelston, though knowing all the time that a real quarrel with him would be unbearable, and would certainly mean giving up the beautiful home, the pleasant position, all that his friend had put into his hands so gladly.

While his mother wandered about the shady old garden, her brave, strong mind for once plagued with forebodings, Tom was arriving in London and going about his business there. He had been in the City, and was now walking along Pall Mall, meaning presently to pay a visit to his old rector, who was always glad to see him, and to give him a bed if he wanted one, when a gentleman coming out of one of the clubs recognised him and stopped him.

It was Sir Michael Harvey. He quite smiled, and in his way seemed pleased at the meeting. When Tom said, in answer to his immediate inquiry for Mrs. Landor, that she was very well, and had been talking of him that morning, almost a subdued excitement showed itself in his tired, indifferent face. Tom felt amused, perhaps a little sorry, recollecting how unkindly his mother had spoken of her good-for-nothing old friend.

'Mrs. Landor won't expect you till to-morrow night?' said Sir Michael. 'Look here, you had better come down with me. It's only an hour—nobody there but my mother. You can come up by any train you like in the morning. Do—won't you?'

There was nothing, certainly, in the man's voice or manner to show that he wished his invitation to be accepted, yet Tom knew that this was the case. Without any reason that Tom was aware of, they liked each other, and after a moment's thought he answered cordially that he would be very glad to go down with him that evening.

'I shall be at Paddington at half-past five,' said Sir Michael, and then he walked slowly away.

So that evening Tom found himself travelling down to green fields not his own. He was alone with his companion, who made him talk

and listened to him with a faint, lazy interest which would have been far from satisfying most people. Not that it satisfied Tom, but some mysterious intuition taught him that it was real of its kind, and perhaps the best the man had to give.

A large open carriage, with a great dog sitting in it, was waiting at the station where they got out, a station near the edge of a wide valley or almost plain, where the land ran steeply sloping up into a long range of chalk downs, green with beech-woods. They had been running through a quiet pastoral country, with slow streams bordering meadows full of cattle, and lines of poplars and willows here and there. The splendid evening sky, a blaze of ruddy gold, with pink flaming cloudlets afloat in it, glorified the colours of this ordinary landscape and made it beautiful.

The dog jumped down to welcome his master, and welcomed Tom too. Then he got in with them and sat at their feet, laying his black, curly head on Sir Michael's knees, and staring up at him with great sentimental brown eyes. Probably no one, except his mother, loved Sir Michael as that dog did.

Half a mile along a white, dusty road, with lanes striking off to the hills, brought them to the wide street of a very little town. It was hardly more than a large village, though it was an ancient borough, and had its town-hall and market-place, and a few quite dignified houses standing about the fine old church. There was grass to be seen in the street, and among the stones of the market-place. Between the scattered shops there were many thatched cottages, white and low; at the doors a few pale-faced women and girls sat working at lace pillows. A young, good-looking man, dressed like a gentleman, was standing on the rough flint pavement, talking earnestly to one of these women. He looked up and bowed as Sir Michael passed by.

They left the town behind and drove on, with the hills on their right, and to the left the meadows and the valley. Then they were among houses again. This time it was a village, lying under the shadow of the hill. Part of it lay half way up the hill-side, approached by a flinty lane; but the church and most of the houses were below, to the left of the road. One or two narrow lanes led down between stone walls and cottage gardens full of flowers. The church, which looked large and old and beautiful, was chiefly built of the flints of the district. Some fine trees grew about it, making an oasis in the plain, and from the down above a stream flowed merrily, passing below the churchyard and presently turning a mill. Just beyond the church one could see the red irregular gables of a large house. On the high road, just at the entrance of the village, was an old farm-house with a long front, part stone, part brick, all coloured and embroidered by time.

'This is where I should like to see you,' said Sir Michael, as Tom looked about him at the picturesque place.

'Is it vacant, and in your gift?' asked Tom, smiling.

'It is mine, and I think it will soon be vacant. The old fellow ought to resign. He talks about it, but he doesn't do it. He can't walk, and the parish is too large for him. This is not all, you know. Lots of houses scattered among the hills, in dells and places out of the way.'

'But what does it matter?' said Tom, with his quaint, grave air.

'Not a bit, of course, from my point of view. I was speaking for the majority.'

'Ah, yes! you allow that the old ideas are not quite exploded.'

'I said nothing about old ideas. However, the people here are savage and ignorant, and desperately conceited. They laugh at old Lyon here. They might laugh at you—probably would—but not at Mrs. Landor. She would convert them—wouldn't she?'

'You want to have them converted?'

'It would not be bad if they knew right from wrong.'

'Do you preserve strictly here?'

'Not very. It is too much trouble in the wild ground I have.'

'That would be a temptation,' said Tom, quietly.

'My good fellow, if you came here, you might do exactly as you liked. My mother, if she stayed here, would stand by you in everything. If I live, I should never interfere. And if I die, which is most likely, James would not molest you. He is a Londoner; he would not be here much, and he never touches a gun.'

'If you are serious, it would be very jolly,' said Tom. 'But I have no idea of leaving Alding, you know. I have plenty of work there, and some giants to fight too.'

'You will never get on at Alding,' Sir Michael answered lazily.

'Yes, I shall,' said Tom. 'One is not beaten so easily.'

By this time the village was left behind. They turned away from the road, which went creeping on at the foot of the hills, to more villages further on, and began gradually to mount under chalk banks with tall stately beech-trees hanging over them. For a little way there was a thick wood on each side; the road was shady and almost damp, in its hollow bed under the crossing branches. Then they came out on the face of the down in the glory of the sunset, and looked back, first over woods and broken ground, then for many miles over the plain that they had crossed by railway, till it was bounded again by dim shining hills far away. Higher up still, climbing gradually into the heart of the hills, following a narrow and rough road through the silent beech-woods, which dived away in deep glades half full of dead leaves, or rose grandly from a carpet of moss on crests of rising ground, everywhere grey, solemn, and majestic, each tree standing finely alone without any confusion of undergrowth.

Two miles of this brought them into a wild, beautiful park, where the crowding beeches had been subdued into a few stately groups and an avenue, the approach to a sixteenth-century house of red brick,

which stood in the park, without any garden before it, and looked down a long sweep of green hills, with a far blue distance beyond them. That glimpse of the world, such a long way off, seemed to give one a strange impression of the loneliness of Longsight.

Certainly there were plenty of dogs and men about the place, and no lack of noises caused by the master's arrival, but as his companion stood for a moment in the great high porch, and looked down at that view in the purple solemnity of evening, and realised what a depth of stillness there was behind those little momentary sounds, he felt as if he had been brought captive to an enchanter's castle in the woods, and the absurd thought crossed his mind—'How in the world shall I get away to-morrow morning!'

It was one of Tom's weaknesses to be thus strongly influenced by the scenes and things round him.

'Do you like this better than Alding Place?' said Sir Michael, taking his arm, and leading him along the wide hall or passage that stretched across the front of the house, with tall windows commanding that view.

'There is no comparison,' said Tom. 'Alding has its merits, but this is like an enchanted place; I was just thinking so.'

'Ah! you do like it better. Of course you do; anybody with a mind must. But it is just the sentiment, you know, and nothing more. Terribly out of the way—awful in winter. If I cared for a country-house at all, I would change with Ethelston to-morrow. Mrs. Landor would like this—wouldn't she?'

'She would think it beautiful. She might think it lonely too; it is that, of course.'

'Well, for a few months in the summer,' said Sir Michael. 'May to September, perhaps. Let me introduce you to my mother. This is Mr. Landor, you know, mother. I picked him up in town.'

While they talked, he had brought Tom through a large drawing-room at the end of the hall, and into a smaller room behind it which looked more liveable, with windows to the south and west, opening on the highest terrace of a lovely old-fashioned garden. A stone balustrade, all covered with red roses, caught Tom's eye as he came in.

Lady Harvey got up and came forward to welcome him. Her manner was so gentle as to be almost shy. She was a tall, slight woman between sixty and seventy, with wavy grey hair, and a delicate, young-looking face. Tom thought she must have been very pretty once. Her movements were slow and languid. She did not kiss her son, who had been away from her for some days, but after giving her hand to Tom, held it out to him. He took it and stooped over it. Perhaps he just touched it with his moustache.

Lady Harvey interested Tom, at first from her curious likeness to her eldest son. There was the same vague gentle weariness about them both. Neither of them seemed to care the least to be agreeable,

yet it was pleasant to be with them. Their very carelessness was attractive. Lady Harvey was perhaps superior to her son in absolute unaffectedness. It was evident that she was never conscious of herself, never thought about herself at all, which was more than could be said for Sir Michael. He complained, and thought himself ill-used because life had disappointed him. She took things as they came, very patiently, and you could never find out whether she was happy or unhappy. Sometimes her talk would be brightened by a gentle, delicate little bit of satire, with a smile of that kind the French call 'fin.'

By the time dinner was over in the great solemn dining-room at the other end of the hall, Tom had talked to her a great deal, and had made up his mind that he liked her very much. Sir Michael had relapsed into a silent state, but he did not look particularly bored, and seemed to be watching, with some sort of interest, the advance of acquaintance between his mother and his guest. Lady Harvey told Tom, a little as if she thought the subject ridiculous, how she lived all the year at Longsight and never wished to leave it, how she loved her garden and hated animals, except dogs and cats, how she hardly ever went outside the park, except when James came home and insisted on driving her about the country. She had no friends of her own: her sons' friends were enough for her. James often brought people there, but Michael hardly ever; it was quite a pleasant variety to see one of his friends. She knew Mr. Ethelston; he had been there, but not his sisters. Tom talked a little about Alding, in a tone of warm enthusiasm: he would not allow, at least among strangers, that life there had any drawbacks at all.

'And does your mother like it too?' said Lady Harvey in the gentlest, vaguest way, but not without a momentary glance at her son.

Tom caught it on its way, and, though he scarcely understood, at the instant, what he saw, he knew afterwards that it had prepared him, in a measure, for what was coming. He said yes, his mother was very fond of Alding; and then he asked Sir Michael a question on some other subject, and his mother's name was not mentioned again.

By the time Tom joined Lady Harvey in the small drawing-room, he was heartily glad that he had come to Longsight, and heartily sorry that he must leave it the next morning. The old place seemed to him unique, lonely and grand in its hidden state among the hills. He wanted to explore that fairy land of wood and down that surrounded it, but still more he wanted to see all the treasures of the house itself. Each of the pictures had a story to tell him, if he could only have made time to hear it. The Vandyck gentlemen in the hall, with their dark pointed faces, the ladies in blue and pearls and curling rings of hair, the lovely dark-eyed Gainsboroughs, the graceful Sir Joshuas, with refined faces and cushioned heads full of grace and wit, each one wanted half an hour's study of him or her self. The true Harvey face

seemed to be dark and energetic, like James's; Sir Michael had his fairness and languor from his mother.

Tom had been in the library too, a long south room with windows into the garden, and knew that the many shelves were full of beautiful and curious old books, little cared for or even looked at by their owner. Sir Michael took him there after dinner, and there he could have spent the rest of the evening very happily, but his host soon suggested that he should go into the drawing-room.

'Go and amuse my mother,' he said. 'I—in fact, I want to write a letter.'

Tom thought there was something a little odd in his manner, but went at once. He found Lady Harvey looking herself like a picture. She was sitting near one of the deep windows, which was open on the silent starlight of the garden. The room itself was half lighted by one lamp on a small table close to her, so that she herself was the only thing really lighted up; and there she sat knitting in a chair with a high carved back, dressed in a greyish satin gown, which seemed to hold a soft light of its own.

She looked up and smiled as Tom came in.

'Won't you sit there?' she said, pointing to a low seat in the window near her table. Then she looked down again at her knitting, and Tom was aware of a slight flutter of her eyelids, and a change of colour that would have been hardly perceptible to less observant eyes than his. He did not speak, for he saw she was going to say something. No one could have had a less alarming listener than Tom. As gentle as the lady herself, in his dark quiet grace, he sat there with a faint smile on his lips, and waited for her to speak.

'I am glad you came to-day,' she said, after a minute's hesitation, 'I have heard so much about you, and about Mrs. Landor. That renewing the old acquaintance—it was very wonderful, wasn't it!'

'Yes; but after all, I wonder those things don't happen oftener. I am very glad for my own sake. Sir Michael is very good to me.'

'He has taken a great fancy to you,' said Lady Harvey; 'but men are generally selfish, you know—I hope you are not—and he is not quite disinterested. He wants to be more than a friend. How would you like him for a relation?'

'A relation!'

For a moment Tom's head was swimming; he leaned forward and shaded his eyes with his hand. Then he knew what Lady Harvey meant, and wondered that he had not known it all the time.

'You have seen so little of my son,' Lady Harvey went on, in her low, sweet, monotonous voice; 'but you understand what a blessing it would be for him if he could—could marry such a woman as Mrs. Landor. Is it too much? If you set yourself decidedly against it, I think perhaps he won't persevere.'

'My mother! But you don't know her. Marry! It is impossible,' muttered Tom, rather wildly.

'You have never thought of it? Of course—you feel yourself everything to her. But do you mean "impossible that she should marry at all," or "impossible that she should marry Michael"?''

'Both, I think.'

'Quite natural; but are you sure that she would agree with you?'

This gentle hint that there might be two views of the same thing startled Tom, and made him hesitate. He stared at Lady Harvey, and said—

'I have not much doubt about it.'

'If you have any doubt at all, don't be too positive. One of these days you will marry yourself, and then——'

'No.'

'Oh, come, don't pretend to be misanthropic. You will, I am sure. And then, just picture yourself at the Rectory down there—that is Michael's wish—and your mother here at Longsight—another home for you. Won't you think a little of my happiness too, in seeing my dear son raised up as Mrs. Landor would raise him. You said just now that I did not know her, but I ought to know something. Since he met her again, Michael has talked of no one else. He made up his mind directly, and told his brother so. It would be new life to him.'

'That I can easily believe,' said Tom, a little bitterly.

'And can't you believe that he makes himself out worse than he is? With a woman like her to love and respect, can't you believe that he would be a different man? No one knows him so well as I do; and if I thought the woman who married him would risk her happiness, I would not say a word. And we only ask you not to oppose it—to leave it to her, if you can't bring yourself to help us.'

Every word that Lady Harvey said, as she pleaded for her son, seemed to fall on Tom's ear like a tolling bell. This was what he had come to Longsight for, to have the joy of his heart taken away from him. His eyes and head were burning. If he had spoken, he must have said something passionate and extravagant, to express the misery that was thrilling through his whole nature just then. He had said that his mother would not marry, but now in this new state of mind he did not believe his own words. He thought she must have encouraged Sir Michael more than he knew; when he remembered her careless disparaging words, it seemed as if they had been meant to blind him, to keep him quiet till the time came.

A heavy dark cloud of suspicion, anger, and jealousy, came sweeping over the clear pleasant places of Tom's mind, and his mother was not there to charm it instantly away. An evil spirit had entered into him. He sat silent for a minute or two, his face crimson, while Lady Harvey waited for some answer. Then, without giving her any, he got up and stepped out of the window, and went down the

terrace steps into the lower garden. There, by degrees, under the quiet stars, those dark passions passed away, leaving only melancholy and bitter regret.

Tom repented of his suspicions, but he was not much happier, for he began to think that Lady Harvey was right in all she said, and that this grievous anxiety of his was nothing but selfishness.

Yet his mother! belonging to him more entirely, as he thought, than a wife to her husband! always the life of his life, his dearest friend, his one preferred companion; understanding all his humours, putting his thoughts into words for him; like a sweet fresh air blowing through his days, and scattering the clouds that came up so often.

'What shall I do? I can't do without her. What shall I do?' was the melancholy refrain that now tormented him.

If Bessie Lander had seen her son, whom she imagined to be comfortably talking parish with his old rector in London, on damp grass in the garden at Longsight Hall, his face buried in his hands, torn in the struggle between her interests and his own, would she have laughed or cried? If she had laughed, there would have been tears in her eyes too.

Poor Tom! having struggled through the marsh of horror and darkness, he was now climbing the hill to the sacrifice. He was thinking of all that this man offered to his mother—wealth, position, this beautiful old house, an affection and reverence that he could not disbelieve in. It was only natural that his mother should be admired, adored, offered everything in the world. Certainly nothing was too good for her. She would break her son's heart, if she accepted it all, if Sir Michael Harvey or the greatest man in England could offer her anything she would like better than the life she had lived with him; but Tom was now gaining the victory so far as to resolve that he would make no opposition. If she chose to say 'yes, he would not show his unbearable misery. He would command himself, and shake hands cheerfully with his stepfather. After all, if she was happy and contented, he too in his lonely parsonage might find a little peace!

Having reached this point, which was a high one, and took far more climbing and struggling than has been described here, Tom went slowly back and appeared out of the darkness in Lady Harvey's window. She was sitting in the same place. Being a little dazzled by the lamplight, Tom did not at once see Sir Michael, who was lying back in a low chair near her. He stood before the table, and said in a voice that tried to be cheerful—

'What do you wish me to do about it, Lady Harvey? Am I to tell my mother?'

'Shake hands, old fellow,' said Sir Michael, lazily, stretching out a long thin cold hand.

Tom took it, and dropped it rather awkwardly. Then he looked at Lady Harvey for her answer. She was smiling, with a little kindness and a little amusement.

'Michael will tell you,' she said, and Tom sat down and looked at him.

'It's not fair to ask you to do anything,' said Sir Michael after a pause, 'except be as you are. This is my plan, though. Will you take her a letter from me? I shall go as far as Paris on Monday, and there I shall stay till the end of the week, to wait for her answer. Whether I go on or come back depends on that. You understand?'

'Yes,' said Tom.

'Do you want anything explained?'

'Why didn't you come down to Alding and ask her yourself?'

'Because I was afraid.'

Tom smiled thoughtfully. Perhaps, being well read in the poets, a verse may have occurred to him in which are the words, 'his deserts are small.'

'Do you think I should have had a better chance?'

'I don't know. I wouldn't give much for your chance, any way.'

'Well—you won't spoil it.'

'No.'

—'Poor lad! it is a trial to him. I think he is charming,' said Lady Harvey late that night to her son.

'He is not so bad as he might have been, and he likes me. It was a capital thought, bringing him down here,' replied Sir Michael.

CHAPTER XX.

REVENGE.

'For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.'

—BURNS.

'So she told me,' said Mrs. Bell, 'and she made me promise to say nothing to Hetty. I suppose she doesn't want to be known as a tell-tale. But I really could not rest without mentioning it to you.'

'Hetty go out to meet Mr. Harvey at six o'clock on Friday morning!' repeated Constance, incredulously. 'I don't believe it, you know, Aunt Bell.'

'Lily Wade did not invent it, I suppose,' said Mrs. Bell, yawning. 'I was surprised too, and of course I thought as you do, what on earth would Mr. Ethelston say! It is very unfortunate; but I've told you before, Conny, there are no girls so little to be trusted as those quiet ones who never flirt. They get up platonic friendships and absurdities of that kind, and tumble into all sorts of scrapes. I told Lily not to mention it—but I am determined to know the

meaning of it myself ; so you see, as I can't question Hetty, you must. I certainly thought she seemed rather dull yesterday. Don't mention Lily's name, if you can help it. The girl thought she was doing right in telling me, and perhaps she was, though I wish with all my heart she had held her tongue.'

Mrs. Bell was quite roused. She talked much faster than usual, and looked agitated. It was Sunday afternoon ; luncheon was just over, and she had retired to her sitting-room with her favourite Conny. At four o'clock the carriage was going to take the two girls to Alding Place, and they were coming back in the evening.

Constance looked completely puzzled.

'One thing I am sure of,' she said. 'Hetty never meant to do anything wrong. She is not a humbug. Hetty is as good as gold. It's absurd to think of her having secret meetings with anybody. On the high road, too! Why, of course, it must have been accidental!'

She looked brightly at Mrs. Bell, who pursed up her mouth and shook her head. 'I don't think, on the whole, it sounded accidental.'

'Well, it is utter nonsense to suppose that Hetty could have any confidential secrets with Mr. Harvey,' said Conny. 'I shall go and ask her. In ten minutes I will come back and tell you all about it.'

'Do, my dear child. I hate having anything on my mind,' said Mrs. Bell, and she arranged herself on the sofa, while Conny went away to her cousin.

Hetty was alone in the drawing-room. She was sitting in a shady corner near the window, reading for the twentieth time a little letter from Herbert, which he had written the night before, tenderly asking whether she was well, and why she did not seem as happy as usual, and arranging for her and Conny to go to Alding that afternoon. There was something in the letter peculiarly sweet and comforting to Hetty's anxious heart. What harm could that foolish Lily do her, when she had such a defender as this! Of course she could not explain her low spirits, but she could and must shake them off when she saw him again. Dear, noble Herbert! what a glorious thing it was to belong to him!

Conny broke in upon this reverie with an abrupt question. 'Hetty, did you meet Mr. Harvey in the road on Friday morning?'

Hetty's soft little smile disappeared from her lips. She started, and coloured violently. Her cousin stood staring at her in amazement.

'Who told you?'

'Aunt Bell, just now.'

'Ah, well—I know who told her.'

'You *did* then?'

'Why do you ask? You have been told that I did.'

'I could not believe it, that was all,' said Conny. 'Was it accidental?'

'Not exactly. But what does it matter?'

'Oh, Hetty, don't pretend to throw it off like that. Look at your face in that glass, my dear—and think what somebody would say.'

Hetty was silent. She frowned, looked down, and carefully folded her letter.

'How can you be so silly!' she said, after a minute.

'Silly! I am not silly. If Charley was even farther away than India, I should not dare to meet other people at six o'clock in the morning. It was most awfully thoughtless, my dear, to say the least of it. Let us hope it will not reach the wrong ears.'

'The whole county will hear of it, most likely,' said Hetty. 'But I hope my friends know me a little better than to care what gossiping people say.'

'I don't know,' said Conny, reflectively. 'Gossip does dreadful harm sometimes. For instance, Aunt Bell is quite in a state of mind about you. So I came to ask you for the true version of it all, to satisfy her cravings. What's the use of looking tragical, and saying nothing? Come, laugh, and tell me what that man wanted, and why you went out to meet him. If the fact is true, which I wouldn't believe at first, the fact must be explained. That is the long and the short of it, Hetty.'

She came nearer, and leaned her elbows on a table opposite her cousin, who kept her eyes obstinately down. This, with her burning cheeks, made her appearance very puzzling. Conny felt no longer inclined to laugh, though she had just exhorted Hetty to do so. Surprise and alarm began to take hold of her, as she waited for 'the true version,' and it did not come.

'Look here, Conny,' said Hetty at last, 'there are things that can't be explained, and this is one of them. You and Mrs. Bell must believe that I went out on Friday morning because I thought it necessary, and that I am not in the least ashamed of it. I had a good reason, and I shall not tell you or any one what it was. That is all I can say. Don't you believe me?' she added, as her cousin did not speak, and she looked up straight into her eyes.

It was a look of pain and wounded pride, but as truthful as the day. Conny's answering gaze melted into a smile.

'It is very mysterious,' she said, 'but I believe you, because I know you so well. Will it ever be explained?'

'I don't know. No, I dare say not,' Hetty answered.

'Well, we must take care that the story goes no farther. Other people might not be so easily satisfied.'

'I only care about my friends.'

'Some of your friends might want a little more. Of course I do, because I'm curious by nature, but I'll trust you, Hetty, as you put it like that, and I'll do my best to make Aunt Bell trust you too. Just like that nasty little envious—oh, I forgot.'

Hetty made no answer. Her bright colour had faded, and she sat looking weary and pale; there was a depth of anxious sadness in her eyes.

'Don't look so dismal, you dear old goose,' said Constance, coming to kiss her before she left the room.

There had been rain in the night, and Alding Place was looking its best that afternoon, trees and flowers brilliant in their freshened colours. The sunshine was dazzling, and the shadows were very dark; a sort of uncertain brightness, which might at any moment be obscured by a thunder-cloud, was shining in the air. In their drive the girls were unusually silent. Hetty's mind was very uneasy. Conny was grave, and glanced doubtfully at her cousin now and then. Aunt Bell had quite refused to be satisfied without a farther explanation; but Conny did not think it necessary to torment Hetty by telling her that just now.

Hetty's eyes brightened, and for the moment she forgot everything, when Herbert came up to the door as they did, and took her hand to help her out of the carriage. He was looking at her to see whether his letter had done any good, and had every reason to be contented with the smile she gave him, though there was a slightly strained pathetic look about her eyes, which said something he could not understand.

Poor Hetty now knew that it was a terrible thing to have a secret from Herbert. She seemed to be advancing into a maze, but still there must be a way out somewhere, and if she could hold Herbert's hand all the time she might be happy still.

'Come with me,' he said to her, as soon as they were in the hall.

'The archery meeting is to-morrow week, you know. I want to tell you all about it. You won't dance with anybody but me, remember.'

'Oh, what selfishness!' exclaimed Conny.

'Unless I win the bugle, and am obliged to lead off with somebody else,' he said. 'Then we must submit, but it is only a country dance.'

'And you have not even kept a quadrille for me, Mr. Ethelston?' said Conny.

'I beg your pardon, really! It is Hetty's fault; she is so grasping. Won't you go into the drawing-room? my sisters are there. Come along, Hetty.'

The lovers disappeared through a side door into the garden, and Conny, smiling to herself, went into the drawing-room. There Margaret Ethelston came forward to meet her, looking very grave. Gertrude was not in the room.

Miss Ethelston's manner had an instant effect on Conny's excited nerves. The feeling of being on the edge of a thunderstorm, which had troubled her all the way there—partly, of course, because of the strange gleamy day, and the electricity in the air—but which had been driven away for the moment by Herbert's welcome, now returned with gathered strength, and made her extremely uncomfortable. She had a great deal of self-command, however, and she began at once

to talk to Margaret about the archery meeting, thinking all the time 'What is it? Does she know? What can she have heard?'

Margaret sat pale and stiff in her usual chair, giving the slightest answers possible, and so evidently preoccupied that at last Conny began to feel offended. She did not care to be treated quite as nobody. She stopped talking suddenly, turned to the table, and took up a case of photographs.

Margaret, who had been looking dreamily on the floor, raised her large grey eyes, and fixed them on Conny with a grave, searching gaze.

'Miss Lydiard, we are in great anxiety,' she said, after a minute or two.

Conny instantly laid down the photographs.

'I am very sorry. I thought something was the matter.'

'You will understand when you hear; but I really cannot tell you myself. I think it is Gertrude's business. I will send for her.'

She rang the bell, and told the footman to ask Miss Gertrude to come to her. In the interval she said nothing, and Conny sat in suspense, wondering whether it could be what she feared. I am afraid she was also wondering whether it would be advisable to screen Hetty by telling a story. No, she thought not. Miss Ethelston would not be satisfied, and would next question Hetty herself, from whom anything but truth was impossible.

Gertrude did not keep them waiting long. She came in almost directly, her face full of an anger and scorn which reminded Conny of another complication.

'So your cousin is out with my brother,' she said to Conny, in her roughest tones. 'I saw them just now from the window. How long is my brother to be kept in ignorance of this scandal? Margaret insists on my holding my tongue, but I suppose I may speak to you. What have you to say about it?'

Conny quite shivered under this fierce attack. Then she felt herself flushing scarlet, and her spirit rose. She was not a cowardly girl, and this angry woman's exaggerated words made her angry too. She got up, wishing she could leave the house at once and never enter it again. But it was necessary to make a little fight first.

'I don't understand you, Miss Ethelston,' she said. 'Why do you speak to me like that?'

'Why, indeed, Gertrude. This is our own house, remember,' said Margaret, very low. 'And probably Miss Lydiard does not know what you mean. Tell her quietly.'

'It is too disgusting. I can't tell her quietly,' said Gertrude; and as she spoke she took up an ivory paper-knife from the table, and snapped it in two with her fingers. She stared fiercely at Conny, and went on, as she talked, hitting one half of the paper-knife against the other. 'I never liked the engagement. I never thought the girl was as good as she looked.'

'Excuse me,' said Conny, 'if you are talking of my cousin, she is the best girl in the whole world.'

'Oh, you think so? Then what do you say to her stealing out, the very first thing in the morning, to meet a man she knew slightly—to meet that James Harvey who stays here—who had come down the night before on purpose to say good-bye to us, *here*. I don't talk about him; like all men, they are all odious; but Hetty Stewart, engaged to my brother! Is this the first you have heard of it?'

This sudden question upset Conny a little. After a moment's hesitation, she answered—

'I should like first to know who told you.'

'Do you suppose it is a secret then?' exclaimed Gertrude. 'It is all over the county. The servants have been talking about it these two days. They did not choose their place of rendezvous very cleverly. One of our grooms saw them. He told our maid, a most excellent woman, who has been with us for twenty years. She felt it was her duty to tell us, but she waited till to-day, that she might get the thing confirmed. She thought, if it was true, somebody at Mrs. Bell's must have seen your cousin go out that morning—and to-day, after church, she managed to see Miss Wade to ask her whether such early walks were a habit; and she applied to the right person, it seems, for Miss Wade herself happened to be out that morning, and saw them.'

'And you don't think it was accidental?' said Conny, as calmly as she could.

'A most unusual accident,' sneered Gertrude. 'Now—speak out. You knew of it, I see. I suppose you were the confidante.'

'Gertrude!' her sister interposed again.

'I was nothing of the kind,' said Conny. 'I heard of it a few hours ago. That little beast, Lily Wade, told Mrs. Bell. She has always been horribly envious of Hetty, just because she was kind to her, I suppose.'

'She was right to mention this, however, and we are much obliged to her,' said Gertrude. 'What did Mrs. Bell say?'

'Of course she was surprised.'

'I should think so. Did she speak to Hetty Stewart?'

'No; I did.'

'And how did she answer you?'

'Like an angel of light.'

Gertrude laughed. Margaret fixed her earnest eyes on Conny, who was looking her prettiest, flushed and sparkling, standing opposite Gertrude, and meeting her scowl with a defiant smile.

'What *can* you mean?' said Gertrude in a different tone.

'I mean what I say. If you can't believe in Hetty, if you don't know her by this time, I am sorry for you. Don't ask me any more questions. I wish there was somebody stronger than me to stand up

for her, because I expect you will break her heart among you. Ask her, if you dare. She will answer you as she did me, only the difference will be that you won't believe her.'

There was a dead silence till Margaret spoke.

'There are people here,' she said, 'who love your cousin as much as you do, and would be just as unwilling to believe anything against her.'

'Are there?' said Conny. 'Then this is the time for their love to be tried. I hope it may turn out to be worth something.'

Conny's was not a very profound nature, but it was stirred to its depths. As Gertrude, shrugging her shoulders, walked out of the room, she turned to Margaret and said, with a passionate sob in her voice—

'Why did you—how could you let her say such things?'

Margaret did not look surprised or offended. She was extremely pale. She lifted up her hand, as if to excuse herself, to check the girl's indignation.

'You must forgive me,' she said. 'I don't say that Gertrude feels more strongly than I do, but she is more vehement—and this discovery has been terrible for her.'

'But to say such things!' repeated Constance.

'You love Hetty,' said Margaret in answer. 'Then you will not so much mind having borne this for her. Gertrude's passion is over now. She will leave the rest to me. As you were not in fault, it won't be so hard for you to forget—and forgive me.'

'I don't care a bit,' said Conny. 'She might have scolded me as long as she pleased. I would rather be scolded by her than by you. Hetty is to have you, I suppose?'

Afterwards Conny thought with surprise and amusement of the cool way in which she had talked to Miss Ethelston, and the quietness with which her sharp words were received. Even in Margaret's sadness—for she was much more distressed than Conny knew—this last speech made her smile faintly. 'The difference is,' she said, 'that I feel quite sure Hetty will be able to explain herself. It is most unfortunate—but we cannot doubt her, as you say. All I want is an explanation.'

'Which she won't give you,' remarked Conny.

'Which she *must* give me,' said Margaret: and Conny felt, as she looked at her, that her still obstinacy was far more to be feared than Gertrude's storming.

The cold hand of this gentle person, laid on Hetty's happiness, might wither it up like frost on an autumn rose.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS.

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HUNKERSLUST.

So to my Lord Marquess of Newcastle's dinner we went, and found ourselves regaled with more of good cheer than poor cavaliers could usually offer. There was not only a good sirloin of beef, but a goose and many choice wild fowl from the fens of the country. There was plum porridge too, which I had not seen since I left England at my marriage. Every one was so much charmed at the sight that I thought I ought to be so too, but I confess that it was too much for me, and that I had to own that it is true that the English are gross feeders. The Duke of York was there, looking brighter and more manly than I had yet seen him, enlivened perhaps by my Lady Newcastle, who talked to him, without ceasing, on all sorts of subjects. She would not permit the gentlemen to sit after dinner, because she would have us all out to enjoy her sport on the ice hills, which were slopes made with boards, first covered with snow, and then with water poured over them till they were perfectly smooth and like glass. I cannot say that I liked the notion of rushing down them, but it seemed to fill Annora with ecstasy, and my lady provided her with a sleigh and a cavalier, before herself instructing the Duke of York in the guidance of her own sledge upon another ice hill.

My Lord Marquess did me the honour to walk with me and converse on my brother. There was a paved terrace beneath a high wall which was swept clear of snow and strewn with sand and ashes, so that those who had no turn for the ice hills could promenade there and gaze upon the sport. When his other duties as a host called him away, his lordship said, with a smile, that he would make acquainted with each other two of his own countrywomen, both alike disguised under foreign names, and therewith he presented Madame van Hunker to me. Being on the same side of the table we had not previously seen one another, nor indeed would she have known me by sight, since I had left England before her arrival at Court.

She knew my name instantly, and the crimson colour rushed into those fair cheeks as she made a very low reverence, and murmured some faltering civility.

We were left together, for all the other guests near us were Hollanders, whose language I could not speak, and who despised French

too much to learn it. So, as we paced along, I endeavoured to say something trivial of the Prince's christening; and the like, which might begin the conversation; and I was too sorry for her to speak with the frigidity with which my sister thought she ought to be treated. Then gradually she took courage to reply, and I found that she had come in attendance on her step-daughter Cornelia, who was extremely devoted to these sleighing parties. The other daughter, Veronica, was at home, indisposed, having, as well as her father, caught a feverish cold on a late expedition into the country, and Madame would fain have given up the party as she thought Cornelia likewise to be unwell, but her father would not hear of his favourite Keetje being disappointed. I gathered that the Yungvrow Cornelia had all the true Dutch obstinacy of nature. By and by she ventured timidly, trying to make her voice sound as if she were only fulfilling an ordinary call of politeness, to hope that my Lord Walwyn was in better health. I told her a little of his condition, and she replied with a few soft half-utterances; but before we had gone far in our conversation, there was a sudden commotion among the sleighing party—an accident as we supposed—and we both hurried forward in anxiety for our charges. My sister was well, I was at once reassured by seeing her grey and ermine hood which I knew well, for it was my own, towering above the other ladies; but it was Mademoiselle van Hunker, who lay insensible. It was not from a fall, but the cold had perhaps struck her, they said, for after her second descent she had complained of giddiness, and had almost immediately swooned away. She was lying on the sledge, quite unconscious, and no one seemed to know what to do. Her step-mother and I came to her; I raised her head and put essences to her nose, and Madame van Hunker took off her gloves and rubbed her hands, while my Lady Newcastle, hurrying up, bade them carry her into the house, and revive her by the fire; but Madame van Hunker insisted and implored that she should not be taken indoors, but carried home at once, showing a passion and vehemence quite unlike one so gentle, and which our good host and hostess withstood till she hinted that she feared it might be more than a swoon, since her father and sister were already indisposed. Then, indeed, all were ready enough to stand aloof; a coach was procured, I know not how, and poor Cornelia was lifted into it, still unconscious, or only moaning a little. I could not let the poor young step-mother go with her alone, and no one else would make the offer, the dread of contagion keeping all at a distance, after what had passed. At first I think Madame van Hunker hardly perceived who was with her, but as I spoke a word or two in English, as we tried to accommodate the inanimate form between us, she looked up and said, 'Ah! I should not have let you come, Madame! I do everything wrong. I pray you to leave me!' Then, as I of course refused, she added, 'Ah! you know not——' and then whispered in my ear, though the poor senseless girl

would scarce have caught the sound, the dreadful word 'small-pox.' I could answer at once that I had had it—long, long ago, in my childish days when my grandmother nursed me and both my brothers through it, and she breathed freely. I asked her why she apprehended it, and she told me that some weeks ago her husband had taken the whole party down to his pleasure-house in the country to superintend some arrangement in his garden which he wished to make before the frost set in.

He and his daughter Veronica had been ailing for some days, but it was only on that very morning that tidings had come to the Hague that the small-pox had, on the very day of their visit, declared itself in the family of the gardener who kept the house, and that two of his children were since dead. Poor Millicent had not dared to mention the matter in her family, and had done all in her power to persuade Cornelia to give up the party, but her persuasions only had the effect of strengthening the determination of the young lady and of her father, and they carried the day. Millicent had always had a feeble will which yielded against her judgment and wishes. She had not had the malady herself, 'But oh! my child,' she said, 'my little Emilia!' And when I found that the child had not been on the expedition to Hunkerslust, and had not seen her father or sister since they had been sickening, I ventured to promise that I would take her home, and the young mother clasped my hand in fervent gratitude.

But we were not prepared for the scene that met us when we drove into the *porte cochère*. The place seemed deserted, not a servant was to be seen but one old wrinkled hag, who hobbled up to the door saying something in Dutch that made Madame van Hunker clasp her hands and exclaim, 'All fled! Oh what shall we do!'

At that moment, however, Dr. Dirkius appeared at the door. He spoke French, and he explained that he had been sent for about an hour ago, and no sooner had he detected small-pox than Mynheer's valet had fled from his master's room and spread the panic throughout the household, so that every servant, except one scullion and this old woman, had deserted it. The Dutch have more good qualities than the French, their opposites, are inclined to believe, but they have also a headstrong selfishness that seems almost beyond reach. Nor, perhaps, had poor Mynheer van Hunker been a master who would win much affection.

I know not what we should have done if Dr. Dirkius had not helped me to carry Cornelia to her chamber. The good man had also locked the little Emilia into her room, intending, after having taken the first measures for the care of his patients, to take or send her to the ladies at Lord Newcastle's, warning them not to return. Madame van Hunker looked deadly pale, but she was a true wife, and said nothing should induce her to forsake her husband and his daughters, besides it must be too late for her to take precautions.

Dirkins looked her all over in her pure, delicate beauty, muttering what I think was 'Pity! pity!' and then agreed that so it was. As we stood by the bed where we had laid Cornelia, we could hear at one end old Hunker's voice shouting—almost howling—for his Vrow; and likewise the poor little Emilia thumping wildly against the door, and screaming for her mother to let her out. Millicent's face worked, but she said, 'She must not touch me! She had best not see me! Madame, God sent in you an angel of mercy. Take her; I must go to my husband!'

And at a renewed shout, she ran down the corridor to hide her tears. The doctor and I looked at one another. I asked if a nurse was coming. Perchance, he said; he must go and find some old woman, and old Trudje must suffice meantime. There would as yet be no risk in my taking the child away, if I held her fast, and made her breathe essences all through the house.

It was a strange capture, and a dreadful terror for the poor little girl. By his advice, I sprinkled strong essences all over a large kerchief, and as I opened the door threw it over the poor little girl's head, snatched her up in my arms, and before she had breath to scream hurried down stairs with her. She was about three years old, and it was not till I was almost at the outer door that she began to kick and struggle. My mind was made up to return as soon as she was safe. It was impossible to leave that poor woman to deal alone with three such cases, and I knew what my brother would feel about it. And all fell out better than I could have hoped, for under the *porte cochère* was the coach in which we had come to Lady Newcastle's. My sister, learning that I had gone home with Madame van Hunker, had driven thither to fetch me, and Nicolas was vainly trying to find some one to tell me that she was waiting. I carried the child, now sobbing and calling for her mother, to the carriage, and explained the state of affairs as well as I could while trying to hush her. Annora was quick to understand, and not slow to approve. 'The brutes!' she said. 'Have they abandoned them? Yes, Meg, you are safe, and you cannot help staying. Give me the poor child! I will do my best for her. O yes! I will take care of Eustace, and I'll send you your clothes. I wish it was any one else, but he will be glad. So adieu, and take care of yourself! Come, little one, do not be afraid. We are going to see a kind gentleman.'

But as poor little Emilia knew no English, this must have failed to console her, and they drove away amid her sobs and cries, while I returned to my strange task. I was not altogether cut off from home, for my faithful Nicolas, though uncertain whether he had been secured from the contagion, declared that where his mistress went, he went. Tryphena would have come too, but like a true old nurse she had no confidence in Mistress Nan's care of my brother, or of the child, and it was far better as it was, for the old women whom the doctor found for

us were good for nothing but to drink and to sleep ; whereas Nicolas, like a true French *laquais*, had infinite resources in time of need. He was poor Madame's only assistant in the terrible nursing of her husband ; he made the most excellent *tisanes* and *bouillons* for the patients, and kept us nurses constantly supported with good meats and wines, without which we never could have gone through the fatigue ; he was always at hand, and seemed to sleep, if he slept at all, with one ear and one eye open during that terrible fifteen days during which neither Madame van Hunker, he, nor I ever took off our clothes. Moreover, he managed our communications with my family : Every day in early morning he carried a billet from me which he placed in a pan of vinegar at their door ; and at his whistle, Annora looked out and threw down a billet for me, which, to my joy and comfort, generally told me that my brother was no worse, and that the little maid was quite well, and a great amusement to him. He was the only one who could speak any Dutch, so that he had been able to do more with her than the others at her first arrival ; and though she very soon picked up English enough to understand everything, and to make herself understood in a droll, broken baby tongue, she continued to be devoted to him. She was a pretty, fair child of three years old, with enough of Dutch serenity and gravity not to be troublesome after the first shock was over, and she beguiled many of his weary hours of confinement by the games in which he joined her. He sent out to buy for her a jointed baby, which Annora dressed for her, and as she wrote, my lord was as much interested about the Lady Belphebe's robes (for so had he named her) as was Emilia, and he was her most devoted knight, daily contriving fresh feasts and pageants for her ladyship. Nan declared that she was sometimes quite jealous of Belphebe and her little mistress, but on the whole I think she enjoyed the months of having Eustace practically to herself.

For we were separated for months. Poor Cornelia's illness was very short, the chill taken at the sleighing party had been fatal to her at the beginning of the complaint, and she expired on the third day, with hardly any interval of consciousness.

Her sister, Veronica, was my chief charge. I had to keep her constantly rolled in red cloth in a dark room, while the fever ran very high and she suffered much. I think she was too ill to feel greatly the discomfort of being tended by a person who could not speak her language, and indeed necessity enabled me to understand a tongue so much like English, which indeed she could herself readily speak when her brain began to clear. This, however, was not for full a fortnight and in the meantime Mynheer van Hunker was growing worse and worse, and he died on the sixteenth day of his illness. His wife had watched over him day and night, with unspeakable tenderness and devotion, though I fear he never showed her much gratitude in return ; he had been too much used to think of women as mere housewifely slaves.

She had called me in to help in her terror at the last symptoms of approaching death, and I heard him mutter to her, 'Thou hast come to be a tolerable housewife. I have taken care thou dost not lavish all on beggarly strangers.'

At least so the words came back on me afterwards, but we were absorbed in our attendance on him in his extremity, and when death had come at last, I had to lead her away drooping and utterly spent. Alas! it was not exhaustion alone, she had imbibed the dreadful disease, and for another three weeks she hung between life and death. Her step-daughter left her bed, and was sent away to the country-house to recover, under the care of the steward's wife, before Millicent could open her eyes or lift her head from her pillow; but she did at last begin to revive, and it was in those days, of slow convalescence that she and I became very dear to one another.

We could talk together of home, as she loved to call England, and of her little daughter, of whom Annora sent me daily reports, which drew out the mother's smiles. She could not be broken-hearted for Mynheer van Hunker, nor did she profess so to be, but she said he had been kind to her—much kinder since she had really tried to please him; and that, she said—and then broke off—was after he—your brother—my lord—— And she went no further, but I knew well afterwards what that chance meeting had done for her—that meeting which, with such men as I had too often seen at Paris, might have been fatal for ever to her peace of mind and purity of conscience by renewing vain regrets, not to be indulged without a stain. Nay, it had instead given her a new impulse, set her in the way of peace, and helped her to turn with new effort to the path of duty that was left to her. And she had grown far happier therein. Her husband had been kinder to her after she ceased to vex him by a piteous submission and demonstrative resignation; his child had been given to brighten her with hope, and that she had gained his daughter's affection I had found by Veronica's conversation about her, and her tears when permitted to see her—or rather to enter her dark chamber for a few moments before going to Hunkeralust, the name of the country house near Delf. Those days of darkness, when the fever had spent itself, and the strength was slowly returning, were indeed a time when hearts could flow into one another, and certainly I had never found any friend who so perfectly and entirely suited me as that sweet Millicent. There was perhaps a lack of strength of resolute will; she had not the robust temper of my high-spirited Annora, but, on the other hand, she was not a mere blindly patient Grisell, like my poor sister-in-law, Cécile d'Aubépine, but could think and resolve for herself, and hold staunchly to her duty when she saw it, whatever it might cost her; nor did terror make her hide anything, and thus she had won old Hunker's trust, and he had even permitted her to attend the service of exiled English ministers at the Hague.

One of them came to see her two or three times, once when she seemed to be at the point of death, and twice afterwards, reading prayers with her, to her great comfort. He spoke of her as an angel of goodness, spending all the means allowed her by her husband among her poor exiled country men and women. And as she used no concealment, and only took what was supplied to her for her own '*menus plaisirs*,' her husband might grumble, but did not forbid. I knew now that my brother had loved in her something more than the lovely face.

And oh for that beauty, I felt as though I were trying to guard a treasure for him as I used every means I had heard of to save it from disfigurement, not permitting one ray of daylight to penetrate into the room, and attempting whatever could prevent the marks from remaining. And here Millicent's habits of patience and self-command came to her aid, and Dr. Dirkius said he had never had a better or a gentler sick person to deal with.

Alas! it was all in vain. Millicent's beauty had been of that delicate fragile description to which small-pox is the most fatal enemy, with its tendency not only to thicken the complexion, but to destroy the refined form of the features. We were prepared for the dreadful redness at first, and when Millicent first beheld herself in the glass, she contrived to laugh, while she wondered what her little Emilia would say to her changed appearance, and also adding that she wondered how it fared with Veronica, a more important question she tried to say than for herself, for Veronica was betrothed to a rich merchant's son, and would be married as soon as the days of mourning were over. However, as Veronica had never been reckoned a beauty, and *les beaux yeux de sa cassette* had been avowedly the attraction, we hoped that however it might be there would not be much difference in her lot.

We were to join Veronica at Hunkerslust to rid ourselves of infection, while the house was purified from it. Before we went, Annora daily brought little Emilia before the window that her mother might see the little creature, who looked so grown and so full of health as to rejoice our hearts. My brother and sister seemed to have made the little maid much more animated than suited a Dutch child, for she skipped, frolicked, and held up her wooden baby, making joyous gestures in a way that astonished the solemn streets of Graavehage, as the inhabitants call it. She was to come to us at Hunkerslust, so soon as the purification was complete; and then I was to go back to my brother and sister, for as the spring advanced it was needful that we should return to France, to our mother and my son.

It was April by the time Madame van Hunker was fit to move, and the great coach came to the door to carry us out the three or four miles into the country. I shall never forget the charm of leaving the pest-house I had inhabited so long, and driving through the avenues, all

budding with fresh young foliage, and past gardens glowing with the gayest of flowers, the canals making shining mirrors for tree, windmill, bridge and house, the broad meadows full of fine cattle grazing. Our sleek, round-built horses trotted in a leisurely way along the broad, smooth roads, and Millicent, holding one of my hands, lay back on the cushions, deeply shrouded in her widow's veil, unwilling to speak, but glad of the delight I could not help feeling.

We arrived at the house, and entered between the row of limes clipped in arches. Never did I behold such a *coup d'œil* as the garden presented with its paved and tiled paths between little beds of the most gorgeous hyacinths and tulips, their colours assorted to perfection, and all in full bloom. I could not restrain a childish cry of wonder and absolute joy at the first glance; it was such a surprise, and yet I recollected the next moment that there was something very sad in the display, for it was in going to superintend this very garden that poor Mynheer van Hunker had caught his death, and here were these his flowers blooming away gaily in the sun unseen by him who had cared for them so much.

Veronica had come to meet us, and she and her stepmother wept in each other's arms at the sight and the remembrances it excited; but their grief was calm, and it appeared that Veronica had had a visit from her betrothed and his mother, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with their demeanour. Indeed, the young lady's portion must be so much augmented by her sister's death that it was likely to compensate for the seams in her cheeks.

No matter of business had yet come before the widow, but it was intimated to her that the notary, Magister Wyk, would do himself the honour of coming to her at Hunkerslust so soon as she felt herself strong enough to receive him, and to hear the provisions of the will.

Accordingly he came, the whole man impregnated with pungent perfumes and with a pouncet-box in his hand, so that it almost made one sneeze to approach him. He was by no means solicitous of any near neighbourhood to either of the ladies, but was evidently glad to keep the whole length of the hall table between them and himself, at least so I heard, for of course I did not thrust myself into the matter, but I learnt afterwards that Mynheer van Hunker had left a very large amount of money and lands which was divided between his daughters, subject to a very handsome jointure to his wife who was to possess both the houses at the Hague and at Hunkerslust for her life, but would forfeit both these and her income should she marry any one save a native of the States of Holland. Her jewels however were her own, and the portion she had received from her father, Sir James Wardour.

As she said to me afterwards, her husband hated all foreigners, and she held him as having behaved with great kindness and liberality to her; but, she added with a smile, as she turned bravely towards a mirror behind her, he need not have laid her under the restriction, for

such things were all over for her. And happily he had not forbidden her to do as she pleased with her wealth.

That very evening she began to arrange for packets of dollars from unknown hands to find themselves in the lodgings of the poorest cavaliers; and for weekly payments to be made at the ordinaries that they might give their English frequenters substantial meals at a nominal cost. She became quite merry over her little plots; but there was a weight as of lead on my heart when I thought of my brother, and that her freedom had only begun on such terms. Nay, I knew not for what to hope or wish!

Permission had been given for Emilia to return to her mother, and as Veronica had some purchases to make in the city, she undertook to drive in in the coach, and bring out her little sister. I should have availed myself of the opportunity of going back with her but that Millicent would have had to spend the day alone, and I could see that, though her mother's heart hungered for the little one, yet she dreaded the child's seeing her altered face. She said she hoped Veronica might not return till twilight or dusk, so that Emilia might recognise her by her voice and her kisses before seeing her face.

She had been bidden to be out in the air, and she and I had walked down the avenue in search of some cuckoo flowers and king-cups that grew by the canal below. She loved them she said because they grew at home by the banks of the Thames, and she was going to dress some beaupots to make her chamber gay for Emilia. The gardens might be her own, but she stood in too much awe of the gardener to touch a tulip or a flower-de-luce, scarce even a lily of the valley; but when I taxed her with it, she smiled and said she should ever love the English wild flowers best.

So we were walking back under the shade of the budding lime trees when a coach came rolling behind us. The horses were not the fat, dappled greys of the establishment, but brown ones, and Millicent, apprehending a visit from some of her late husband's kindred, and unwilling to be seen before they reached the house, drew behind a tree hoping to be out of sight. •

She had however been descried. The carriage stopped. There was a joyful cry in good English of 'Mother! mother! mother!' and the little maiden flew headlong into her arms, while at the same moment my dear brother, looking indeed thin, but most noble, most handsome, embraced me. He explained in a few words that Mademoiselle van Hunker was dining with her future mother-in-law, and that she had permitted him to have the honour of giving up his charge to Madame.

Millicent looked up at him with the eyes that could not but be sweet, and began to utter her thanks, while he smiled and said that the pleasure to him and Annora had been so great that the obligation was theirs.

The little girl, now holding her hand, was peering up curiously under her hood, and broke upon their stiffness and formality by a sudden outcry—

‘No! no! mother is not ugly like Vronikje! She *shall* not be ugly. She is Emilia’s own dear pretty mother, and nobody shall say no.’

No doubt the little one felt the inward attraction of child to mother, that something which so infinitely surpasses mere complexion, and as she had been warned of the change, and had seen it in her sister, she was really agreeably surprised, and above all felt that she had her mother again.

Millicent clasped her to her bosom in a transport of joy, while Eustace exclaimed—

‘The little maid is right; most deeply right. That which truly matters can never be taken away.’

Then Millicent raised her eyes to him and said, with quivering lip, ‘I had so greatly dreaded this moment. I owe it to you, my lord, that she has come to me thus.’

Before he could answer, Emilia had seen the golden flowers in her mother’s hand, and with a childish shriek of ecstasy had claimed them, while Millicent said—

‘I had culled them for thee, sweetheart.’

‘I’ll give some to my lord!’ cried the child. ‘My lord loves king-cups.’

‘Yes,’ said Eustace, taking the flowers and kissing the child, but with his eyes on her mother’s all the time; ‘I have loved king-cups ever since one May day, when there was a boat going down the river to Richmond.’

Her eyes fell, and that strange trembling came round her mouth. For, as I learnt afterwards from my sister, it was then that they had danced in Richmond Park, and he had made a crown of king-cups and set it on her flaxen hair, and then and there it was that love had first begun between those two, whom ten years had so strangely changed. But Eustace said no more, except to tell me that he had come to ask if I could be ready to return to Paris the second day ensuing, as Sir Edward Hyde was going, and had a pass by which we could all together go through the Spanish Netherlands without taking ship. If Madame van Hunker could spare me on such sudden notice, he would like to take me back with him at once.

There was no reason for delay. Millicent had her child, and was really quite well again; and I had very little preparation to make, having with me as little clothing as possible. She took Eustace to the tiled fireplace in the parlour, and served him with manchet-cake and wine, but prayed him to pardon her absence while she went to aid me. I think neither wished for a *tête-à-tête*. They had understood one another over the king-cups, and it was no time to go farther. I

need not tell of the embraces and tears between us in my chamber. They were but natural, after the time we had spent together, but at the end Millicent whispered—

‘You will tell him all, Margaret! He is too noble, but his generous soul must feel no bondage towards one who has nothing—not even a face or a purse for him.’

‘Only a heart,’ I said. But she shook her head in reproof, and I felt that I had done wrong to speak on the matter.

After a brief time we took leave with full and stately formality. I think both she and I were on our guard against giving way before my brother, who had that grave, self-restrained countenance which only Englishmen seem able to maintain. He was thin, and there was a certain transparency of skin about his cheeks and hands; but to my mind he looked better than when he left us at Paris, and I could not but trust that the hope which had returned to him would be an absolute cure for all his ill-health. I saw it in his eyes.

We seated ourselves in the carriage, and I dreaded to break the silence at first, but we had not long turned into the high-road from the avenue when hoofs came behind us, and a servant from Hunkerslust rode up to the window, handing in a packet which he said had been left behind.

I sat for a few minutes without opening it, and deemed it was my Book of Hours, for it was wrapped in a kerchief of my own; but when I unfolded that, behold I saw a small sandal-wood casket, and turning the key, I beheld these few words—‘Praying my Lord Walwyn to permit restitution to be made.—M. van H.’ And beneath lay the pearls of Ribaumont.

‘No! no! no, I cannot!’ cried my brother, rising to lean from the window and beckon back the messenger; but I pulled him by the skirts, telling him it was too late, and whatever he might think fit to do, he must not wound the lady’s feelings by casting them back upon her in this sudden manner, almost as if he were flinging them at her head. He sat down again, but reiterated that he could not accept them.

I told him that her jewels were wholly her own, subject to no restriction, but this only made him ask me with some displeasure whether I had been privy to this matter; the which I could wholly deny, since not a word had passed between us, save on the schemes for sending aid to the distressed families.

‘I thought not,’ he returned; and then he began to show me, what needed little proof, how absolutely inexpedient it was for his honour or for hers, that he should accept anything from her, and how much more fitting it was that they should be absolutely out of reach of all intercourse with one another during her year of mourning, or until he could fitly address her.

‘No,’ he said, ‘the pearls must remain hers unless she can come

with them—or if not, as is most like, we shall be the last of the Ribaults—and she may do as she will with them.’

‘You have no doubts, Eustace!’ I cried. ‘You care not for her wealth, and as to her face, a year will make it as fair and sweet as ever.’

‘As sweet in my eyes, assuredly!’ he said. But he went on to say that her very haste in this manner was a token that she meant to have no more to do with him, and that no one could wish her to give up her wealth and prosperity to accept a poor, broken cavalier, health and wealth alike gone.

I would have argued cheerily, but he made me understand that his own Dorset estates, which Harry Merrycourt had redeemed for him before, had been absolutely forfeited by his share in Montrose’s expedition. The Commonwealth had in a manner condoned what had been done in the service of King Charles, but it regarded as treason the espousing the cause of his son; and it was possible that the charge on the Wardour estates might be refused to Millicent should she unite herself with one who was esteemed a rebel.

My mother’s jointure had been charged on the Ribault estate, and if Eustace failed to gain the suit which had been lingering on so long, there would hardly be enough rents to pay this to her, leaving almost nothing for him. Nor, indeed, was it in my power to do much for their assistance, since my situation was not what it would have been if my dear husband had lived to become Marquis de Nidemerle. And we were neither of us young enough to think that even the most constant love could make it fit to drag Millicent into beggary. Yet still I could see that Eustace did not give up hope. The more I began to despond, the more cheerful he became. Was not the King in Scotland, and when he entered England, as he would certainly do next summer, would not all good Cavaliers—yes, and all the Parliament men who had had enough of the domineering of General Cromwell—rise on his behalf? My brother was holding himself in readiness to obey the first summons to his standard, and when he was restored all would be easy, and he could offer himself to Millicent worthily.

Moreover my mother had written something about a way that had opened for accommodating the suit respecting the property in Picardy, and Eustace trusted the report all the more because our brother Solivet had also written to urge his recall, in order to confer with his antagonist, the Comte de Poligny, respecting it. So that, as the dear brother impressed on me, he had every reason for hoping that in a year’s time he might seek Madame van Hunker in a very different guise; and his hopes raised mine, so that I let them peep through the letter with which I returned the jewels to Millicent.

(To be continued.)

PHILIP : A FAILURE.

III.

THE FIRST STEP.

THEY were on English soil, and hurrying through the darkness from Dover to London before Miss Barbour showed any sign of interest in the home she was nearing. It had been a swift, unbroken journey. Belle had hardly spoken to her companion, and he had been careful only to study her wishes. He had the great gift of knowing when to be silent. He had seen the girl's face as she leaned forward while they hurried away from Rome, leaving swiftly behind them the towers and domes and sad old convent gardens ; the sunlit place of graves where they had stood together a day or two before ; the gaunt, changeless aqueducts striding across the green campagna.

Her silent misery touched him strangely ; all his compassion was enlisted for her ; he wondered if there was nothing he could do, nothing he had left undone.

'Now tell me everything,' she said suddenly, sitting up and clasping her hands together. They were alone in the carriage ; the dim light of the lamp fell on her pale, tired face.

'What shall I tell you ?' said Philip, gently. He hardly knew where to begin ; he loved his London home, but all at once a doubt of its fitness for her crossed him. 'We live at Westminster. You knew that ?'

'Westminster—that is near a good part of the town, isn't it ?'

'Near both extremes. Ours is an old-fashioned, homely quarter, but it is close to the Abbey. I think you will like the Abbey. The house is small, and, I am afraid there are some things you will miss. I did not know till I saw you in your own home in what an atmosphere of ugliness we had been living. You must teach us.'

'Never mind that,' she said impatiently. 'Of course I don't expect to find Italy in the middle of London. Tell me about yourselves. I dare say you think it strange that I do not even know how many aunts and uncles I have. When I look back I begin to know that papa and I were very selfish. We were enough for each other ; papa hardly ever spoke of the past ; he had left the English bit of his life so long behind him, and it was not till he knew he was dying that he told me I must come here.'

'You have only two aunts in England,' Philip smiled reassuringly ; 'my mother to whom you are going, and Mrs. Ashe, Oliver's mother. You have heard of your Cousin Oliver. You will like him very much ; he is a splendid fellow, old Oliver.'

'Do you think everybody splendid, Philip? I have seen this cousin of mine. He came to Rome years ago when I was a child.'

'But you liked him?' said Philip, as if that were a matter of course.

'A child's likings count for nothing,' Belle answered coldly. 'I have changed much since then; everything has changed. I don't think I have it left in me to care for anybody,' she said, half to herself.

'I wish your grandfather had arranged for you to live with the Ashes,' said Philip, impulsively. 'I think you would have liked it better. They have a very full life; Oliver likes everything that is beautiful and harmonious. And he is rich. There is nothing he wishes that he cannot have. I think Oliver was born successful, and we—I am afraid you will miss some things.'

'My grandfather settles everything; perhaps he thought missing things would be good for me,' she said with a little smile. 'Never mind; nothing seems to matter very much. I don't even feel afraid of this tyrannical old grandfather who has taken my fate into his own keeping. Is he very formidable, Philip?'

'He is always fair to me,' said Philip, quietly. 'I have nothing to say against him. I could wish things different about him,' he hesitated. 'I suppose we all wish that of each other. But in all the years I have worked for him, I have found him fair to me. Your Cousin Oliver——'

'Does Oliver condescend to work too?' she interrupted.

'Yes; he doesn't like it much, poor old Oliver,' Philip laughed. 'But indeed why should he? It's a very different thing for him.'

'He has hope to sustain him, I suppose. People will endure a good deal with such a prospect at the end. Oh, I know all about it. It is one of my happiest memories that papa never would have anything to do with my grandfather's wealth; he never wished it for himself or for me.'

'You must not think that of Oliver,' Philip defended him eagerly. 'He is generous; he could not do a mean thing. You will know him better soon, I hope.'

Belle said nothing. It struck her that Philip at least was generous. She felt a momentary envy of the happy nature that could see good everywhere.

'And my other aunts and uncles?' she asked. 'I know grandfather married three times; I always thought papa had a great many brothers and sisters.'

'So he had. Some of them are dead; others are abroad. Your Uncle George is in India; the Palmers and Browns in Australia.'

'So there is only Aunt Harriet—and Aunt Jane, of course.'

Belle had asked nothing about Mrs. Burnside, Philip's stepmother. She had her letter; that, it seemed, had told her everything. She

remembered suddenly that she had never read Mrs. Ashe's note at all. All the old life came rushing back on her as she recalled the night when Philip brought her those messages of welcome; the night, as it seemed to her, when she had lost her freedom. She lay back and shut her eyes. Philip thought she had fallen asleep; but she was not sleeping. She roused herself as the train slackened its speed.

'Is this London?' she asked, and Philip told her yes, they had got home at last. They stepped out into the crowded station. She left everything to her companion who placed her in a cab and gathered her many possessions. They drove for what seemed to her a long time. In the raw cold of the early spring night the streets through which they passed looked grey and bleak, empty of all welcome. Philip was looking about him on this side and that; it seemed as if a great deal had happened since he last saw the crowded, familiar streets. Belle looked at nothing at all.

'There is the Abbey,' he said at last, indicating a dark mass under whose shadow they were passing. At that moment the deep, musical chimes rang out the hour. Belle's first night in London had begun.

An instant later the cab stopped. They had left the noise and the thunder of great London's traffic suddenly behind them; the street they stood in was narrow, the houses old. It was built on one side only, on the other was a high wall with tree branches showing above it, dim against the grey sky.

'Welcome home,' Philip said gently, helping her out carefully. It seemed as if he had at least were welcome. The rough maid-servant, who opened the door, had a smiling greeting for him; a little terrier rushed out barking with extravagant joy and leaping on him fondly. 'Down, Jinx, good old dog,' said Philip. 'You frighten Miss Barbour. This way, please.' He led her into a narrow passage; some one was standing a little back from the door. 'Mother,' he said, 'I have brought her to you.'

Belle felt herself suddenly folded in a strong pair of arms. In that hearty embrace her preconceived ideas of her aunt all at once melted. Where was the stern, melancholy woman who had written that cruel, harsh letter? This woman was tall and resolute, loud-voiced and cheerful; she took possession of Belle at once, and swept her breathlessly into the little sitting-room.

'Sit down, sit down; I'm sure you're tired. I lit a fire for you though we had taken them off. My parlour fire never stays on a day after the chimney is swept at the spring cleaning, and that's the end of March, but Philip would have it you would feel the cold. He wrote to me from Rome about it; such nonsense! as if I hadn't kept house for years before he was born!' she laughed good-naturedly. 'I'll get you a cup of tea, there's nothing like tea for setting one up after a journey. Susan,' she went to the door, 'Susan, is that kettle not boiling yet? Bless me, Philip, where do you suppose I'm to put all

those boxes! The rest coming by sea! That comes of trusting to a man. If I'd had the managing of that matter now—'

The door was suddenly closed softly and Belle heard no more. She sat with all her nerves quivering; the loud voice jarred on her; she felt utterly desolate. The melancholy, stern aunt of her vision would have been welcome at that moment; she would at least have been silent. She hid her face in her hands and the slow tears fell unheeded. Presently some one came into the room with a quiet step; she did not look up.

'Miss Barbour,' said Philip, gently; and almost before she knew it he had seated her in a large arm-chair, and had taken away her cloak and hat. The fire, of which so much had been said, was stirred till it gave out a more generous heat. He had a womanly way with him that would have amused her at another time; just now she hardly noticed how quietly he anticipated all her wants, bringing her a pair of well-warmed slippers, placing the little tea-table beside her, and helping her carefully; she was chiefly thankful to him that he shielded her from his mother's officious and bustling cheerfulness.

'Mother is getting your room ready; you will want to go to it very soon,' he said, when she had swallowed some tea. 'I am afraid you are very tired.'

'Yes, I suppose that is it,' she said, leaning back; 'I am tired. I never knew what it was to be tired before; it isn't a pleasant sensation.'

'The world will look brighter to-morrow,' he answered cheerfully.

'Will it?' she smiled a little strangely. 'Where do you get your hopefulness from, Philip?'

At that moment Mrs. Burnside came back. Belle shrank visibly; she felt a sudden longing to escape; she rose up at once.

'Are you in such a hurry to go?' Her aunt looked surprised. 'I've hardly looked at you yet. Susan is not to be depended on, you see, and I've to follow her everywhere—'

'Miss Barbour is very tired,' Philip put in hastily.

'Oh, of course, if you wish to go I haven't a word to say,' Mrs. Burnside assented good-temperedly. 'I dare say we'll get to know each other by and by, my dear. Your room is all ready, and I hope you'll find it comfortable. I won't say that the fire is very bright, but that will mend. The chimney is cold, you see; for a fire in a bedroom is a thing I never indulge in myself. But you'll find plenty of blankets; no one ever complained of being cold in bed in my house.'

'Yes,' Belle murmured; 'may I go now?'

'To be sure. Philip, light the candle. *One* is enough, my dear boy. But won't you stay for prayers?' she turned to Belle; 'we always have family worship at nine o'clock for Susan's sake, you know.'

'Not to-night,' said Philip, with authority. 'And mother, I want

some supper first,' he said with a laugh in his eyes ; 'I'm tremendously hungry.'

'Dear me!' said Mrs. Burnside, bustling away. 'I thought you had taken tea with Belle. There's cold meat in the house for a mercy.'

Belle gave Philip a grateful look as she held out her hand.

'Don't wait with me, please,' she said to her aunt, when they had reached her room ; 'you must think of Philip. Yes, it is all very nice indeed, I want nothing—nothing at all—but just to rest,' she repeated, as her aunt turned down the bed-clothes to point out the fleecy blankets and smoothed the pillows with a careful touch.

'I don't know what is to be done with all your boxes, I'm sure ; we must see about it to-morrow,' she said, shaking her head as she looked at the trunks piled above each other in one corner.

'Yes, to-morrow.'

'Perhaps you had better not rise to breakfast for once, as you are so tired.' Mrs. Burnside put in her head at the door again to offer this mark of indulgence.

'Thank you,' said Belle, despairingly. 'Yes, I am very, very tired.'

At last the heavy foot descended the stair slowly ; she was alone ; she let her arms fall heavily by her side, and gave a long-drawn sigh of relief.

Philip was gazing into the fire when his mother rejoined him ; the supper stood untasted on the table.

'I thought you were so hungry,' she began.

'So I am.'

He turned and began to carve for himself while she took up her knitting.

'What sort of a girl is your cousin?' she asked, looking over her spectacles at him.

'She is not my cousin,' Philip said, hastily.

'Well, she is my niece, at any rate ; not that I see any likeness to her father. My poor brother was a fair lad, with hair something the colour of yours. The girl takes her dark skin from her mother ; the Barbours have all light complexions ; but what can you expect from an Italian ! They are all black,' she added, with cheerful confidence in her assertion. 'I just hope she hasn't picked up any strange foreign ways ; she seems rather cold and distant, and that's not pretty in a young girl.'

Philip pushed away his plate, and rising, leaned against the mantel-piece.

'She has suffered a great deal and given up some things. It is a sacrifice for her to come here ; I never knew how much she was leaving till I saw her there, in her own home. Mother, you will be very tender with her!'

Mrs. Burnside looked up sharply.

'Philip,' she said, 'you don't suppose I'd be unkind to my own flesh and blood; and what you mean by a sacrifice to come and live with me——'

'I don't mean that,' he interposed hastily; 'but there are some things we can't make up to her.'

'I'll do everything that is right, you may depend; but as for making much of and petting, if that is what you mean, it isn't my way. She has had a trial sent to her, and she must learn to bear it and to be resigned. I have no patience with people who sink under affliction; it is contrary to the will of Providence. I can't encourage her to dwell on rebellious thoughts, and it is rebellious to murmur. I know what trial is myself. If she has lost a father, I have lost a brother, for whom I'm wearing black at this very moment, and that's more than Harriet is doing, I can tell you. I saw her no later gone than yesterday with nothing but a black tip in her white bonnet, and if you call that becoming, I don't.'

Philip said nothing, but his silence usually meant something other than assent. His thoughts went back to that sunny grave-yard in Rome; he knew that the great struggles in life are not so easy—the great victories over self—to be won at a word.

'She will get over it,' his mother was saying; yes, she would get over it in God's good time, but none the less he would have tempered sorrow's keen wind for her now if he could. He showed his mother none of his thoughts, and when he spoke it was on another matter.

'Do you think you could spare a corner of the garret for my lathe and the tool chest?' he asked, pleasantly. 'Stay, I might send the lathe to Williams—he'll make good use of it now; the other things won't take up much room; and the bookcase might remain, I dare say.'

'There's room enough in the garret; but what scheme have you in your head now? If it's to make room for more of those dirty lads—really, Philip——'

'It isn't,' he hastened to assure her; 'I'll find room for the boys elsewhere—out of the house, where they needn't plague you, mother. Miss Barbour must have that room for her own private use.'

'Miss Barbour? What nonsense! She'll do very well down here with me. I dare say you mean to please her, but she'll like best to have a little company; women are sociable, and we'll have plenty to chat about. Besides, I'm not going to begin by making a stranger of her. I told grandfather she must just take us as we are; it's a ridiculously small board, and we can't afford to make any difference in our living.'

'I wish this thing, mother.' Philip spoke with gentle firmness.

'But, Philip——'

'But, mother, you must let me have my own way for once,' he said,

with his sunny smile. 'I've set my heart on it, and there is no other way of disposing of all the things Miss Barbour is bringing. I'll soon put the place straight for you.'

'Well, well. You always did have your own way,' she yielded, with a faint protest. 'But there's one thing—you needn't be in a hurry to give your lathe to Williams ; he was here while you were gone.'

'Well?' he asked, quickly, the smile fading.

'He came with the usual story ; Fielding's people have turned him off, as I expected. I sent him away, and next day I saw him come reeling out of The Salutation ; one of the children had been sent to fetch him.'

'Are you sure, mother?'

'Sure? he asks me if I am sure! I've seen Williams in that same case rather too often to be mistaken.'

'I did think he had pulled himself up this time. Did you go to see them?'

'I did not,' she answered, serenely. 'Why should I waste breath talking to such as he? I told you from the first you would do no good there : the wife is just as bad.'

'I'll go and see him to-morrow,' said Philip, shortly.

'Well, my dear, as you like, but if you take my advice you'll spare yourself the pains. They won't thank you for your trouble ; their case is hopeless—as for reforming, Williams will never reform on this side of life.'

Philip's expressive face said as plainly as possible that he thought and hoped otherwise ; but it was not his way to force his differences with disagreeable insistence on his neighbour, and Mrs. Burnside was left in the comfortable belief that he was convinced.

The talk drifted to other matters ; there was the pent-up news of a week to be poured forth to Philip, and as no detail was spared, this took time. When he came to be questioned in his turn, Philip had little to tell. Yes, Rome had more than fulfilled his expectations ; it had been a glorious holiday. Miss Barbour seemed to have numbers of friends ; he had not seen any of them but one lady. He did not know if her father had left any money ; he had not thought of it.

'You think of nothing that's of any use,' said Mrs. Burnside, a little moved from her easy good nature at this barren result of her questioning. 'A woman would have found out all these things in no time.'

'I don't think it is any business of ours,' Philip answered, rising and lighting his candle. 'Her having money or no money can't make any difference to us ; she needs our kindness, and you will give her that, won't you?' He stooped coaxingly to kiss her and wish her good-night.

'Such a way of talk!' she said to herself when he had left her, as he made her preparations for going to bed ; 'that's Philip all over

despising money as if it were dirt ; but Belle and I won't get on the worse together if she has a little pocket money to spend on her own fancies. Grandfather can't expect me to pay for her ribbons and laces out of that board.'

Up stairs Belle lay with wide open eyes in the darkness of her little room, into which strange, dull noises from the outer world crept.

The house was small, and she could hear the murmur of voices in the room below mingling with those other sounds ; Mrs. Burnside's strident tones reached her most clearly. At last these ceased, and then she could distinguish Philip's voice steady and continuous ; she supposed him to be reading out of the Bible. She lay drifting at the mercy of her own thoughts, too weary and sick at heart to sleep. The thought of the past had bitterness in it now ; her wounded love and pride made every remembrance of it a throbbing pain. She was forsaken ; all her early gladness had been taken from her ; the future offered nothing that she cared to grasp. She seemed to be held in the clutch of an inescapable fate, and to have no strength left even to struggle against it. The little house was very still, and the grey dawn looked stealthily in at the narrow window before her heavy eyelids fell, and she slept.

(To be continued.)

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

DURING my travels in China, few sights have left on my mind such a lasting feeling of pain (notwithstanding the bright warmth of Christian love which strives to mitigate the evil) as the sight of a hundred and sixty forsaken Chinese female children, gathered into the orphanage established by the good Roman Catholic Sisters at Siccaway, in the suburbs of Shanghai.

We drove thither one afternoon, and were most courteously received by the Mother Superior and the Sisters (all robed in black, with simple black frilled bonnets), and pitiful were the stories they had to tell of these, their adopted children. Poor little atoms, voluntarily cast away by their own parents solely because they had the misfortune to be girls instead of boys.

The birth of a son is hailed with acclamation; it is the occasion for family rejoicing, and on the yearly feast, known as 'The Boy's Festival,' each house that has had the good fortune to add a son to its inmates, during the last twelvemonth, marks the glad event by flying an immense paper fish above its roof. But no such welcome awaits the baby girl, and the neighbours will make no unkind comments should the poor little thing quietly disappear.

Moved with pity for the innocent lives thus doomed to destruction, and, moreover, seeing in their rescue an opportunity for meritorious work, in at least securing for these poor little outcasts the privilege of Christian baptism, and, further, a possibility of rearing them in the Christian faith, so as to grow up and become useful working members of the Catholic Church, the Sisters at Siccaway announced their willingness to receive and tend all castaways who might be brought to their house. It is to be feared that multitudes of mothers still suffer their little ones to perish, rather than take the small trouble involved in conveying them to the home thus ready to welcome them.

In some parts of China, a similar work of mercy has led to the popular belief that the foreign women want to get the Chinese babies because their eyes are necessary to complete the loathsome ingredients of some witch's broth. This was the cry raised which led to the horrible massacre of the Sisters at Tien-sin, and the burning of their cathedral.

Happily, near Shanghai, long contact with foreigners has taught the people to form a wiser judgment of their motives, and a good many women, who have not altogether crushed their maternal instincts, would

be willing to hand over their infant daughters to the Sisters, provided that so doing cost them neither money nor trouble.

Of the babies which do reach this haven of rest, many arrive at the very point of death, and all are in the last stage of inanition. Many have evidently been systematically neglected from the moment of their birth—starved by their unnatural mothers, but even those which have received fair care for a little while, are often almost dying ere they are delivered to their new mothers.

For sometimes a Chinese woman, living at some distance from the town, wearies of taking any care of a baby so very unwelcome to its father, and all its relations; and so, hearing of the extraordinary fancy of the white women for rearing other people's babies, she commits her little one to some boatman going down one of the canals or down the river, and charges him to deliver it to the Sisters. Very likely two whole days may elapse from the hour when the unnatural mother gives her nurseling to this rough care, ere it reaches its destination, and during all those long hours the wailing baby is left unnoticed, and without food. Then, when the boatman reaches Siccaway, without further ceremony he hands this poor morsel of humanity to the Sister at the gate. These babies are generally quite naked, and if perchance they have been wrapped in a bit of coarse cloth, the messenger invariably reclaims the cloth when he delivers up the baby.

The famished creature is, in many cases, committed to a hired wet-nurse, who receives good wages from the orphanage; but so many of these women prove unfaithful to their trust, that the Sisters find that the babies they themselves rear by the bottle make far more rapid progress than those committed to Chinese nurses. We were taken round one large room, surrounded by neat comfortable cribs, in each of which lay what seemed to us to be a dying baby. Some of these were, however, pronounced by their tender new nurses to be promising cases, but others had not reached them till all hope was past.

There was one poor little creature which haunted my memory for many days. Its little wizened face was like the 'death's head' of what had been an old man, only that its sad pitiful eyes looked at us with a wistful expression. Its poor little shrivelled neck and attenuated arms were positively sickening to behold. Yet this poor little creature had been reduced to this terrible condition by the neglect of a paid wet-nurse.

Have you ever looked at an unhappy, unfledged young bird that had fallen from its nest, and lay helpless on the ground, a poor thing of skin and bone, with its bald head moving uneasily on a long lean neck, its eyes disproportionately large, and its hungry mouth gaping incessantly for the long-expected supplies? Then imagine a whole nursery full of cribs, and just such a creature lying in each—only that the creatures are all human beings, and the majority are being brought up by hand, and so have the comfortable companionship of a feeding bottle.

It was beautiful to see the tender compassion of the kind Sisters for these abandoned nestlings, and the satisfaction with which they joyed over those in whom they discerned symptoms of a vitality which should reward their care.

With true motherly pride and interest, they led us through successive rooms, in which were the babies which had passed the first, most critical stage. Some seemed to have quite rallied, and looked healthy and bright, but the majority retained pitiful traces of early neglect.

In the more advanced rooms were little creatures just learning to walk, happy in this at least, that for them there was no prospect of having their bones broken and feet crushed and tortured through long years, till they were transformed from the likeness of shapely human feet to that of calves' hoofs (such is very much the form of the 'lily-feet' which are the approved standard for beauty for all Chinese women of any social position).

A nice Chinese baby is a very attractive object, and some of these little toddlers were particularly so, in their quaintly picturesque native dress. We could not wonder that some seemed to have won special love from the motherly Sisters, who looked quite fondly on the trustful little creatures, which trotted about after them, clinging lamb-like, to the soft folds of their black robes.

Leaving the actual nurseries, we came to a play-room, where a considerable number of bigger children were rejoicing in a good healthy romp. I confess I thought their noise must be more trying to the nerves of the Sister in charge than even the wailing of the sick babies, but she seemed well pleased to see her flock so happy, and was thankful to have a share in rearing so many Christian women, each of whom may perhaps prove an influence for good hereafter—a faithful worker among her own people.

Already the French Catholic Sisters have made great way in establishing schools and hospitals. They have also trained a large number of Chinese lay Sisters to aid in various good works, and nice-looking women these are. The costume they adopt is a slight modification of their own national dress. The peculiar form is retained, but it is made of black material, the sleeves lined with blue. A close black head-dress partly covers the neatly-dressed, glossy hair, which is fastened with firm silvery pins.

This orphanage is but one out of many, established in different parts of China, by the Association known as 'L'Œuvre de la Sainte Enfance,' or sometimes called 'L'Œuvre des petits Chinois,' and which is supposed to be entirely supported by the alms of little children in France and Belgium. Its six principal stations are established at Hongkong, Canton, Ningpo, Shanghai, Tien-sin, and Peking, but in addition to these, a multitude of minor orphanages have been established in all parts of the empire, both in China and in Mongolia (and China means eighteen provinces, each the size of a small kingdom). Many of these

are entirely in charge of Chinese Sisters, who have taken vows as 'Vierges de la Sainte Enfance,' while others are subject to the same rules as the 'Sœurs de Saint Vincent de Paul.' All these having been carefully trained to some knowledge of medicine are provided with a few simple remedies, and are sent to endeavour by their means to obtain access to the homes of their countrywomen—to watch for opportunities of baptising dying children, and thus send multitudes of redeemed souls to plead in heaven for the conversion of their heathen parents—and also to save alive children who would else be doomed to death; and if need be, even to buy them for a small sum from parents in the last stage of destitution.

By this means a certain number of boys have been obtained—not more than ten per cent. of the total number of girls, but still a sufficient number, to stock several boy-orphanages. These are carefully trained, and if they show any aptitude for the 'religious life,' they are set apart for the service of the Church, and some are ordained as priests. Otherwise they receive a good industrial education, as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, artists, designers, printers, bookbinders, or agriculturalists; the latter receiving practical instruction on the farms of the Mission. It is of course intended that the boys thus trained shall grow up to be Christian husbands for the girls, who meanwhile are being taught to sew, embroider, keep house, and make themselves useful, and who will, in due time, be provided by the Mission, with the *trousseau* suitable for Chinese brides.

According to the statistics published by the Association of the Sainte Enfance in 1874, it had established 269 asylums, in which it harboured fifty thousand orphans. Besides this, it possessed twelve hundred schools, and three hundred dispensaries, where medicine for the body and good counsel for the soul were given gratis to all comers. It also owned thirty farms and 134 workshops of all sorts. It then ventured to hope that, ere many years had passed, these carefully-nurtured children, free from all ties to heathen families, would themselves form Christian homes in all parts of the empire, each of which should become a centre of good whence the true light might be extended.

Very dreadful particulars are given by the agents of the Holy Infancy, in certain districts, in which they found no family which had allowed more than two girls to live; and they even tell of instances in which inhuman mothers have deliberately drowned eight or nine children in succession, rather than allow the emissaries of the foreigners to rescue them. But these zealous lay-workers (who are described as '*les baptisours et les baptiseuses*') were not to be discouraged. They made their way not only among the Chinese, but even to the tents of the Mongols, and thus enabled the association to add to its statistics one year, no less than 380,700 baptisms effected just before death. To swell the number, in every great city where

it is possible to obtain a footing, the Chinese Christian women are sent out day by day, carrying a basket, to seek for the miserable children, which have been thrown out to perish by their inhuman parents. Beside lonely walls, in dry gutters, on patches of waste ground, under bushes, they find the poor little creatures, sometimes frozen to death, often cruelly bruised, having perhaps been thrown over a wall, to alight on a bank of hard stones. Occasionally they have even had to drive away the dogs, which disputed possession of the little corpse.

Where they find that life is not extinct, they carry the poor little sufferers to the asylum, and in the outer hall they find consecrated water, wherewith to sprinkle it, and thus secure its salvation and send another soul to heaven, in case their loving offices fail to recall it to earthly life and the service of the Church militant.

Naturally, such examples of mercy and love are not all lost upon the heathen mothers, and (without attributing undue weight to the intercessions of these newly baptised babies) we may well believe that many have been won by the 'chaste conversation' of the living; though probably a larger number of converts are made by the Medical Mission of St. Vincent de Paul, whose dispensaries are foremost amongst the practical attractions of the French Mission, and which have contrived to gain a footing in the dirty, dingy, native city, in the heart of the crowded population.

The same practical wisdom, has been displayed in the selection of a site for the great Roman Catholic cathedral at Shanghai, where I had the good fortune to be present at a very large gathering of the faithful. The cathedral is situated at Tonkadoo, one of the suburbs of the city. Thither we proceeded by the river. The occasion was the consecration of their new Bishop, and a very imposing ceremonial it was, with nothing omitted that could tend to impress the outward senses, and attract a people accustomed to the elaborate ritual and ecclesiastical display of Buddhism.

Leaving our boat, ten minutes' walk through a very low, squalid district of the Chinese town brought us to the cathedral, round which immense crowds had assembled, to see what they could of the great ceremonial. Already the interior was densely packed with about two thousand Chinese, all the men seated on one side and the women on the other. The middle aisle was guarded by about sixty Chinese soldiers, armed; others were ranged about the building, both without and within, carrying banners. Nothing was neglected which could heighten the scenic effect. The whole cathedral was brilliantly decorated with gay banners, flaunting Chinese flags bearing Christian mottoes; many gaily decked altars and pictures, and a canopy of the richest embroidery above the Bishop's throne.

The great organ is considered a very wonderful instrument; we were informed that it was made *entirely* of bamboo pipes. On the

present occasion, however, the music was conducted by the S. Cecilian Society of Portuguese singers, with their own band, and was excellent.

Though the church appeared crowded to overflowing, a word from the French Consul to one of the priests, secured us excellent places. My companion was taken to a small side gallery, overlooking the altar, reserved for French gentlemen, and a seat was found for me with the French Hospital Sisters—pleasant-looking women, dressed in black, with large white Normandy caps. We were admirably placed for seeing the whole ceremonial.

Four bishops were present, namely the new Bishop of Honkong (Monseigneur Garnier), Bishop Guierri of Ningpo, the Bishop of Hupeh (whose diocese includes Foochow), and the Bishop of Titopolis the two last-named bearing titles of ancient bishoprics, as is customary *in partibus infidelium*.

They entered in solemn procession, with about fifty priests, besides a multitude of acolytes. The display of gorgeous vestments was dazzling—the gold-embroidered copes and mitres. While Mass was being sung, there was the usual symbolic putting off and on of vestments, which is so very distracting to the uninitiated and unsympathetic. On this occasion, however, the meaning was obvious. The new Bishop put off the cope, and put on the symbolic sandals, the tunic, dalmatica, chasuble, and maniple, and assumed the pastoral staff.

During the Litany he lay prone on the altar steps; the Bishop of Ningpo as consecrator, and the other two Bishops laid hands upon him, and laid the Gospels on his head and shoulders. The choir sang *Veni Creator Spiritus*, while they anointed his head and hands. The Bishop of Ningpo then blessed the crozier and presented it; next he bestowed the episcopal amethyst ring, to be to him for evermore the symbol of his vows of eternal obedience, thus solemnly plighted, and a finely bound copy of the Gospels, and finally, all the three Bishops gave him the kiss of peace.

After the offertory, the new Bishop offered two wax candles, two loaves of bread, and two tiny casks of wine. Then the celebration of the mass was continued, the new Bishop and the Bishop of Ningpo communicating.

After the blessing, the Bishop of Ningpo blessed the mitre, and put it on the new Bishop; also the episcopal gloves, the former symbolising not only the 'helmet of salvation,' but also 'the Cloven Tongues like as of Fire,' which descended from Heaven and rested on the Apostles' heads, the latter showing that his hands must be kept pure from every defilement; and He then led him to the throne under the canopy, where he seated himself, crozier in hand. Then all stood before the high altar, and the Bishop of Ningpo intoned the *Te Deum*, while the new Bishop walked down the church and blessed the kneeling crowds.

Returning to the altar, he thanked the three Bishops,—knelt down three times,—then gave *The Peace*, after which all the Bishops unrobed. Then the whole procession, escorted by the Chinese soldiers and the banners, walked round the Cathedral grounds, heralded by trumpeters and a company of ten drummers.

We thought the crowds appeared to be considerably impressed by the ceremonial, and we felt inclined to wish that the poverty of our own missions did not necessitate such exceedingly ugly simplicity as that of the very bare chapels, which are the best that can be provided by the majority of the native converts. These, however, are staunch men and true, endowed with the stern determination and conviction which enables them to face the most cruel persecution, and in many cases has preserved them faithful unto death.

Such converts as these are not much influenced by ecclesiastical ornament, and only desire a haven of rest where they may meet to worship, if possible, without molestation.

Of course the churches provided by foreigners for their own use more nearly approach the ordinary types of British churches. That at Shanghai is exceptionally beautiful; indeed I know of none which can compare with it in any of our foreign settlements. Its beauty is partly due to its admirable proportions. It is cruciform, very lofty, with short transept, and beautifully lighted. In every detail the service is that of a very well-appointed church in England. It owes its existence entirely to the zeal and energy of Dean Butcher, and to his amazing talent for gathering, and holding together, and guiding, a very large and influential congregation.

This long digression has led me quite away from the poor babies. I was going to say that the sight of these hundred and sixty, and the knowledge that they were probably a mere handful of those who are left to perish in the neighbourhood of Shanghai alone, set me thinking how appalling must be the death-rate among the four hundred millions at which the population of the vast Chinese Empire is reckoned, supposing this to be anything approaching to an average.

Undoubtedly there are pitying hearts, even among the still heathen population, for among the various charitable institutions in large towns, we find that foundling hospitals are included. These are designed specially to receive unwelcome baby girls (for no one cares to part with a son). Many of these little ones are adopted by well-to-do families, with a view to their eventually becoming secondary wives for the sons of the house, and are then sent out to nurse.

But the poor little creatures who, from neglect in early infancy, have no childish promise of future beauty, are left at the Foundling Hospital, where they are assigned to wet-nurses, who receive four shillings a month as wages, and a trifling allowance for getting the baby's head shaved. As might be expected, these hospitals are described as dirty, miserable places, with no pretence of comfort or cleanliness in the

damp, dark rooms, which are set apart as nurseries for the doubly rejected children, whom no one wants, and who are generally diseased, deformed, idiotic, or blind.

Such Chinese charitable institutions as I chanced to visit were, for the most part, of the same uninviting sort, and were chiefly almshouses for old men and women, and places where old clothes, money, or rice, were distributed to the needy. Doubtless, however, these are better looked after, in some places than in others.

Thus Mrs. Parker, writing from Soochow, describes an 'Old Woman's Home,' in which about four hundred poor women were housed—four in a room. The rooms are arranged in long rows, all opening upon courts, and only one story high, so they are virtually like separate cottages. Though so crowded, this place is clean and tidy, and the inmates work at embroidery, shoemaking, &c., to enable them to earn a little money to buy the incense, candles, and other things required for worship at the idol temple; needless to say, one room in the institution is set apart for the service of the idol, and the managers of the institution watch jealously lest any of the ladies from the Christian Mission should attempt to influence the inmates, who are warned that, if they want the foreigner's religion, they must leave the Home, and go and eat the foreigner's rice.

Though most of the two hundred inmates are old women, some are admitted in youth, generally on account of some personal affliction. Some are insane, others only idiotic; some are blind, some lame, some deaf—a cheerful company!

Another of the charitable institutions at Soochow is a Widows' Home for ladies of good family. It is called 'The Hall of Rest for Pure Widows,' under which head are included not only faithful widows who do not ambition a second marriage, but also those true-hearted maidens who, having been betrothed in early youth, have vowed, on the death of their affianced spouse, to remain faithful to his memory.

So great a virtue is this esteemed in the Celestial Empire, that in various parts of the country I have seen really magnificent and most picturesque triumphal arches of fine stone-work, erected in honour of such unwedded brides, or faithful widows. They are really beautiful structures, of an essentially Chinese type, but some are so intricate in their construction that I cannot think of any way in which to describe them. You may imagine a triple stone archway (but then, it has a flat top); above this is a heterogeneous mass, perhaps forty feet in height, of exquisitely carved figures, animals, Chinese characters, and stone fret-work, all carved through and through, so as to be transparent and show the blue sky beyond. These strange monuments are dotted about the country without any obvious connection with anything, and have been erected at great expense, and, in every case, by special permission of the Emperor.

The 'Hall of Rest' for these faithful widows of Soochow is described

as a large building, with vestibules, courts, and halls, such as are common in all great Chinese houses. Here there are a hundred and fifty women, with about three hundred children, and thirteen resident managers with their families and servants. The general plan of the institution is the same as that of the 'Old Women's Home,' namely, long rows of single-storied rooms, but they are neat and comfortable, and there are only two beds in each room; any lady who prefers a room to herself, can have it. Indeed, if she is able to pay a trifling sum, she may have two rooms, and keep a servant.

At the entrance to the women's department there is a large hall set apart as an idol temple. This also acts as a sort of general sitting-room. In this hall are laid great piles of second-hand clothes for distribution among the poor, either within the institution or in the city.

There is yet another establishment in Soochow of the same kind, but it is on rather a finer scale, and is for the use of poor ladies of higher social standing.

During my somewhat prolonged stay in the great city of Foochow, I received much kindness from a wealthy mandarin of the name of Ahok. As a successful merchant he has acquired large wealth, and large and far-reaching are his deeds of charity. One of the first things I heard concerning him was that, three years previously, he had been so moved by the thought of the multitude of baby girls destroyed by their own mothers, that he had made a general announcement to the effect that he would make a certain allowance of rice, for a given period, to every woman who, purposing to drown her baby, would abstain from doing so, and rear it for him. It speaks volumes for the wretched poverty of the people to learn how comparatively small a dole of rice is a sufficient bribe to secure the life of a child.

It is not necessary to continue this dole for many months, because when the first worry of rearing the baby is over, the mother generally becomes attached to it, and will shield it from harm. Consequently, while Mr. Ahok's list of pensioners was continually receiving accessions, it was also periodically weeded. During the prolonged period of the famine, I am told that no less than five hundred names were therein enrolled, and even at the time when I first had the honour of making his acquaintance, he was allowing monthly rice to over three hundred mothers, on account of that number of tiny girls.

All this time I have not touched on the mainspring of the evil—the cause why boys rank so highly in favour, while girls are not considered worth rearing. It is from no idea of real female inferiority as regards her general position in the world, but solely for the one intensely selfish motive that, as a woman is not capable of offering sacrifice to appease the spirits of her ancestors (though she may pray to them on her own account), her existence is of comparatively small value to her parents, who look to the offerings made, after their death, by their eldest son, or his direct male heir, as their only hope of release from

purgatory, and comfort in the life to come—in that world which they recognise only as ‘the World of Darkness,’ as opposed to ‘the World of Light,’ which is China.

Thus we arrive at Ancestor Worship, which is the keynote of all existence in the Celestial Empire. Reverence for ancestors, but, above all, fear of ancestors, is the chief motive power which regulates every action of life, by every man in the vast Empire, from the Emperor on his throne to the poorest coolie in the market-place.

The great Confucius (whose wise sayings have become a fossilised system which holds the entire Chinese race in abject subjection to the swaddling clothes of a bygone age) inculcated filial reverence as the primary obligation of mankind. In the letter, but by no means in the spirit, do his disciples fulfil this injunction. Their notions of filial duty all begin after the death of their parents. It is stated, by those who know most about Chinese domestic life, that no race in the whole world are so arrogantly insolent to their parents, or so cruelly neglectful of their wants (of course, I only speak of those whose natural inclinations are unkind and selfish).

But no matter how bad a son may have been from his boyhood till the hour when his miserable parents die, very possibly from neglect—from that hour his whole anxiety centres in appeasing their anger by such prayers and offerings as shall ensure their comfortable reception in the spirit world, lest, by any means, they should return to torment him, accompanied by a multitude of spirits more vicious than themselves. So the undutiful son is at once transformed into a most punctilious observer of every religious form required in ancestral worship.

I suppose it is quite impossible for any one, who has not had long experience of this extraordinary and incomprehensible race, to realise the extent to which these motives influence domestic and social life, permeating all things, even such as at first sight would appear to have no sort of connection with the subject.

Why does a Chinaman object to my building a top story to my house? Because my doing so may disturb the *Fung Shui*, those gracious influences which are for ever flowing from the sweet south, and which now come straight over the city to the hall of his ancestral tablets, or to the graves where his dead are laid.

Why does he object to the making of a railway? Because the whole country is dotted with ancestral graves, each of which has been dug on a site selected after long consideration, and repeated payments to a soothsayer deeply versed in the mysteries of *Fung Shui*—a spot selected as that of all others most certain to attract those gentle southern influences, and well shielded from all baneful blasts from the chill north. So to make a railway, would stir up the spirits of countless past generations, and let loose on the country a whole army of unquiet and malevolent ghosts.

Is it desirable to erect a windmill or a watermill? Great con-

sultation is requisite before perpetrating a deed which may so greatly disturb the influences of air and water.

Do I wish to build a high wall on my own honestly purchased land? My neighbour may object that, by so doing, I turn aside the course of the spirits, who always come from that particular quarter to do him good. So if I persist in building my wall, the chances are that he will raise a mob and come to pull it down, and neither the Chinese nor the British authorities will move a finger to obtain redress for me. (They certainly would not do so were I a missionary, though for a merchant, some exertion would be made.) If, on the other hand, I venture to pull down an old wall on my own land, my neighbour may be equally annoyed, as I thereby open a straight course by which malevolent spirits may reach him from an unlucky quarter.

It is confidently believed that spirits can only move in a direct line, therefore any obstacle in their path effectually diverts their course; therefore, the man who wishes to shield his house from annoying invasion of troublesome spirits builds a bit of wall larger than his door, and exactly facing it, on the outside. The flight of spirits approaching, instead of rushing in at an open gateway, strike this wall, and their course is turned aside. It never occurs to them to double round the wall, and so find their way in.

For this same reason, when a female baby has been killed, the body must be carried to the grave by a very zigzag path, in order to puzzle the baby spirit, should it wish to avenge itself on its unnatural parents.

In one form or another, these two intermingling subjects, ancestor-worship and Fung Shui, will assuredly force themselves on the notice of every new comer before he has been in China for many hours, but vainly will he seek anything like a simple explanation of the mysterious, undefinable Fung Shui. Monsignor Gentili, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ningpo, described it to me as being the path of the Great Dragon, who rushes through the air, just above the houses, spouting blessings in showers from his nostrils. If, in his flight, he should strike against a high building, he goes off at an angle, and the houses beyond lose their share of blessing.

This appears to be as good a definition of the undefinable as we can hope to obtain, and it is thoroughly Chinese, for the shadowy, indefinite Dragon recurs again and again in a thousand forms in everything. He receives worship in the temple; his image, carved and gilt, is twined beneath the eaves, and around the ridge-pole. He figures in gorgeous embroideries of silk and gold, surrounded by symbolic waves, flames, and clouds, and holding in one claw the mystic jewel.

Oftenest of all, and most shadowy of all, he appears to us in some masterly scroll (a great silken roll hanging on the wall, probably mounted on a black or very dark silk mount). It is a study in Indian ink, and not till we have gazed for a while do we clearly discern the awful head of the horned Dragon—the convolutions of his snake-like

body and horrid claws appearing here and there, only half revealed, by reason of the misty clouds, flames, and waves, all of which are unmistakably indicated, and suggest those natural forces which he controls.

Whatever may be the exact meaning suggested to a Chinaman's mind by this mysterious word, it is certain that a whisper of 'Fung Shui' raised by the literati, and passed on to the populace, suffices at any moment to inflame their deadliest superstitions and incite them to all manner of mischief. Each man takes it personally, and as a warning cry that something is being done which may annoy his dead ancestors, in which case they will inevitably begin by taking vengeance on him.

The whole life of the living is one long, never-ceasing slavery to the dead, not from love, but from grovelling fear. The Chinaman believes that he possesses three souls. At his death, one of these remains with the corpse, in the house or the grave; the second guards the ancestral tablet, on which his name must forthwith be inscribed, and which must after be kept in a place of honour in his son's house, or conveyed to the ancestral hall, where the tablets of all his ancestors are ranged on shelves and tables. (The tablet is a wooden slab, perhaps two feet in height, on which are inscribed the name and the honourable titles of the dead. It is mounted in a richly carved and gilded stand, and before it are laid various offerings of food.)

The third soul goes forth into the other world, which, though a world of darkness instead of light, is in every other respect the counterpart of this. It is ruled by officials of all the same grades, from the Emperor down to the smallest magistrate, and its inhabitants are subject to all the same requirements of clothing, money, food, houses, horses, opium pipes, and all other things which form the necessities and luxuries of this world. But none of these things are to be obtained there, so the newly-arrived dead is absolutely dependent on his male heir to provide the offerings, which, by the simple process of burning them, are at once transmitted to him in the spirit world.

Many and great are the expenses to which a family is subjected through the death of one member. First of all, they must immediately burn all his best clothes, and those things which gave him most pleasure in this world, that he may make a respectable appearance on arriving in the other. Then they must provide a new set of festival clothes in which to array the corpse, and must buy the handsomest coffin they can possibly afford. A great religious service must be held in the house, and the Buddhist or Taoist priests must be well paid, and all kinsmen and friends who assemble to worship before the ancestral tablet must be entertained for two or three days.

Then a professor of Fung Shui is called on to fix upon a lucky site for the grave and a lucky day for the burial, and you may be certain that neither will be discovered till the professor feels certain he can extract no more pay by delays.

When the funeral is over, another great religious ceremony is held in the house, lasting three days, when all the priests must be present,

to exorcise the spirits of the dead man's new friends, and drive them from the house.

Probably, ere long, it will be revealed to some priest (who from his well-known spirituality is certainly deep in the counsels of the purgatorial gods) that the poor dead man is in sore tribulation, and that only by a long course of expensive religious services on earth can he possibly hope for release. The family dare not refuse. Social custom would compel the men to give in, even should fear of vengeance fail—and the women are always tender-hearted to the suffering dead—so, after vainly struggling to beat down the prices of the priests, the unlucky family agree to pay a given sum, which they produce. They may be pretty sure, however, that the screw will be put on further, and that they will be compelled to pay other demands, even if to do so they must pawn their own clothes, ere the priests will give them the comfortable assurance that their friends have escaped from the awful fiery pit where they were tormented by demons.

A great beating of gongs and letting off of fire-crackers announce that the long incantations of the priests have wrought this great deliverance, and the impoverished relations are relieved from this particular form of anxiety, but only till the next time, when the priests may see their way to renew the former fiction!

I happened to be staying at a Buddhist monastery to the north of Ningpo (the monastery of the Heavenly Child) at a time when no less than three wealthy families were there on pilgrimage, in order to have a series of masses sung for the repose of their dead. I was present at several of these highly ritualistic services, at various hours of day and night. They were held in the temple of the Goddess of Mercy, who is generally represented with a young child in her arms and the dragon beneath her feet, one of the many strange analogies which exist between our own most sacred mysteries, and those of Buddhism. I honestly confess that some of the services held in the semi-obscurity of that vast, dimly-lighted temple, in the calm presence of the three gigantic gilded images of Buddha (all exactly alike), were to my feeling very impressive, and I know that I greatly scandalised my companion by not being properly shocked at all this rampant heathenism.

I certainly was rather astonished, when, in the middle of one of the midnight services, some of the ladies of the party came up to us and entered freely into conversation with my friend, asking her to go to their room and tell them about 'the doctrine,' meaning Christianity; and some would not wait, but insisted on hearing a good deal then and there, while the yellow-robed Buddhist priests were droning through the long litanies for the dead.

These ladies told us that they were each paying 12*l.* a day, *i.e.* three families were paying 36*l.* a day for these services, besides their expenses of travel and lodging at the monastery. They had already been detained there a week, and had been subject to the same expense the previous year.

The sums thus expended in connection with the worship of the dead are almost incredible. I heard a calculation once made by one who was well entitled to know what he spoke of, and he stated his belief that fully thirty million dollars are annually expended in China at the three great festivals in honour of the dead. Just imagine! 6,000,000%. a year devoted to ancestral worship, instead of going to support the starving beggars. In addition to the above, by calculating the average expenditure of each family at a dollar and a half a year, he computed that fully a hundred and fifty million dollars are annually spent in quieting the spirits!!

To understand this, you must know that each of the three souls requires separate offerings—prayers, food, incense, and candles are required before the ancestral tablet, at the grave, and to the departed. The latter requires oft-renewed burnt offerings. After the first outfit of *real* articles, it suffices to burn paper effigies of the things required. So a vast number of men and women, who should be working at things useful to the community, are employed in the ceaseless manufacture of shoe-shaped lumps of paper money, covered with tin foil, to represent ounces of silver, or in making paper clothes, cardboard houses, horses, palanquins, life-sized images of attendants, and a thousand other articles, which are solemnly burnt at the graves, at the great annual festivals of the dead, when every Chinaman, at whatever personal inconvenience, should visit his ancestral graves to offer the orthodox prayers and sacrifices, and tidy the graves.

So at these seasons the whole population is in movement. The graves are not gathered together in cemeteries, but widely scattered all over the country, wherever the professor of Fung Shui may have decided that they should be placed—generally on a lonely hillside, as sloping ground seems to be preferred. These days are rather of the nature of festivals, for, though some of the women weep and wail most piteously, the majority rather enjoy the day's outing, with the prospect of eating all the nice cakes, roast pork, roast duck, and other delicacies, and of drinking the pleasant samshu or rice-wine, which the ancestors, happily, only care to smell, so that their dutiful descendants may safely feast on these unwonted good things ere returning home.

Probably each family carries several long strings of the paper money aforesaid, representing coin of divers values; the wine is carried in joints of bamboo, which serve as nature-made bottles. On reaching the grave, the ground is quickly weeded, and all the place made tidy. All the good things are spread on little dishes in front of the tomb, and the children then commence violently beating brass gongs or cymbals to arouse the dead. The leader of the party dons a long blue robe, and the red-tasselled hat worn by the literary class, and proceeds to read the special liturgy appointed for this occasion.

The paper money and incense are next burnt, the grave is strewn with yellow papers, and the dutiful family remove the food, the essence

of which has been absorbed by the dead, and gratefully, do the living consume their very substantial leavings.

The ceremonial wailing of which I spoke just now is certainly very painful to witness, and, even if we could believe that it was prompted by no affection, it would still suggest great suffering to the mourner. The house in which I lived at Foochow was on a hill, all dotted with picturesque horse-shoe-shaped graves. It was a capital post for quietly observing funeral ceremonies, and many such I noted with great interest.

But there was one poor widow, whose proceedings I watched day after day with never-ceasing wonder. She always arrived about the same time; then she sat down on the grave and commenced wailing. Though the effect was undeniably theatrical, it was inexpressibly sad. Gradually she worked herself up to a pitch of apparent agony, and lay prone on the grave, weeping and wailing, and calling on the dead by every endearing name. By the time when we supposed she must be stupefied with crying, and her head aching, a young woman always came to fetch her. Then she arose, tidied her dress, and the two walked off together quite pleasantly.

The service of the dead is not left to individual caprice. It is far too important to the State to make sure that there are no malevolent spirits going about for any excuse to be allowed. Therefore should the parents of any great officer of State die while he is in office, no matter how inconvenient to public affairs his absence may prove, he must of necessity return home and remain in private life (attending to these sacred duties) for many weeks. Even in sentencing a criminal who is worthy of severe punishment, the judge takes care to ascertain whether either of his parents has died recently, and whether he is the eldest son, as in that case he condemns him to a far lighter sentence, not daring to commit an heir to prison for such a time as to prevent his attending to the ancestral worship.

You see then how this system permeates all things in China, and you can understand what an overpowering barrier it presents to progress of all sorts, but most especially to that of Christianity. A man may be fully persuaded in his own mind that Christianity is good, but how can he be guilty of professing his faith when by that act he must cease worshipping his poor ancestors, and consign all his dead for the last four generations to the lamentable condition of beggar-spirits, dependent on their meagre share of chance offerings, from the charity of the general public.

Perhaps he himself may have so far realised the teaching of Christianity, as to be convinced that his dead ancestors require no aid from him; still it is hard to say so, to be misjudged and scouted by all his fellows, condemned by all his superiors, and, worst of all, subject to the blame, the entreaties, the tears of all his women folk—his mother and his wives—to say nothing of his ‘sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,’ all with one accord pleading for the unhappy dead.

Worse still, there are not lacking instances in which parents have come to a son, whom they knew to be halting between two opinions, and have deliberately informed him that, should he so disgrace the family as to become a Christian, they would at once commit suicide. You see, by becoming a Christian, he unfitted himself for the performance of his duties as their heir, and became practically as useless as if he had been a girl. Consequently, as his life was not worth preserving, they would at least take their vengeance, and, according to Chinese law, the man who by his misdeeds drives his parents to kill themselves, is a malefactor worthy of the worst form of death, namely, decapitation, which ensures his signal punishment in the next world, where headless spirits receive very small pity.

From all this you can form some slight estimate of the courage and determination required in the man who resolves to declare himself a Christian. There *can* be no hiding of his light before men. It almost seems as if the danger and persecution to be faced must be sufficient to deter any from joining the Church.

Yet one by one, in distant villages far apart, men have found courage to declare their convictions, and to stand so staunch amid cruel persecution and derision, that each one has become a centre of light, communicating the Divine ray to others, so that, after years of solitary endurance, the first Christian in the district finds that others are inclined to listen to him, and very soon after a beginning is made (perhaps he has first waited, and prayed, and striven, for ten or twelve years), but once the movement begins, many take courage to join him, and so it has already come to pass that a multitude of small congregations are being formed in many parts of the great Empire, which, like little lumps of leaven, are now beginning to work, and may perchance, in due season, transform the whole mass.

I have been present at a few such meetings of infant congregations, where truly a 'little flock' scarcely outnumbered the 'two or three' who claimed the promise of the Master's presence. And then, a few days later, I have seen large devout congregations in which the majority were communicants, where, but a few short years ago, the name of Christ had never been heard.

But I wish especially to speak of a few details in connection with one family—namely that of Mr. Ahok of Foochow—he whom I mentioned as so liberal and zealous in his determination to save the doomed daughters of his race.

At that time, though assuredly a Christian in heart and in love, he could not see his way to profess himself one. Besides the difficulties in giving up ancestral worship, there were very perplexing doubts involved in the question of whether he must shut up all his various houses of business on Sunday—not as a question of gain (though of course it was a serious sacrifice to give up the seventh day, when none of his competitors, British or Chinese, did so), but because it was

making a day of enforced idleness for the very numerous heathen employed in his large business houses.

During my stay in Foochow, he was most anxious that I should see everything that was most interesting, and most characteristic of Chinese life, and frequently invited me to his own house, to make acquaintance with his wife and family. One day he invited a large party of his European friends to luncheon, that he might initiate me into some of the mysteries of Chinese food, especially that birds' nest soup, which sounds so strange in our ears, but which, when it appears at table, is scarcely to be distinguished from very good beef-tea. It is, in fact, pure isinglass, which a certain sea-swallow collects, therewith to make a shell-like lining for its nest; which, when all the feathers have been picked out, resembles the upper shell of an oyster, or rather, of a pecten. The most remarkable thing about the soup is its price, which amounts to about half a guinea for a small cupful.

From the 'foreign settlement' on the green hill of graves, we were as usual carried to our destination in sedan chairs. The way lay through the dirty slums of the poor quarter of the town—long, narrow, crowded streets of dingy little shops. We were beginning to wonder when we should reach the beautiful house of which we had heard so much, when suddenly our chair-bearers stopped before a gate in a dead wall in the street. We entered, and within, all was like a scene in fairyland. In the great outer courtyard, our kind host and his grown up sons came forward to receive us, and led us through a succession of open courts and large airy halls, furnished with seats and tables of the beautifully carved black Canton woodwork (which is so infinitely handsomer and more solid than the fine black-wood furniture of Bombay).

But on this day the seats and tables were covered with the scarlet and gold embroideries always used on high festivals. From the roof hung beautifully painted lamps adorned with silken fringes and tassels. The outer hall was decorated with much fine wood-carving and gilding, and here was reared the domestic altar, at which the ladies of the household continued to offer worship and sacrifice to their ancestors.

Our host led us to an inner chamber, where we were pleasantly welcomed by his pretty wife, who was exquisitely dressed in robes of the richest silk, stiff with the very finest embroidery in silken needlework. She is a 'lily-footed' lady, and her poor little feet have (by the usual course of prolonged torture), been reduced to such proportions that her dainty little embroidered shoes are just two inches in length. Mr. Ahok very kindly presented me with several pairs of these pretty little shoes made for various members of his family, but I persuaded him to let me have some which had actually been worn, feeling sure that, otherwise, my friends in England would certainly believe that they were only doll's shoes.

In this patriarchal home, we were presented to our host's mother,

the wives of his sons (by a former marriage), a daughter, a much-prized baby grandson, and an adopted one—for the one bitter drop in the cup of the pretty wife was that no son had blessed her marriage, so after vainly waiting through eleven long years, she had given up all hope of becoming a mother, and had, therefore, according to Chinese custom, adopted a baby boy six weeks old, whom her husband received as his own son. Furthermore, in accordance with Chinese custom, we exchanged particulars as to our 'honourable ages,' and we learnt that she had already attained her thirty-fifth year. We felt inclined to say, as we truly thought, that she looked younger, but that would have been uncivil, as, in China, advanced years are honourable, and youth is of no account.

The ladies took us through many pretty rooms—bedrooms with beautifully carved bedsteads, each inclosed in a sort of little self-contained dressing-room of handsome wood carving, within which are arranged all requisites for the toilet. Rich embroideries hung from the top of the beds, and bright-coloured rich coverlets took the place of counterpanes. Each member of the household showed us his or her own room, and also the Chinese reception-rooms, all carpeted, and all very handsome.

Then they took us up stairs, to an upper story arranged exactly like a foreign house, and furnished entirely with foreign goods. Everything was in good taste and very comfortable. Of course it is only in a family of very advanced views that the ladies of the household would mix at all with even the men of their own family, still less with guests from the outer world. I have been received into the homes of several wealthy mandarins, who have entertained me sumptuously, but my interview with their women folk had to be an altogether separate business, the husband conducting me to the door of the women's apartments, and there handing me over to the care of his mother, who in due season brought me out to return me to that of her son, after a dreary half hour spent in mutual examination of clothes and jewelry, which seem to be the sole topics of interest to these richly-dressed and highly-roused young ladies, in their dull lives of enforced seclusion.

But in the present instance social and family life was on a pleasant, easy footing, and when the invited guests had assembled, we found ourselves a very cheery party of twenty persons, including the Bishop of Victoria (Hongkong) and Mrs. Burdon, and various members of the English and American Missions.

Presently we sat down to an excellent but very long luncheon, in *twenty-five courses*! As the one stranger present, I was placed on my host's left hand, which in China is the post of highest honour. He furnished me with a *menu*, written in Chinese character, with a translation for my special benefit, and he kindly explained the nature of the multifarious dishes as they were served, one by one.

I think I tasted *everything*, certainly everything uncommon, and

indeed I thought all the special dishes very good. We had birds'-nest soup with doves' eggs, *bêche-de-mer* soup, soup of ducks' tongues, all served in delicate little bowls of the finest china, and dainty little dishes of all sorts and kinds. Then almond tea and hot samshu were served in exquisite silver cups. Each guest had a tiny silver plate for soy, mustard, and pickles, and a very lovely silver spoon, of the peculiar Chinese form.

I must not linger to tell you more concerning my pleasant interviews with this most hospitable and generous family.

Not many months after my departure from China, I received tidings that our good friend had found courage to face the torrent of reviling that beyond all question awaited him when he openly declared himself a Christian, and publicly received baptism. He stood alone, for no other member of his family could face the wrath of the living and of the dead. I grieve to have to add that the most scornful scoffing came, not from heathen countrymen, but from certain prominent Europeans, nominally Christians, but who by word and example have invariably assumed an attitude of antagonism to all Missionary work in China.

Some months elapsed, and news reached me that the darling little adopted son was dangerously ill. The Chinese doctors could do nothing for him. At last Mrs. Ahok consented that her husband should consult the foreign doctor. The latter positively refused to prescribe, unless a responsible English woman could be found, who would watch the patient, and undertake to see his directions exactly carried out. It so happened that at that moment a lady of the C.M.S. Mission, who had charge of a flourishing school for Chinese girls, had dismissed them for their holidays. She at once agreed to undertake this kind office, and was soon duly installed in charge of the sick room. It proved a long illness, and one calling for much patient care, which was at length rewarded by the complete recovery of the boy.

This was perhaps the first time on record that an English lady had actually lived in the home of a Chinese lady, and you can understand with what intense curiosity, her every movement was watched.

Not a detail of her toilet was to be missed; but what she felt especially trying, was the extreme interest bestowed on her when she knelt in prayer, or sought a quiet time for Scripture reading. At last she felt this so oppressive, that she rose one morning very much earlier than usual, to secure the blessing of an hour *alone*. At the accustomed time, came the inquisitive old mother (who all the time was doubly attentive to her own devotions, before the ancestral altar). As usual, she stood about on watch, but when noon came, she could stand it no longer. 'You have never prayed to-day,' she said. 'Oh, yes,' said Miss F——, 'but I got up early, that I might be alone.' 'Why,' said the old lady, 'surely you do not mind being looked at when you pray?' Miss F—— explained that she would certainly prefer solitude, greatly to the astonishment of her watchful guardian.

Of course she did not lose so excellent an opportunity of working in

the Master's cause; but she did feel perplexed when, one morning, the wife came to her, and said, 'You say that your God hears prayer, and gives you what you ask Him for. If you ask Him to give me a son, will He do so?' Miss F—— replied that undoubtedly He *could* do so, should He see fit, but that it might not be for her good that He should grant such a prayer, adding, 'If He *should* give you a son, would you become a Christian?' This she would not promise, but replied that certainly the son should be one; and finally made Miss F—— promise that every day while she was there, she would kneel beside her, and ask for this great blessing—her one heart's desire.

The adopted son recovered. The English lady left Foochow for a while, and several months elapsed ere she returned to her work in that city. On doing so, she issued invitations to several of her Chinese friends to come and see her. Many responded, but her chief friend was conspicuous by her absence. Wondering at this, she soon found an opportunity to visit her at her own house, and asked her why she had not come to welcome her.

'Why! how could I come?' she replied. 'Have you forgotten what you prayed for?' In truth, that prayer, like many another offered in half faith, had indeed well-nigh passed from a memory crowded with the busy events of every day's work. So it was in hesitating unbelief that the lady replied, 'No, I have not forgotten. But——?' 'Well! your prayer has been granted, and very soon I shall have a son!'

So spake the heathen mother. But the Christian lady (like those early Christians who prayed without ceasing for the liberation of S. Peter, yet who greeted the messenger who announced that their prayer had been granted with the exclamation, 'Thou art mad!')^{*} could not believe the words spoken by the woman; nor was it till her own hands received this specially God-given son, that she fully believed that her doubting prayer had received so gracious an answer.

True to her word, the thankful mother desired that her son should immediately receive Christian baptism, and this baby is generally known in the family as 'The Christian-doctrine child.' Yet for some months she herself still shrank from abandoning the gods of her fathers. It was not for very long, however, and a recent letter from her husband announces the glad tidings that his wife and mother and some other members of the family have all joined the Christian Church.

I cannot forbear quoting a few words from this good man's own letter, written in English: 'I am happy to tell you that on the 18th June (1882) my mother and wife and my brother and his wife were baptised. I hope they will carry on Christian work, and be able to live as true and earnest Christians.

'A few days later my brother's wife gave birth to a baby boy. The mother and baby are both doing well. I think it is a special gift from God, and I hope the babe may grow up to be the means of doing God's work, and be a comfort to his parents.'

^{*} Acts xii. 5, 15.

The letter goes on to say that he now has two Christian meetings every week at his store, and a monthly one at his house. He speaks of family difficulties arising from the fact of one of his daughters being betrothed to the son of a heathen family, who, though she is living in her father's house, have the right to control her actions, and will not allow her to go to school or to church, but constantly speak evil of the Christians.

He also speaks of the difficulties he feels in regard to the Fourth Commandment, inasmuch as closing his business houses on Sundays would be so unfair to all the heathen in his employment. Right or wrong, there is no reason to fear that to one like him (so willing to do what he believes to be the will of God) the way will not ere long be made plain.

He is one whose faith is truly proved by his readiness to every good work. Besides most liberal annual contributions to the hospitals of the medical mission, and to the Christian schools, he has recently paid two thousand dollars towards a college for the American Mission at Foochow, and has further bought a property near one of the Christian out-stations, where he has fitted up a commodious house in European style, to be a place of rest and refreshment for tired-out and over-worked Missionaries of all denominations.

Ere laying down my pen I would ask the readers of these pages to consider whether they cannot do *something* to help in the formation of a special mission of English ladies to teach their Chinese sisters in their own homes. Never before has this been possible, but now the door is opening, and unless some enter in while the present opportunity offers it may close again as closely as of yore.

While Miss F—— was living in Mr. Ahok's house, she made acquaintance with several other wealthy families, who came to condole over the child's illness. To her amazement, she was cordially invited to visit them also, in their own homes, and, though perfectly aware that her primary object was to teach the Christian faith and practice, several mandarins (themselves heathen) urged her to come and instruct their poor ignorant wives.

Unfortunately it was quite impossible for Miss F—— to avail herself of these invitations, as she already had her hands over full of work, and was moreover conscious of failing health, which has since led to the doctors ordering her to leave China. She is now, however, in London, earnestly endeavouring to form a special band of ladies fitted for this most difficult task. I need scarcely say that it is such work as only a special few could possibly accomplish. It is not enough that there should be 'a willing mind' and a zealous love to the Master; there must also be a power of influencing others, a clear judgment, a loving heart, unbounded patience, and that rare talent, the power of teaching.

Her physical strength is a serious consideration, and whether she can stand the climate, which to some constitutions is found so trying.

She must have a talent for languages, to enable her to master the most difficult of all tongues, to speak it gracefully, and to read it in its own puzzling characters.

One of her most important studies must be that of the wearisome etiquette, on which no nation lays so great stress as do the Chinese. The formulas of speech—the civilities to be observed on entering or leaving a house, on welcoming guests or bidding them farewell—where and when to sit and when to stand—how to behave at table and on every other conceivable occasion—all these are among the topics that must be thoroughly mastered by the English lady who desires to make so good an impression on a Chinese household as to make her presence and her teaching acceptable.

Already a few workers have come forward who seem to fulfil these requirements, and who are ready to devote their lives to this labour of love. Some are already under training, and are now receiving such medical tuition as is considered almost essential. More ladies are urgently needed, for truly the harvest is plenteous and the labourers few. There are multitudes of homes to which admission may shortly be obtained, in which wives and mothers are now carefully training their sons to most devout ancestral worship, that mainspring of Antichrist, which lies at the root of all evil in China, and which forms the one insuperable bar to all progress. Win the mothers and the sons will follow suit. This is indeed laying the axe to the root of the wide-spreading tree of Chinese heathenism.

Picture to yourselves such a mission-field for women's work as is here offered to those able and willing to undertake it. As a sample, I will speak of one home. It is a large house, with eighty inhabitants—five generations there live together in patriarchal style. Many of these ladies *have not been out of the house for years*. And what have they to occupy them indoors? Embroidery, dress, possibly children to play with, making cakes and other things as temple offerings, and the never-failing worship of the dead.

To this house there enters an English lady, and the inmates of the big house crowd around her, and plead, '*Do stay and teach us;*' but she has other work to attend to, and is compelled to leave them.

Shall they be left? Has not Britain daughters who are fitted for this work, and who, for their Saviour's sake, will undertake it?

The terrible difficulties which attended the beginning of the Mission have been already in a measure overcome. (Though in truth each month brings grievous news of persecutions endured by the converts, with such fortitude and long-suffering as may well put most Christians to shame.) Still the leaven has been successfully introduced at many points, and a great advance in woman's work was effected when it was found possible to train middle-aged Chinese women, and send them as Bible-women to teach their neighbours. In some places they are sent out, two and two, in order to teach wherever they can find opportunity, and as a Chinaman greatly venerates an educated woman, it is found

that in seeking to win the women they very frequently influence the men also, and lead them to forsake idolatry.

But the case in point is how to carry the light into the dull homes of ladies whose social status now holds them prisoners. This, we have seen, can only be done by Christian ladies, who can secure their respect by attention to externals as well as to essentials. And we fear that comparatively few will be found who can fulfil these requirements.

There is, however, one respect in which every reader of these words may help, without leaving her own fireside. Already some have been found ready to give themselves up to the work, but they cannot go 'except they be sent.' The Church Missionary Society (which would gladly aid in taking up a work which thus seemed to force itself on a member of the C.M.S. Mission) is hampered by innumerable calls from every corner of the earth, which its funds are unable to meet. The Church of England Zenana Mission Society has decided that it must raise at least 3,000*l.* as an extension fund for the Indian Zenana Mission, before it can possibly undertake this fresh responsibility; so that the commencement of the Ladies' Mission in China *must*, in the first instance, be a matter for private enterprise. But, should funds be forthcoming, there is no reason why the Mission should not be commenced next autumn.

If workers are to be sent out, their heavy travelling expenses must first be paid, and then such an annual income must be secured to them as shall leave them free from care concerning food, lodging, and clothing and able to devote their whole energies to this singular form of social duty.

Contributions for this object are earnestly requested, and will be gladly received by the lady to whom I have alluded in these pages. Gifts of money are of course the most directly valuable, but contributions of all sorts will be welcomed.

It is proposed to hold a sale of such offerings, in London, early in the spring; and meanwhile all are invited to show their interest in the Mission by either working themselves, or collecting among their friends.

Clothes for the poor, baskets, illuminations, paintings, useful things of all sorts, will be most welcome gifts for this sale, and should be sent early in March to the LADY BEAUJOLAIS DENT, 20, Thurloe Square, London, S.W.

Contributions in money may be remitted either as above, or else to Mrs. FAGO (late Missionary among the Chinese), Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXCVI.

1604—1607.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

JAMES I. had as little toleration for Roman Catholicism as for Puritanism. Perhaps he personally disliked it less, but he wished to convince the kingdom of his impartiality, and therefore publicly declared that he would rather none of his children should reign than that they should leave the English Church.

Moreover, he quickened the execution of the penal laws, banishing the priests and exacting fines from recusants. The families of gentlemen had under Elizabeth paid 20*l.* per lunar month as a fine for absence from church, but on James's accession he had given them to understand that the burthen was remitted. Now, however, it was declared that he had only allowed them to delay the regular amount for a year, and 2,600*l.* was exacted from them all at once, and unexpectedly; and what rendered this ruinous payment the more galling was that James had made a present of his claims in many cases to his needy Scottish favourites, if they could succeed in extorting them, so that a Roman Catholic household became a regular source of income to some Scot, whom they were already disposed to regard as a national enemy.

One of the persons thus fined was Robert Catesby, of Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire. His father, Sir William, had been a staunch Roman Catholic, who had undergone more than one imprisonment under Queen Elizabeth, but he himself had been a vicious, dissipated youth, who abandoned his religion, and lived a wild life. In 1598 he returned to his former church, and was fully imbued with the unscrupulous spirit of plotting and intrigue that characterised so many persons of the time. As Essex had sought liberty of conscience, Catesby had been with him in his unhappy rising, had been wounded and imprisoned, but escaped with a fine of 3,000*l.*

He began to dream of all possible means of, as he thought, delivering his friends and country from the heretic oppression they groaned under; and being thoroughly imbued with the theory of Philip II. and the League that murder was lawful in the cause of the Pope, he conceived the notion of an explosion which should destroy King, Prince of Wales, Lords, Bishops, and Commons at one fell swoop, and leave a child of five years old heir to the realm. It is hard to imagine how any one should entertain so irrational an idea as that a

sturdy nation like the English should, in the event of the success of the scheme, submit to those who had so horribly murdered all their leaders and many of their kindred. If the bare notion of the unsuccessful plot has embittered the country against Popery for two centuries and a half, what would its consummation have done? Even if the conspirators had seized the persons of the young prince and princess, their numbers would not have sufficed to protect them from the fury of the whole country, and they would have been annihilated before Spanish aid could reach them.

However, Catesby communicated his project to Thomas Winter, a younger son of the Worcestershire family, who had served in the Low Countries, and afterwards had intrigued at Madrid for the English Roman Catholics. He at first was shocked, and declared the scheme horrible and barbarous; but Catesby averred that it was not so dreadful as the cruelties and persecutions it would revenge and terminate, and that moreover it was for no gain or fame of his own that he devised it, but for the deliverance and glory of the Church.

However, Velasco, the Constable of Castille, was coming to Flanders to conclude a treaty with James to put an end to the twenty years of open war between Spain and England; and Winter, before consenting to any such frightful plan, decided on going to Bergen, near Dunkirk, to hold an interview with the plenipotentiary, and entreating him to make it part of the negotiation that the English of his own Church should be better treated. Spain was, however, too weary of the war, and her King too lukewarm, for Velasco to encourage Winter with any hopes of interference on behalf of his fellows. Deliverance must come from themselves.

Proceeding to Ostend, Winter met there Guido, or Guy Fawkes, a Yorkshire man, who had served in the Spanish force in the Netherlands, that school of violence and conspiracy, and had since been at Madrid at the same time with Winter himself. Knowing him to be daring even to desperation, Winter took him back to England, but without telling him any particulars beyond that a great attempt was to be made on behalf of the Catholics.

Meantime, Catesby had secured the assistance of two more, Thomas Percy, a distant connection of the Northumberland family, and steward to the Earl. He had been employed in intrigues with Scotland before the Queen's death, and had understood that the Roman faith was to be tolerated, as indeed there is a letter extant from James to the Earl, saying 'that it would be a pity to lose a good kingdom for a Mass in a corner.' Percy was now a gentleman pensioner, but he considered the King to have broken his word, and was ready to go all lengths; and he brought in his brother-in-law, John Wright, who had been a follower of Essex, was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, and had only lately joined the Roman Church, so as to be full of the zeal of a convert.

These, however, did not know what the project involved, and when

the five met at Catesby's lodging, Percy cried, 'Well, gentlemen, must we always talk and never do?'

Catesby replied that they must all take a solemn oath of secrecy before he gave them any information. Accordingly they all met at a lone house beyond St. Clement's Inn, where he made them swear silence on their knees, and then disclosed his plot, making them understand how it was to be carried out. Afterwards he took them up stairs to a chamber, where Father Gerard, a Jesuit mission priest, celebrated Mass, communicated them, and administered oaths of unswerving fidelity and secrecy to them, but without, as all the survivors declared, being admitted to any knowledge of their intentions.

Still they waited to see whether Velasco might yet be better than his word. He had come to England, and had been present at the installation of the little prince, 'Baby Charles,' as his parents called him, as Duke of York and Knight of the Bath, though he could not yet walk in the procession, and had to be carried by the Lord Admiral Nottingham.

Ben Jonson was bound to produce a masque for the Queen and her ladies, to act every Twelfth Day; and on this occasion the subject was, 'Blackness.' Anne and her ladies represented the twelve daughters of the River Niger, and a throne like a scallop shell was raised at the end of the room, where the Queen sat with her face, arms and hands black, and attired like a Moor. After the burlesque, she danced in this guise with the Spanish ambassador, who kissed her hand courteously at the end, while the wags of the court hoped to see his lips partake of the dye.

The terms of the treaty were that the two kingdoms should be at peace, and hold traffic together as before; and with regard to Flushing and the other places put in English hands as pledges by the Dutch, their disposal was left to the equity of James unless the States should redeem them within a reasonable time. The Constable then interceded for the Roman Catholics in England, telling James that his King would take any indulgence granted to them as a favour to himself, while they themselves sent up a petition that they might be permitted collectively to pay a fixed sum into the treasury, instead of letting each family be subject to the monthly fine; laying before him a statement of the ruin and distress thus caused to many ancient and honourable families.

James and his ministers were, however, not to be persuaded. They well knew that the peace was unpopular. The war was viewed as a religious one. So far from having caused any suffering to the nation at large, it had been the means of gain, and the enterprising sailors by no means relished the cessation of their licensed piracies in the Spanish main. There was offence already taken at the negotiation, and if, to the repression of the Puritans was to be added toleration of the Romanists, James was convinced that his throne would be in danger, and he answered Velasco that he durst not make any change. All

hope being gone, the conspirators resolved to proceed, and the gentleman pensioner, Percy, hired a house at Westminster, of Ferris, the keeper of the King's wardrobe, as suitable for the conspiracy, as it had an outhouse actually built against the wall of the House of Parliament. Here they resolved to cut a hole in the foundation wall, and introduce powder, but before they could begin, Parliament was prorogued till the autumn.

They took another house at Lambeth, which they placed under the charge of another gentleman, Robert Kay, who had been admitted to the oath, and who was to receive by small instalments, coals, faggots, and powder to be carried gradually to the house at Westminster, of which Guy Fawkes had the keeping as Percy's servant.

Meanwhile, the severities against their Church went on. At the Lancashire Assizes six mission priests were condemned to death for continuing within the realm. An old gentleman, named Pound, had presented a petition, complaining of the usage of the Roman Catholics. This was a libel in the estimation of the lawyers of the time, and the poor old man was carried to the Star Chamber, and there overwhelmed with invectives by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice Popham, Lord Cecil, and the Archbishop and Bishop of London. He was sentenced to stand in the pillory at Lancaster and at Westminster, to pay a fine of 1,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned in the Fleet during His Majesty's pleasure—nay, he was very near losing his ears. It is hard to conceive how a really good man, like Archbishop Bancroft, could have believed it right to assail him with personal abuse.

All this added force to the determination of the conspirators, especially Catesby and Percy. The latter obtained from the King a licence to collect men from the service of the Archduke Albert in Flanders, and Catesby likewise sought and gained leave to be a captain in his troop. This service was thought a good way of ridding England of enterprising young Romanists, though they were apt to return trained veterans both in daring and intrigue. The permission enabled Percy and Catesby to get together arms and horses without exciting suspicion, but in the meantime some of the conspirators began to have scruples on the wickedness of the action.

On this, Catesby went to Father Henry Garnet, the Provincial of the Jesuits in England, and told him, before a room full of people, that he was about to enter the Archduke's service, and that in the course of the war with the States, which every Roman Catholic esteemed a just quarrel, he might be called on to undertake enterprises which would cause the destruction of the guiltless with the guilty, of women and children together with armed men, or as he put it, innocents with nocents. Garnet answered, as any man must do, that there were times when such considerations of mercy could not prevail in war; or it would always be in the power of one party to stop the hostilities of the other; and this Catesby represented to his friends

as full sanction to the scheme. Two more were gained over to join, in it, John Wright's brother Christopher, and Thomas Winter's brother Robert, and in December they all entered the house at Westminster taking with them a supply of hard eggs, dried meat and pasties so as to have as little going in and out as possible, while Fawkes, as the servant of the house, kept watch, and warned them to desist if any one came near enough to be likely to hear the sound. They found, however, that when they tried to dig under the foundation, water came in on them, so that they would have to bore through the wall itself, a massive structure of the middle ages, three yards thick, and built of large stones, which their unaccustomed hands found extremely difficult to pick out. They thought one day that they heard a bell tolling under them, but this they remedied by sprinkling holy water. However, a day or two after, such a rumbling was heard over head, that they feared that they were bringing the house down prematurely on their own heads, or else that they were discovered, and they sent out Guy Fawkes to gain intelligence. He brought back word that it was one Bright, a dealer in fuel, removing his stock of coals from a cellar under the Parliament House, as he was going to set up business elsewhere. The cellar was to be let, and as it was exactly under the House of Lords; it seemed made for their purpose. Fawkes hired it in the name of Mr. Thomas Percy, and during several successive nights, thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were conveyed into it, and covered with faggots, coal and lumber. It was now the May of 1605, and the accomplices dispersed until the autumn meeting of parliament. Guy Fawkes went to Flanders to obtain the support of Sir William Stanley and Captain Owen, who held commands there, and Catesby proceeded to gain further partizans in England.

It was in his favour that the Government was carrying out the persecution more rigorously than ever, perhaps from the intimations of danger which Cecil began to receive, but which did not make him perceive the chance of driving the party to desperation. Roman Catholics were arbitrarily declared incapable of recovering debts or damages for injuries, of making sales or purchases, or bequeathing legacies, and it was even reported that, in the next Parliament, a bill was to be brought in to secure the total extirpation of their faith in the island.

Meanwhile forebodings and misgivings were spreading. Father Garnet suspected something, and, while dining with Mr. Catesby, made a discourse on the bounden duty of subjects to endure persecution patiently like the first Christians, and to leave vengeance to God alone.

Catesby broke forth angrily—'It is to you and such as you that we owe our present calamities. This doctrine of non-resistance makes us slaves. No authority of priest or Pope can deprive man of his right to repel injustice.'

Feeling convinced that some perilous project was in hand Garnet wrote to his superiors at Rome for advice, saying, 'All are desperate.

Diverse Catholics are offended with Jesuits. They say that Jesuits do impugn and hinder all forcible enterprises.' He received in return two letters, one from Pope Paul V., one from the General of his Order, both commanding him to refrain from all political intrigues and to prevent all seditious attempts against the State. This was a change of tactics since the last generation, when every kind of violence, open and secret, against rulers hostile to the Church, was secure of approbation, but these attempts had been foiled, and there had been a recent growth of true piety and Christian spirit which was striving to gain the hearts of men by milder means.

Clement VIII. had so much disapproved of the dangerous practices of the Jesuits that he had refused to canonise their founder Loyola, and the reigning Pope, Paul V., Camillo Borghese by name, was a man who perceived the obligation to obey the existing powers. But it was not wonderful that fanatical and discontented spirits should adhere to what had been instigated by their earlier training, and Catesby continued to argue with Garnet on the lawfulness of stratagem and violence against heretics. At last he disclosed that a conspiracy was in agitation; but Garnet refused to hear a word of the plan, and warned him against the crime.

Catesby cited two letters from Clement VIII., written during Elizabeth's lifetime, excluding James as a heretic from the throne. He argued that if it were right to keep out the heretic heir, it must be also right to drive him out when he had come in. Then the Father produced the two letters he had received from Rome, but Catesby was not moved by them, declaring that his Holiness had been misled by wrong information. Finally they agreed to send a message to Rome with letters explaining the condition of the Romanists in England, and promising to take no step till a reply should have been received from Pius.

This was on the 24th of July, and Garnet sent privately a letter entreating the Pope to prohibit all recourse to temporal weapons under pain of censure of the Church. Sir Edmund Baynham was a little later sent to Rome, without knowledge of the plot, but to be ready to act as agent with the Pope so soon as the explosion should have taken place.

Meantime more recruits were gained. These were Ambrose Rookwood, of Coldham Hall, in Suffolk, who had many good horses; and three men, named Bates, Grant, and Keyes. Parliament was again prorogued from October to the 5th of November, and this excited some alarm. Commissioners for the union of England and Scotland were lodged in the very house the conspirators had at first rented, and it was suspected that something might have been discovered. Fawkes was sent to reconnoitre, and found the commissioners viewing the House of Lords and walking over the very spot where lay his thirty-six barrels of powder, so that he concluded that all was safe.

Yet these delays really were providential in leading to the discovery

of the plot. None of the conspirators save Catesby had any means to spare, and he had been maintaining several of the others, paying the rent and finding money for all the expenses till his resources were exhausted, and he was forced to take two richer men into his confidence. One was Sir Everard Digby, of Gotehurst, in Buckinghamshire, a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been a ward of the Crown and educated at Oxford in the English Church. He had been at Court and was noticed by Elizabeth, but he was of an old Roman Catholic family, and as soon as he was of age he returned to their faith, living on his own estates, where he married and had two little children. He was greatly shocked and startled at the horrible plot revealed to him, but Catesby showed him a passage in a Latin book from which he inferred that such schemes were held lawful by the Fathers of the Jesuit company. It is thought that this might have been that book of Father Allen of which Elizabeth had complained. At last Sir Everard's scruples were so far overcome that he advanced 1,500*l.*, and undertook to collect his friends under pretext of a hunting party at Dunmoor, in Warwickshire, so as to be ready to take up arms the moment the deed should be done.

Lord Harrington, who had charge of the Lady Elizabeth, of Combe Abbey, was also invited, and in his absence she was to be seized.

Thomas Percy also undertook to advance the sum he should receive for the rents of his kinsman of Northumberland, about 4,000*l.*; but Catesby also had recourse to another wealthy gentleman, Francis Tresham, who had just succeeded to his father's estates at Rushton, in Northamptonshire. He had, like Catesby, been engaged in the sedition of Lord Essex, but had escaped through bribes to the extent of 3,000*l.* distributed among the Queen's councillors. He contributed 2,000*l.*, but the others soon felt that it had been a mistake to admit him to the full knowledge, for he was of a fickle nature, without the iron fanaticism and ruthless sense of mutual fidelity that could alone make a true conspirator, and from the time of his accession Catesby began to lose confidence and to be troubled with ominous dreams.

However, the 5th of November drew on, and the plan was fully prepared at White Webbs, a solitary house near Enfield Chase. One difficulty was that every one had some one whom he wanted to save. The young Earl of Arundel was esteemed by all, Percy could not give up the Earl of Northumberland, Robert Keyes had deep obligations to Lord Mordaunt, who had supported his wife and children while he was himself in distress; and Tresham was very anxious about the husbands of his two sisters, Lords Monteagle and Stourton. Catesby declared that no good Catholic would attend such a parliament since there was no hindering the passing of laws against their own profession, but that rather than overthrow the project, they must be blown up, if they were as dear as his own son. However, the others agreed that if their friends should come to London, each should, at the last moment, receive a pressing message to detain him from the House. If this had

been adhered to, probably the explosion would have taken place; though, judging by later experience, it is scarcely probable that the destruction would have been by any means so universal as the conspirators expected, considering the strength of the stone vaulting through which it was expected to reach and annihilate five or six hundred men.

A slow match was arranged which Guy Fawkes was to fire, and he reckoned that he should have time, before the explosion, to take boat, and thus to reach a ship which was provided by Tresham's money to convey him to Flanders, whence he was to publish a manifesto in justification of the deed, despatch letters requesting aid from all the Roman Catholic states, and then bring back in the vessel the arms and ammunition which he had already purchased.

Meantime, Percy, who, as a gentleman pensioner, could enter the palace, was to secure the little Prince Charles, in case he should not form part of the fatal procession at the opening of Parliament, and to carry him off to the place of meeting with Digby and his force at Dunchurch, whence all were to go in force to Lord Harrington's house to secure the Lady Elizabeth. If they failed in obtaining Charles, she would be proclaimed Queen.

One or other of the two would be proclaimed by Catesby at Charing Cross, and a declaration was to be issued providing redress of certain oppressions of a political nature, such as monopolies, which affected all subjects alike. It seems strange that these men should have deemed it possible that they should thus gain the support of a nation, whose most honoured and beloved would have been lying in one murdered heap—a nation too, full of courage, and peculiarly wrathful at cruelty and treachery!

By way of last preparation, Catesby went to confession to the Jesuit Father Greenway, who at once condemned the scheme as horrible wickedness, but without convincing one who had sucked in the poison of the doctrines of the League and of Philip II.—at least, such was Greenway's own account—and he further declared that Catesby desired him to procure the opinion of his superiors under seal of confession.

Greenway then went to the Provincial, Garnet, who was horrified at finding that the vague scheme which he hoped he had quashed a year ago had assumed such frightful shape and was so near its execution. He sharply reprov'd Greenway for discussing the matter or reporting it to him, and bade him endeavour to put a stop to it by all remonstrance in his power—by any means, indeed, short of violating the secrecy of the confessional, an absolute impossibility to the priesthood.

It was the 22nd of October, too late to obtain any authoritative censure of such proceedings, and Father Garnet, a really good man, went about in a state of silent misery and anxiety, but he still hoped to see Catesby before the 5th to keep the feast of All Saints together at a place called Coughton, where several Romanist families were to meet for the purpose of a secret Mass; but Catesby was prevented and

never came ; and Garnet, a pious and prudent man, perceiving all the wickedness and likewise the fatal absurdity of the plot, was obliged to wait in silence.

Catesby and Guy Fawkes were, together with Winter, at White Webbs, when Francis Tresham appeared, in a good deal of agitation, pleading for a warning to Lord Monteagle, and adding that he could not raise the money he had promised, until he had sold some estates to the amount of 16,000*l.*, so that he strongly advised putting off the explosion till the end of the session, promising, in the meantime, to maintain the associates on board his ship in the Thames. This made Catesby very uneasy, but he hoped that he had convinced Tresham that delay was impossible, while that gentleman himself was, by his own account, trying to devise means of preventing the catastrophe without implicating the conspirators.

Lord Monteagle was a Roman Catholic, and had been engaged in one, at least, of the Spanish plots. He was aware that something was in hand—as, indeed, there almost always was—and he had written to Rome through Sir Edmund Baynham, but he had lately obtained favour from the King and Council, and had been one of the commissioners employed to prorogue the last Parliament. He had a house at Hoxton which he seldom inhabited, but on the 26th of October he sent forward orders that a supper should be made ready for him there, and, in due time, he arrived to partake of it. While he sat at table his page brought in a letter which he said had been delivered to him by a tall, dark stranger. Opening the letter and seeing that it was in a feigned hand and neither dated nor signed, Lord Monteagle bade Thomas Ward, one of his esquires, to read it aloud. The actual letter is still extant. It is as follows :—

‘My lord out of the love i heave to some of your friends i have a caer of your preservation therefor i would advyse yowe as yowe tender your lyf to devyse some excuse to shift of your attendance at this parliament for God and man hath concurred to punishe the wickedness of this tyme and thinke not slightlye of this advertisement but retyere yourself into your contri wheare yowe maye expect the event in safti for thowghe theare be no apparance of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terribel blowe this parleament and yet they shall not seie who hurts them this cowncel is not to be contemned because it may do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the danger is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter and i hope God will give yowe the grace to make good use of it in whose holy protection I commend yowe.’

This was a more illiterate letter than a gentleman of the time was likely to have written ; but the conspirators themselves believed it to have emanated from Tresham, who probably committed the blunders on purpose as a disguise. Lord Monteagle, guessing perhaps more than he ventured to avow, went that very night to Whitehall where he found Cecil and some others of the Council ; but the King was away, hunting at Royston, and being well used to abortive plots, these ministers decided on waiting to act until his return.

The next day, Ward, the man who had read the letter, sought out Thomas Winter, and told him that his lord had laid it before the

Council, advising that any one likely to be implicated should flee as he valued his life. Winter laughed at what he called the trick upon my Lord Monteagle, but when he had got rid of Ward he betook himself to White Webbs and gave warning. All there agreed that the partial disclosure must have come from Tresham, who was just then in Northamptonshire, and they waited till his return, when they appointed to meet him in Enfield Chase. They had made up their minds, if he gave cause for suspicion, to kill him on the spot, but he denied all so stoutly, and with so firm a countenance, that they were satisfied for the time. Fawkes went to examine the vaults, and found everything untouched, and he promised to continue his inspection on each of the six days that remained to the opening of Parliament.

On the 31st of October the King came back to London, and the letter was given to him. It seems that Lords Suffolk and Cranbourne, who, as Howard and Cecil, had become veterans in the stratagems and plots that made the life of a statesman of the day, had discovered the meaning of the hints it contained; but they knew their royal master well enough to let him work out the notion for himself, and then to stand as men astonished at his providential sagacity. Indeed, Cranbourne, whom James called his little beagle, was of opinion that it would be wiser to keep their own counsel and take no steps till the very night before the intended explosion, so as to be more secure of detecting all the conspirators.

They did not lack warnings. Monteagle's gentleman, Ward, brought them word on the 2nd of November that the King had read the letter and 'made great account of it'; and the next day, Tresham told Winter that he was sure their mine had been discovered. Some wished to go on board the ship and flee to Flanders, but the bolder spirits declared that Tresham only meant to frighten them away. Percy, who had just arrived in London, was of this opinion, and the last steps were taken. Catesby and Wright rode off to arrange the rendezvous at Dunmoor, and Guy Fawkes was to watch day and night in the vaults. On Monday the 4th, Suffolk, who as Lord Chamberlain had to prepare the place for the King's reception, repaired with Monteagle to the House of Lords, and making an excuse that some of the hangings were missing, penetrated into the vaults, and actually beheld the pile of faggots, beside which stood Fawkes, whom they described as a very tall and desperate fellow. They asked what he was doing there, and he answered that he was servant to Mr. Percy, and was looking after his master's fuel.

'Your master has laid in a good stock,' they said, and retired.

When they were gone, Fawkes carried information to Percy and Winter of the visit he had received; but still returned to his post, intending at the first alarm to fire the train, and perish with his enemies. At two hours past midnight, on the actual 5th of November, he ventured to refresh himself by leaving the vault, and the instant he had passed the door he was seized upon by a guard of soldiers

under the command of Sir Thomas Knevett, a Westminster magistrate, and was instantly bound hand and foot. He was booted and spurred as if for a journey, and in his pockets were a watch, some touchwood and tinder, and three slow matches, while just behind the door was a dark lantern with a light burning in it. The faggots being removed from the pile, two hogsheads and thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were found under them.

The King was called out of his bed, and at four o'clock in the morning the Council assembled, and Guy Fawkes, still undaunted, was set before them. When interrogated, he called himself John Johnson, and said he was Percy's servant; but he did not deny his intention, and said he was sorry not to have carried it out. A Scotch noble asked him what the powder was for, and he answered, 'To blow the Scotch beggars back to their own mountains.' The King asked him how he could have had the heart to plan the destruction of so many innocent beings, including young children, and his reply was, 'Dangerous diseases require dangerous remedies.' He meant to destroy the Parliament to put a stop to persecution; but he refused to give the name of any accomplice, and James called him the English Scævola. He was sent off to the Tower, with orders that he should be tortured, at first slightly, but gradually more and more till he would confess. He was a man of intense resolution, and he kept absolute silence till he believed that his fellows were out of reach.

As soon as the tidings spread, Francis Tresham came to the Council and offered his assistance in apprehending any rebels; but Percy and Winter mounted their horses, and by night reached the place of meeting at Dunmoor. Keyes and Rookwood waited till the next morning; then Keyes went, but Rookwood, who had relays of horses all along the road, lingered till noon that he might take the latest intelligence. At Brickhill he overtook Catesby and John Wright, and soon after Percy and Christopher Wright. They rode on with headlong speed, throwing their cloaks into the hedge to lighten their weight, and at six in the evening they came to Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire, the abode of Catesby's mother, whence they were to have started to seize Elizabeth; but Lord Harrington received warning by a post from Cecil, and carried his charge off to Coventry, where the citizens armed themselves to protect her. Rookwood had ridden eighty miles in six hours. At Ashby the fugitives met Winter and others, just sitting down to supper, and, weary as they were, they went on to Dunchurch house, where they found Sir Everard Digby acting host to numerous gentlemen, who only vaguely knew that they might be called on to rise in behalf of their faith, but who soon perceived that, be the project what it might, it was a failure, so they all took their departure in the course of the night.

On the morning of the 6th, Sir Everard Digby found himself alone with Catesby, Percy, Rookwood, and the two pairs of brothers, Wright and Winter, and their servants. If they had hurried to the coast

they might yet have escaped, but Catesby could not give up the scheme of an insurrection, and they made for Warwick, where they found some of the King's horses and exchanged their own for them; then riding across Worcestershire, trying at each Roman Catholic household to raise the inhabitants; but there was nothing encouraging in the aspect of the runaways. Not a man would rise to join them, and many shut their doors against them, reviling them for thus bringing ruin on them and their religion. Moreover the sheriffs of Warwickshire and Worcestershire were following on their track, proclaiming the horrors of their plot, and raising the hue and cry against them. Late in the evening of the 7th they were admitted into the fortified house of Holbeach, belonging to Mr. Stephen Littleton, to whom they told their whole plot. They could still have escaped into Wales, but they chose rather, in their desperation and exhaustion, to hold out Holbeach house against their pursuers.

The servants, forty or fifty in number, however, stole away during the night, and in early morning Stephen Littleton, the master of the house, followed their example. Sir Everard Digby likewise departed, saying he would bring succour; and he was scarcely out of the house when a spark fell upon some gunpowder which was being dried before the hall fire, and there was a great explosion. Catesby, Rookwood, Grant, and Keyes were all blackened and much hurt, and Rookwood, in terror, threw himself on his knees before an image of our Lady, confessing the wickedness of the plot and praying for forgiveness, while Robert Winter, also horror-stricken, got out of the house and joined Mr. Littleton in a wood hard by. By noon, the sheriff of Warwick, Sir Robert Walsh, came up with all the country folk he had collected, in sufficient numbers to surround the house, and he called on them to surrender. They were now hopeless, but they preferred rather to die in the struggle than on the scaffold, so that they returned a haughty answer, on which the sheriff ordered one part of his company to set fire to the buildings, and the best armed to storm the gateway of the courtyard. Catesby, Thomas Winter, Rookwood, Percy, and the two Wrights, rushed out armed only with their swords, making themselves as it were a mark. Winter was shot first, in the right arm, on which Catesby called out 'Stand by me, Tom, we will die together'; and as they stood back to back, both were shot through the body by two bullets from one musket. Catesby crawled back into the house on his hands and knees, grasped the image of the Blessed Virgin in the hall, and died, clasping it to his breast. The two Wrights were killed on the spot, Percy was mortally wounded, and Rookwood, with a broken arm, and a wound in the body from a pike, was taken in the rush from the courtyard. Digby was arrested near Dudley, but Stephen Littleton and Robert Winter reached the house of a widowed kinswoman at Hagley, and were there secreted by her son, Humfrey Littleton, but a servant betrayed them; and Grant, Keyes, and Bates were also captured. Percy died the next day, but the other prisoners were

brought to London and lodged in the Tower, where they were joined by Francis Tresham, who had thought himself safe, and had gone about London as usual, till he was arrested on the 12th of November.

Meantime the King, half flattered and half frightened, put out proclamations about the terrible peril he had escaped by what his flatterers called his divine illumination; and Lady Elizabeth wrote a pretty note to her brother Henry, full of thanksgiving. Lord Harrington, who had a fever from the shock, described her as saying—'What a Queen I should have been by this means! I would rather have been with my father in the Parliament-house than wear his crown by such means.'

Guy Fawkes meantime had been examined again and again, under constantly increasing torture. He told from the first all his own intentions, and said he was ready to die, but he would utter no one's name, till tidings came of the deaths of Percy, Catesby, and the Wrights, and then he spoke freely of their doings since they were past all reach of injury; though still he refused to utter a word that could implicate the three Jesuit priests, Garnet, Greenway, and Gerard, who were suspected of a knowledge of the plot. What this resolute man must have endured is shown in a touching manner by his signature to his confessions. On the 8th of November 'Guido Fawkes' is written in a bold but neat hand; on the 10th, 'Guido' is traced in weak and broken characters, and the surname is indicated by two mere broken strokes, as if he had fainted in the midst.

Bates, the servant of Catesby, was also racked, and at once confessed whatever was wanted, and he was the first who allowed the priests were concerned. Tresham denied their knowledge of the gunpowder plot, but said that Garnet and Greenway had held a correspondence with Spain before the late Queen's death. Tresham fell sick soon after, and when dying dictated a paper entirely exonerating the Jesuits. He died on the 22nd of December, 1605. On the 12th of January, 1606, proclamation was made for the apprehension of the three priests, but Gerard and Greenway succeeded in escaping to the Continent.

Garnet took refuge in a house called Handlip, near Worcester, belonging to Thomas Abingdon, whose wife was sister to Lord Montague, and whose abode had hitherto baffled all searches for priests. Humfrey Littleton, who had been arrested, basely gave a hint where to look for him, in hopes of thus gaining favour, and Sir Henry Bromley was sent to Handlip with an armed force on the 20th of January. Mr. Abingdon was absent, but his wife made no difficulty about delivering up the keys, and guards were placed to watch day and night at each entrance door and in all the passages. Three days passed without a discovery, but on the fourth two men were seen creeping along a gallery, and instantly apprehended. They proved to be the servants of Garnet and Oldcorn, another Jesuit. They had been compelled by hunger to leave their hiding-places, and the search

was thus stimulated. Nine secret chambers were discovered, and at last, on the 12th of February, in an upper room, the boarding round the hearth was found to move like a trap-door, and the bricks below the fireplace being taken up, the two priests, Garnet and Oldcorn, were discovered, with a store of provisions to enable them to hold out there. The next day, together with their servants and the master of the house, they were taken to London and imprisoned in the Tower.

Meantime the eight survivors of the conspirators, Guy Fawkes, the two Winters, Digby, Rookwood, Keyes, and the two servants, Bates and Grant, had been brought to trial on the 27th of January, 1606, the delay having been caused by an endeavour to secure Sir William Stanley, and a Jesuit whom the Spanish Government in Flanders refused to give up. The King listened to the trial from one secret place, the Queen and Prince from another, and Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, took care to divide his speech between invectives against the prisoners, and compliments to his Majesty's wisdom and sagacity.

All the prisoners except Sir Everard Digby pleaded 'Not Guilty,' explaining that they allowed their participation in the powder plot, but that the indictment contained much of which they had no knowledge. The plan had certainly not been instigated by the Jesuits, nor had they held any consultations with them on the subject; and as to the plan, they believed that whatever it might appear to men, they were guiltless before Heaven. The religion they believed to be the only true one was persecuted, and the King had broken faith with them, and not kept the promises made before his accession. This, which was probably only too true, Cecil and Northampton denied, declaring that it could only have been the promises of intriguers in his name that had misled them. They denied that any others of the English Romanists had shared in their project; indeed, Sir Everard Digby lamented the condition to which he had been brought by the project to which he had given up everything, and which he found condemned by priests and people alike and treated as horrible wickedness. The poor young man might well wonder that what was treated as almost saintly zeal, twenty years before, should have become a frightful crime. The evidence entirely consisted of the written depositions of the prisoners and of a servant of Digby's; there was no oral examination, and all were found guilty of treason, and sentenced to die. There was no doubt of their deserving the sentence, except perhaps Digby and Rookwood and the two servants, but these were no merciful days, and the whole country was horrified. The place of execution was the west end of St. Paul's Churchyard, where four died on the 30th of January, and the other four, including Fawkes, on the following day.

The Earl of Northumberland had been arrested on account of his connection with Percy, and a belief among the Council that if the plot had succeeded he was to have been made Regent. A bill had

been brought before the House of Lords to attain the memory of those conspirators who had not lived to be tried; but into it were brought the names of sundry persons not yet arraigned, and the Lords refused to pass it without evidence against them. Thereupon the Council set themselves to obtain evidence from the captives in the Tower, and put the servants on the rack.

Garnet, who was an acquaintance of Cecil, a gentleman of good birth and a finished scholar, was at first well treated, and his ability and wariness were so great that though the Commissioners went day by day to his cell to examine and cross-examine him and Oldcorn, they could elicit nothing that could be used against them. The two servants, Owen and Chambers, were tortured, but betrayed nothing; and at last Garnet was also threatened, but answered, '*Minare ista pueris,*' (threaten children with these things) and at last barbarous ingenuity was employed to make these prisoners criminate themselves. The warder, who had charge of Garnet, was directed to pretend to be his friend, and to offer to convey letters to his friends. Several letters were written, partly with ink, partly with orange-juice, which only became visible when held to the fire; but both Garnet and Oldcorn were wary, and not a word appeared that could form the ground of an accusation against them. The next expedient was one that had already been tried with Fawkes and one of the Winters. The warder showed each of the two Jesuits a window in his door, and these being just opposite to one another, told them that they could safely converse. It was strange that men so cautious should not have guessed, as their predecessors had done, that in the space between lay hidden Lockerson, Cecil's private secretary, and Fossett, a magistrate, taking notes of whatever they said—an expedient only rivalled by Dionysius the elder.

The two priests consulted on their defence, and Garnet said he could not deny that he had been at White Webbs, but that he could maintain that he had not been there since Bartholomewtide, and he was well persuaded that he should wind himself out of this matter.

In another conversation Garnet said things that showed that he was connected with the conspirators, and told his friend that they must prepare for the rack, and that he heard that one Johnson, apparently a servant at Handlip, had been on the rack three hours. Next time, Oldcorn related his examination, and Garnet said he should demand proofs against himself. Altogether five of these interviews were permitted, and then the Commissioners drew up fresh interrogatories, and on the 1st of March the horrible questioning began again on the poor servants and on Oldcorn. Owen was frightfully tortured, but said not a word to criminate his master. On the 3rd, when he was to be examined, he was dead. The Roman Catholic writers say that he was tortured to death; but at the inquest, it was deposed that he was lying on bloody straw, having killed himself with the blunt knife allowed at meals, lest he should be driven to betray

his master or else in a delirium of terror. However, torture was absolutely contrary to English law, so that this may have been false evidence adduced in order to prevent a verdict of murder being necessary against the torturers. Oldcorn was also tortured, but said nothing admitting any treasonable practices, only he replied in the affirmative when asked whether he had had any communication with Garnet in the Tower.

Garnet on his side made his great mistake. He denied the conversations with his companion, and even when the replies were read to him, he said Oldcorn might be weak enough to accuse himself falsely, but that he never would. He held out till the reports of Lockerson and Fossett were shown to him, and then showed himself overwhelmed and abashed at his falsehood. Step by step, admissions were elicited, and inquiries were founded on each, till at last he allowed that he had given Guy Fawkes letters of commendation in Flanders; that he had acceded, as to a general proposition, to Catesby's question whether in a good cause the innocent might not sometimes be destroyed with the nocent, that Greenway had in confession revealed to him the plot, having heard of it from Catesby, and he believed also from Thomas Winter, but that he had laid commands on Greenway to use every means for preventing the perpetration of so awful a crime. After this, Oldcorn and Mr. Abingdon were sent to Worcester to be tried, and Oldcorn, though apparently innocent of all save being a Jesuit, was put to death; but Abingdon, who had done nothing but hide the two priests, was pardoned on the intercession of his brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle.

After having been twenty-three times examined in prison, Henry Garnet was on the 3rd of March tried for high treason in the Guild Hall before a special commission. The King, the Lady Arabella Stewart, all the Ambassadors, and all the members of Parliament, were present, and Sir Edward Coke made a speech of some hours, describing the arrogance of the Pope, and the machinations of the Jesuits, whom he declared to be leagued for the King's overthrow, and the destruction of the Protestant leaders; but when his general invective was over, he entirely failed to adduce any evidence that Garnet had either instigated or approved the plot. None of the conspirators in death or torture had ever said a word that could so be construed.

Garnet showed great dignity and temper, defending himself with much skill and patience, though so often interrupted and captiously cut short, that the King himself declared that they were not giving him fair play. He rested his defence on the secrecy of the confessional, demonstrating that were it not thus inviolable, the only hope would be taken away of the sinner's coming to the person most likely to convince him of the guilt of his course. He abhorred the plot as much as any man in England, and had done as much to prevent it as he held it lawful to do.

The law of England made no exception in favour of the confessional. In later times, Garnet would have been acquitted, his knowledge having

been only at second hand, through Greenway; while even in that century, he could only be found guilty of misprision of treason, not treason itself, and the jury made their verdict simply that he had concealed the conspiracy.

Then there was a long delay. James seems to have been unwilling to let him be executed, but there were those at Court who too well understood the art of destroying the royal scruples of justice and mercy by practices such as deprived them of all right to talk of Jesuit deceit. Garnet was falsely informed that Greenway was in the Tower, and that 500 of his Church had conformed to the English in their horror at his connection with the plot. He was thus induced to write letters to Greenway, and to a lady named Anne Vaux, who really was in the Tower, vindicating himself, but these contained nothing that could harm himself or any one else. He also wrote to the King on his horror of the plot, though he had been forced to conceal what he knew only through confession. His enemies thought they had here another snare, and calling him before them, stated that Greenway admitted that the consultation with him had not been made under seal of confession. This was false, for Greenway was out of their reach, safe on the continent; but Garnet, believing him to be in their hands, could only say he had understood the matter as under the seal. Then, three weeks after the letter written in the Tower, he was asked whether he had corresponded with Greenway. Unfortunately he again denied that he had sent him letter or message, and was confuted by the letter so basely obtained. It is almost incredible that men so stained with treacherous practices should have had the face to examine him on his views as to the lawfulness of equivocation. He declared that the endeavour to force men to criminate themselves out of their own mouths was barbarous and unjust (even as English justice now holds it), and therefore he declared that in self-defence equivocation, even confirmed by an oath, was justifiable.

Here was the fatal admission. It was easy to represent to James that the two false denials wrenched from the prisoner, and again this declaration, proved that no credit could be attached to his professions of innocence. The abhorrent thing is to see the men who employed deceit and treachery so lavishly as a means of ensnaring and hunting down their victim, making the far more venial denials of one, thus brought to bay, tell against him. But Henry Garnet's untruths—if they did not lead directly to his death—marred the nobleness of his martyr spirit. Six weeks after his sentence, James consented to his execution, which took place on the 3rd of May, 1606. The official account declares him to have confessed his guilt, but private letters say that he persisted in denying all knowledge of the plot except through confession. He remained so calm and resolute, so pious and resigned, that all were struck by his demeanour, and the cruel details of the punishment for treason were delayed till he was dead. Zealous

Romanists, regarding him as a saint and a martyr, gathered up the blood-stained straws beneath the scaffold, to be preserved as relics. The spots on one of these were supposed, by the aid of a little imagination, to represent Father Garnet's face surrounded with a halo of glory, and Garnet's straw was viewed as a miracle attesting his sanctity, likenesses thereof, ever increasingly distinct, being handed about among his admirers, so that it is wonderful that he was not canonised, since he was, by the acknowledgment of friends and enemies alike, a most blameless and devout man—a martyr to the secrecy of the confessional, and in our eyes only erring when, in the last extremity, he defended himself with a falsehood.

The consequences of the conspiracy were not yet at an end. All the noblemen, whom the conspirators would fain have spared, fell under suspicion, were thrown into the Tower, and condemned to pay heavy fines. The Earl of Northumberland was brought before the Star Chamber, and convicted of having been intended by Percy to be Regent, of having admitted that gentleman to be a gentleman pensioner without exacting the oath of supremacy, and of having written letters to his people in the north bidding them take care that Percy did not make off with his rents. For which heinous offences he was fined 300,000*l.*, and imprisoned during His Majesty's pleasure! On the other hand, Lord Monteagle was rewarded with a grant of lands, and 300*l.* a year for his life; while Robert Cecil, for his vigilance in discovering the plot, received the Earldom of Salisbury and the Order of the Garter.

Parliament had been adjourned, and when it met the next year it devised still more stringent measures for the repression of Roman Catholics. Seventy articles were passed, fining each person 20*l.* a month for absence from church, and 100*l.* for each child not baptised by a Protestant minister, disabling Romanists from all manner of public offices, disinheriting children educated beyond seas—in short, doing all that was possible to force uniformity on the recusants. All this was in spite of a sensible remonstrance from Henri IV., for it was the effect of terror on the public mind, and all the country was united on the point.

In fact, Queen Mary's fires and Catesby's plot had filled the English with a horror and dread of Popery which made them believe all Roman Catholics to be ever ready for any kind of treason and barbarity, and almost any weapon to be lawful against them.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

EURIPIDES (*concluded*).*From the ORESTES.*

[*The following is a fine scene in a somewhat unequal play. The 'Orestes' takes up the story of the hero exactly at the point where it had been dropped at the conclusion of the 'Coephoræ' of Æschylus. Orestes, afflicted by madness, and haunted by the Furies of his mother, Clytemnestra, whom he has just slain, is tended by his loving sister Electra.*]

THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

ORESTES (*awaking*).

Oh balmy sleep, sweet sleep, sick nature's stay,
How welcome didst thou come to me at need.
Lethê benign of woes, how wise thou art,
Meet god for the afflicted to adore.
Whence came I hither? by what means was brought?
For to my reeling sense the past's a blank.

ELECTRA.

Sweet brother, oh the joy to see thee sleep!
Say wouldst thou have me touch thee, raise thee up?

ORESTES.

Take me, ay, take me up, and from mine eyes
And wretched mouth wipe off the frothy scum.

ELECTRA.

A task of love; I'll never grudge to tend
With hand right sisterly my brother's limbs.

ORESTES.

Lean down thy side to mine; this matted hair
Part from my brow; mine eyes see filmily.

ELECTRA.

Poor squalid head with its dishevelled locks,
How wild thou lookst, being so long unkempt!

ORESTES.

Yet once more lay me down; the fit being past,
My limbs do tremble and refuse their office.

ELECTRA.

To the sick man his couch must ever seem
As a harsh friend, grievous but necessary.

ORESTES.

Raise me again, and lay me on my side.
The sick are helpless, therefore hard to please.

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou set foot to ground and slowly pace
The floor a while ! for change in all is sweet.

ORESTES.

Ay, for this hath health's counterfeit, whose semblance
Flatters, how short soe'er it fall of truth.

ELECTRA.

Brother ! alack ! thine eye grows wild, and swift
On thy recovered senses madness treads.

ORESTES (*becoming wilder*).

Mother ! beseech thee, never set them on me,
Those snaky-visaged and blood boltered hags ! *

ELECTRA.

Poor soul, be quiet on thy couch, thou seest
None of those things thou seemst to see so plain.

ORESTES.

Oh Phœbus, they will hound me to my death,
Those stony-staring, dread and hell-sent hags !

[*He tries to leap up.*]

ELECTRA.

I will not let thee go, but in my arms
Will hold thee back from leaping to thy hurt.

ORESTES.

Let go, thou'rt one of those same fiends, and holdst
Me clutched to hurl me down to Tartarus.

[*He leaps up from the couch.*]

ELECTRA.

Ah woe is me ! where shall I turn for succour,
Since Heaven doth lay its wrathful hand on us !

ORESTES.

My bow of horn reach hither, Loxias' gift,
Wherewith Apollo told me I should scare
The dreadful goddesses, if so they sought
With frantic fears to render me distract.
Some god shall suffer hurt from mortal hand,†
If they betake them not from out my sight.
Do ye not hear ? do ye not see them speed
Those feathered shafts, from the far darting bow ?
Ha ! ha ! ye tarry ?—skim the air in flight,
And lay the blame on Phœbus' oracles.

[*A pause. He becomes gradually calmer.*]

Ah me, what should this wandering mean, what sighs
Are these that issue from my labouring breast ?
How came I to leap hither from my couch ?
For calm I see returning after storm.
Sister, why weepst thou shrouded in thy robe ?
It shames me thou shouldst halve my ills, or suffer,
Girl as thou art, from my sick fantasies.
Then waste not thou for woes of mine ; for thou

* i.e. the Furies, whom, in his guilty imagination, he now sees about to attack him.

† He means that he will shoot at the phantom Furies with the bow he imagines to be in his hand.

Didst but the act approve, 'twas I that shed
 Our mother's blood. . . .
 And now go in, poor sister, lay thee down,
 To slumber give thy sleepless eyelids up,
 Get thee some food, pour water on thy skin.
 For wert thou to forsake me or fall sick
 Through watching, we were lost; for none but thee
 I have for stay, by all, thou seest, forsaken.

ELECTRA.

Leave thee ! ah no ! with thee to live and die
 I'll choose. It were all one. If thou shouldst die,
 What could I do, a woman ? how live alone,
 Brotherless, fatherless, without one friend ?
 I'll do as thou wouldst have me ; but lie down,
 And do not let those terrors haunt thee so
 As thou must start at them, but rest in peace,
 For though thy sickness rather seem than be,
 This still is grief and trouble to a man.

[*Exit Electra. Orestes sinks in slumber.*]

From the HIPPOLYTUS.

[*The following extracts are intended to illustrate rather the mind of Euripides than the play itself, which deals with the doom that befell Hippolytus by reason of the love conceived for him by his stepmother Phædra—a doom brought on him by Aphrodite (Goddess of Love) on account of his too exclusive devotion to Artemis (Goddess of Chastity).—The purity and love of virtue that breathe through the Invocation are no less characteristic of Euripides than the curiously contrasted Speech on Women, which is evidently the expression of the poet's own heart-felt convictions.*]

HIPPOLYTUS' INVOCATION TO ARTEMIS.

VIRGIN and Queen, lo fairest-woven I bear thee
 This wreath culled of my hand from meads as virgin,
 Where never shepherd dares his flock to pasture,
 Nor iron e'er hath entered, but the bee there
 Roameth at will o'er vernal, pure expanses,
 Which Chastity with dews refreshing waters.
 Only the pure in heart, whom nature guideth,
 By ways untaught of knowledge, to all wisdom,
 May cull therein, but nothing evil come there.
 Then, dearest Dread, take from thy pious servant,
 This crown to be about thy golden tresses.
 For mine alone this meed is among mortals.
 Thou makst me of thy friends and holdst in converse,
 A voice to me, though all unseen thy presence.
 Life's goal receive me, as life's course I entered.

HIPPOLYTUS' BITTER SPEECH AGAINST WOMEN.

(*From the same.*)

Oh Zeus, why broughtst thou ever into light
 Women, fair masks with evil fraught for man ?
 For stood thy will a mortal kind to make,
 Thou to this end shouldst not have chosen women,
 But men allowed, for gold or brass or iron
 Heaped on thine altars high, to purchase so
 A mortal progeny, of worth proportioned,
 As was their gift, and suffered then to dwell

In peaceful houses, free from feminine.
 By this too woman's proved a monstrous ill ;
 Seeing he that reared her and begat her, pays
 Her dowry down, and sends her from his doors,
 To rid him of the pest ; and he that takes
 The noxious plant into his house delights
 With lovely gauds to deck that vilest statue,
 And pranks it in rich robes, nor thinks, poor man,
 'Tis so much filched from his domestic peace.
 Yet, being constrained, if she he wed be come
 Of noble kin, he steels his heart to wear
 Her galling chain ; or if the wife be fond,
 But little worth her kinsmen, still against
 The evil of his lot he weighs the good.
 But best his lot whose house doth hold in place
 A mere nonentity, whom simpleness
 Unfits for harm ; but her my soul abhors,
 Your woman that hath mind ; never my doors
 Hold wife that's wiser than befits a woman.
 For where they're quick, there Cypris* sows the more
 Licitious thoughts, but when a woman's artless,
 Her little wit keeps firm her constancy.
 Here too's a blot, that henchwomen e'er had
 Free access to a wife ; nay but dumb brutes
 Should have been set to dwell with them, the which
 They could nor speak to nor have speak to them.
 But now may wicked wives hatch plots within,
 For hireling feet to carry out abroad.
 Oh never shall my rage
 'Gainst women-kind be gluttied, say who will
 My tongue runs on for ever ; ay, for they
 Are infinite in ways of wickedness.
 Then see they learn some bounds of modesty,
 Or let me wage on them continual war.

From the PHœNICIAN MAIDENS.

[The reader may note that this play merely takes its name from the Chorus. In subject it is identical with the 'Seven Chiefs against Thebes' of Æschylus.—It will hardly be necessary to point out the similarity of Eteocles' Speech to that of Hotspur on Honour.]

ETEOCLES' SPEECH ON AMBITION.

If what were fair were aye expedient,
 How sound should fiery disputation sleep !
 But what are Justice, Honour among men,
 Save names ? mere echo, signifying nothing ?
 For, mother, I will use no riddling terms.
 I'd scale the sun, throned in his starry heaven,
 Or dive into the bosom of the earth,
 To have but that most god-like goddess—Power !
 Whose dear possession, mother, sits my will
 To yield up to none other than myself.
 'Twere womanish, missing the larger glory,
 To smile content with less. And, shame I count it
 This fellow came in arms and spoiled the land,
 And gat him what he lusted. On my Thebes
 The stain would rest, if to his hands, for dread

* Goddess of Love.

Of Argos' spear, I gave my sceptre up.
 Mother, he should have come with terms prepared
 To treat, not arms ; for argument as much
 Bears all before it as the foeman's steel.
 If here he'd find—not kingdom—but a home,
 'Tis his. The rest I yield not but with life.
 What ! I to be his slave, when I may rule ?
 Therefore come sword, come fire ; yoke steeds, cloud o'er
 The plain with chariots ; I'll not yield one jot
 Of power to him. If Justice ever could
 With honour be dishonoured, 'twere for this—
 For Power. In all else bear virtue away.

From the PHRENZY OF HERACLES.

THE NATURE OF THE GODS.

THESEUS.

No mortal lives a life unscathed of woe,
 Nor any god, if poets' tales tell truth.
 Are not their loves incestuous, spurning law ?
 Have they not bruised, in the blind strife for power,
 Their sires with chains ? yet in Olympus still
 They dwell, and wear their crimes unblushingly.

HERACLES.

For me, I think not of the gods as prone
 To lawless love ; that god-like hands use fetters
 My reason bounds from, nor will e'er believe,
 Gods can live subject to each others' sway.
 For God, if truly He be God, naught needs
 Externe. These be sick dreams that poets feign.

From the SUPPLIANTS.

THE BENEFICENCE OF THE DEITY.

THESEUS.

It hath been said
 The evil in our life exceeds the good.
 But I, contrariwise, do hold the good
 In mortal lot the evil far exceeds.
 Else had we looked ere now our last on light.
 But praise be to the God that shaped our life
 From blind and brutish up to form and law.
 First He with sense endowed and gave us speech
 To shape our thought in sounds intelligible.
 He feeds us with His fruits and cheereth us
 With rain from heaven, for increase of the earth,
 And to keep moist her bosom ; 'tis His care
 Provides us with defence 'gainst wintry cold,
 Or burning heat of heaven ; He caused ships
 To fare too o'er the waters, so that land
 May interchange with land what each doth lack.
 And for those secret and mysterious things
 That mock our ken, wise seers do read them plain
 In flame, or entrails or the flight of birds.*
 What arrogance in us, then, seeing the God

* This refers to the three different sorts of divination.

Hath furnished so our life, to make all niggard !
 'Tis reason in us would assert its power
 O'er the Creator's self, till, all our mind
 Clouded by that conceit, we think ourselves
 A little wiser than the gods in heaven.

From the ELECTRA.

[*This play is on the same theme as the 'Electra' of Sophocles and the 'Cœphoræ' of Æschylus, but is treated on a principle of art wholly differing from theirs.—The following soliloquy once more represents the poet himself, not the play. Its noble tone of true humanity is peculiarly Euripidean.*]

ORESTES' SOLILOQUY ON TRUE MERIT.

'Tis strange. This quality of nobleness
 No constant hath ; men's natures being so mixed.
 Oft have I seen the son of high-born sire
 Prove but a fool ; and worthy children come
 Of stock degenerate. I've known, too, men
 Rich, yet whose meagre blood scarce stirred their veins,
 And lofty souls in humble bodies pent.
 Where then's the test to rightly judge wherein
 The difference lies ? In wealth ?—oh, sorry test !
 Well then, in wealth's default ?—nay, poverty
 This sickness hath ; its pinch doth goad men on
 To wrong at last. Then, must I turn to those
 That arms profess ?—yet who, 'midst clashing spears
 Could single out the hero of the fight ?
 'Twere wise to let the question drift unsolved.
 For here's a man* of no repute in Greece,
 Not puffed with pride of ancestry, but one
 Of the base populace, who's yet most noble.
 Be wise then ye, who, stuffed with vain conceits,
 Do err ; judge men by those they most affect,
 And call him noble that is virtuous.
 'Tis these that order well both house and state,
 But goodly forms, lacking intelligence,
 Show but as statues in the market-place.
 For 'tis not as an arm is strong or weak,
 That it is steadfast to abide the spear ;
 This lies in nature's gift and tempered courage.

From the TROJAN DAMES.

[*The 'Trojan Dames' is not so much a regularly constructed drama as a series of affecting scenes which are supposed to take place immediately on the capture of Troy. Not the least pathetic is Hecuba's lament over her grandson Astyanax. To understand it, it should be explained that the Greeks had just thrown Astyanax, the youthful son of Hector, from the walls, lest he should grow up to avenge his father's death. The corpse, placed on Hector's shield, is now brought to the unhappy Hecuba.*]

HECUBA'S LAMENT OVER THE BODY OF ASTYANAX.

Lay down this shield of Hector's on the ground,
 Dread sight and bitter to these aged eyes.
 Ye murderous Greeks, whose spears are edged more keen
 Than your dull wits, why this superfluous murder,

* He is referring to the simple peasant whom his sister Electra has been compelled to marry.

That ye, for terror of a babe, have wrought?
 Perchance ye thought he should hereafter raise
 This fallen Troy? and yet no fear was yours
 When day by day we dwindled—yea though strong
 Was Hector's spear and countless more beside
 To save us, still we perished—yet now Troy
 Lies fallen and low and all her sons are fallen,
 A babe appals ye! base, methinks, is he
 Who fears, yet on no reason grounds his fears.
 Alas my child, an ill-starred death was thine,
 For if for thy dear country thou hadst died,
 Fair with youth's bloom and with fair spousals crowned,
 And exercise of god-like sovereignty,
 Blest thou hadst been, if blessings these things be.
 But lost ere seen, untouched ere well conceived,
 None of these things thou hadst in sweet possession.
 Ill-fated child! how have thy country's walls,
 Apollo's* bulwark, in dispiteous wise
 Cut from thy tender brow the clustering hair
 That oft thy mother fondled, oft would kiss,
 Pressing warm lips where death grins ghastly forth
 From fractures gaping wide— for so I'll cloak
 Murder's harsh terms in phrases delicate.
 Oh hands, whose semblance sweetly doth recall
 Thy mighty sire's, how listless ye lie there!
 Oh darling mouth, that didst so oft repeat
 Thy pretty vaunts, cold art thou, and didst me
 Too much deceive, when, nestling at my breast:
 'Oh mother,' thou wouldst say, 'be sure these hands
 Shall cut for thee full tresses of my hair,
 And to thy tomb my playmates will I bring,
 And utter fond farewells.' Thus wouldst thou say.
 But this thou shalt not do—no, not for me,
 But I, a very wretched, poor, old woman,
 Outcast and childless, I shall bury thee,
 My child, young as thou art, in thy sad tomb.
 Ah me, my sleepless nights, my nursing cares,
 My many soft caresses, all are gone,
 Lavished in vain!—and wherefore? what shall be
 The epitaph hereafter on thy tomb?
 'This child upon a time the Argives slew,
 In fear.' Oh words weighted with shame for Greece!
 But, child that mayst not be thy father's heir,
 His shield shall give thee gorgeous burial.
 Thou guardian shield, bright Hector's arm that graced,
 Now thine own noblest guardian hast thou lost.
 How fair upon thy handle stays each dint,
 And stain, not sullyng the fine workmanship,
 That Hector's brow distilled, when oft, at close
 Of some stern day, faint with exceeding toil,
 He stood and on thy margin pressed his cheek.
 And now bring quick, to deck this piteous corse,
 What fortune's spared; though scant to grace thee, yet
 Of what we have, here's this and this for thee.
 [Laying an ornament on the body.
 How fond is he that smiles secure to think
 His weal's firm-based; for Fortune, in her moods
 Like to the idiot, now to this man leaps
 And now to that, but none shall hold her fast.

* The walls of Troy were fabled to have been built by Poseidon and Apollo.

From the HECUBA.

[The 'Hecuba' is another Trojan play. Its action takes place a few days before that of the 'Trojan Dames,' and is concerned more immediately with the sorrows of the Trojan queen. One of the bitterest of these is the death of her daughter Polyxena, who is sacrificed by the Greeks to appease the shade of Achilles—an episode that supplies the groundwork of a narrative which for descriptive beauty and subdued pathos is one of the finest in Euripides.—There is also much graphic power in the chorus on the Fall of Troy, the narration of the event by the mouths of the Trojan captives themselves imparting the vividness of personal emotion to the description.]

THE HERALD TALTHYBIUS DESCRIBES TO HECUBA THE
SACRIFICE OF HER DAUGHTER POLYXENA.

LADY, thou bidst my tears flow forth anew,
In pity for thy child; for while I tell
That sorrow, shall mine eyes brim o'er, as when
She perished, at the tomb. There by the mound,
Were gathered all Achaia's warrior host,
In their full pomp, to see thy daughter die.
Then led Achilles' son * Polyxena,
And set her on the mound. But I stood near.
And close behind, fair youths, Achaia's flower,
Followed; their task to curb the young girl's limbs,
Should she resist. Then taking in his hand,
High-brimmed, the golden cup, Achilles' son
Libations poured to his dead sire; and me
Bade monish all the host to hold their peace.
So standing forth I spake before them all:
'Hush you, Achæans, hold ye all your peace,
Hush you, be still.' So all were hushed, the while
He prayed: 'Oh son of Peleus and my sire,
Take at my hand this cup assuaging, spell
That calls the dead, and come, that thou mayst drink
A maid's pure crimson blood we here present thee,
The host and I; look on us favourably,
And grant that we, our anchors weighed, so set
Our sails from Troy, as all of us may come,
After fair voyage, to our fatherland.'
He spake. The serried ranks echoed the prayer.
Then sought his hand his golden falchion's hilt,
And drew it from the sheath. His glance the while,
Bade the young men lay hands upon the maid.
Who, when she saw what they would do, spake thus:
'Ye Argives that have laid my city low,
Freely I die. Lay no man hands on me,
For I will bravely bow my neck to death.
This only ere ye slay me; leave me free,
That I free maid may die; for shame were mine,
Among the dead, to hear them call me slave,
Who am right royal.' One shout from that great host
Answered her prayer, and Agamemnon gave
The young men word to let the maiden go.
But when she heard the word her captors spake,
Her robe she took and from the shoulder's arch
Rent downward to the waist, and gave to view
Breasts and a bosom whose clear loveliness
Was as a statue's; then down-kneeling she
Spake out her last brave-hearted word of all:

* Neoptolemus.

'Lo, youth, if thou wouldst smite my breast, 'tis here,
 Smite on, or if thy sword would rather seek
 My throat, lo here my neck is bowed.' Then he,
 Fain and not fain for pity of the maid,
 Clave with his blade the channels of her breath.
 Fast welled the life-blood forth, yet dying, still
 One thought possessed her, maidenly to fall,
 And guard her chastity from eye of man.
 Now when to the death-blow she yielded had
 Her breath, no Argive of them all but found
 Some different task to render; some with leaves
 Bestrewed the corpse; others brought trunks of pine
 And heaped them for a pyre; and as he toiled,
 Would one upbraid an idler comrade thus:
 'Churl, standest thou there, and bringst the maid no robe,
 No ornament? meanst thou no gift for her
 That was of courage peerless, and her soul
 As noble as e'er breathed?'—Thy child's death-tale
 Is told; and looking on thee, I could deem
 Was never mother in her child more blest,
 As never yet was one more miserable.

CHORUS. THE FALL OF TROY.

(From the same.)

STROPHE I.

OH thou, my land of Troy, no more
 Unravished shalt thou boast to be;
 Such cloud of Greeks doth shroud thee o'er,
 With spear on spear to ravage thee.
 Thou art shorn of thy coronal of towers,
 Foul with smoke lie thy ruined bowers,
 Never any more in thee,
 Sad city, shall my footsteps be.

ANTISTROPHE I.

At night I perished, when the feast
 Being done, sweet sleep doth on the eyelids weigh;
 From songs and choral dances ceased,
 My husband in his chamber lay.
 His spear on its peg was hung to rest,
 Little dreamed he how there pressed
 On through Troy's embattled streets,
 Armèd squadrons from the fleets.*

STROPHE II.

And I within the snood my hair
 Was binding, as I gazed intent
 Into the spreading brightness fair
 That back the golden mirror sent.
 Ere fain I laid me to repose—
 When hoarse from the city a tumult rose,
 And, echoing, this stern cry through Troy's streets rolled:
 'Sons of the Greeks 'tis time, the hour has come
 To level with the dust proud Ilium's hold,
 And set your sails for home.'

* Troy was taken through the stratagem of a wooden horse, which the Trojans were induced on a religious pretext to admit into the city. When once it was within the walls the Greeks who were concealed within it issued forth and took the city by surprise.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Then thinly-stoled like Dorian maid,
 Leaving love's dear embrace, I fled,
 And with dread Artemis sought aid ;
 Yet, hapless, little profited.
 I looked and saw my husband slain ;
 Then they dragged me afar o'er the heaving main ;
 And looking back my natal walls to see,
 As homeward slowly moved the ship, and wide
 And ever wider parted Troy from me,
 My heart for sorrow died ;

EPODE.

And I cursed in my trouble Helen,* the sister of the Twain,
 And Paris, the Idan shepherd, that fatal bane,
 For his bridal that wrought my undoing,
 And drave from country and home—
 His bridal no bridal that was, but a curse still pursuing
 My footsteps to pain ;
 But her never more the wave waft to her home again,
 Nor ever may she to the house of her fathers come.

In bidding farewell to the few readers who may have accompanied him thus far, the writer cannot resist expressing the hope that he has not delayed them too long among the ancient masterpieces. The tide of thought flows continually onward into new and deeper channels, and literature must ever be clothing itself in fresh shapes ; yet so rich and full was the old Greek life, and so supreme the literature in which it found its perfect expression, that he who would fully appreciate the highest efforts of the present must still occasionally pause to compare them with the achievements of that brilliant prime—must still turn in imagination to seek that distant point on the far horizon of the past—

'Where on the Ægean shore A CITY stands.'

GERARD W. SMITH.

* The abduction of Helen, by Paris, was the cause of the Trojan war. The Twain are the famous heroes Castor and Pollux.

(Concluded.)

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER III.

THE ULTIMATE OBJECT OF LIFE.

MY DEAR A——,—You make me think of Naaman the Syrian ; you want to do ‘some great thing.’ Small duties scarcely seem to be duties. Any one, you say, can do them ; and in your own case, if it so happen that you forget the special act, it is done by some one else ; and no one suffers in consequence. But is this quite wise ? If you neglect to leave your room in order, which you tell me is one of your mother’s *particularities*, no doubt a servant can put it straight for you ; but if you are lazy, and in consequence late for prayers, the servant cannot say your prayers for you. You see your argument is not quite sound, it will not stand examination. But, in truth, the question to be considered in this matter of duty has nothing to do with the comparative importance of the works set us to do. Great and small when applied to such acts are terms essentially human. They are used by us ignorantly. That which we think will further our earthly objects of desire we call great ; and that which we think will not further them we call little. We are, indeed, precisely like children playing with toys, thinking it of the utmost importance that a doll’s broken leg should be mended, but of very little importance whether they take their accustomed exercise and so keep themselves in health. I often wish we could bear in mind this resemblance between the position in which children stand towards us, and that in which we ourselves stand towards God. It would make many things clear to us which now are extremely obscure. Chiefest of all it would show us how little able we are to judge of the reason and object, or what is philosophically called the final cause of the tasks we are required to execute, and the difficulties and trials we are compelled to endure. Just think how much, or rather how little, a child knows of the plan of education which a wise father will mark out for him. There are teachers who come and go—why ? Lessons to be learnt—of what use ? Rules to be attended to—for what purpose ? Agreeable companions who are to be shunned ; pleasant invitations which are decidedly refused—wherefore ? What does it all mean ? Why is not a child to be happy in its own way ? Why should it be obliged to attend to regulations which the very persons who impose them acknow-

ledge to be in themselves trifling? And what is the ultimate object of all this labour? The child is perhaps to be a soldier, or a lawyer, or a clergyman. But what is the connection between the early training and the future profession? It is all to the young mind—vanity and perplexity. If it were not for the trust in a father's wisdom, and the acquired habit of obedience, no child would, according to its own little reasoning power, do anything but play. Faith, however, leads it; faith inspires and guides it; faith gives it strength, and enables it to recognise that what seems of importance is really of momentary value, and that what seems useless is of priceless consideration. The description I have given is, I think, a true description of our government of children—the natural government which we consider wise. We have no doubt upon this point because our eyes see beyond what the child can see. We look on into future years; we know how he is not only to be influenced himself, but to influence others; we recognise that a child's character is to be moulded and trained, not only in reference to his own personal advantage in manhood, but to the claims of his position as a citizen, a subject, a member of the great body politic of nations. Our glance embraces all these relations. In the present day, especially, we condemn what is called a narrow system of education. The most advanced thinkers tell us we are to labour not for our own generation, but for Humanity in far-off ages, when men are to be perfect, and when science shall have conquered disease and death: so at least I imagine they mean, for if disease and death are not to be conquered, there can be but slight inducement to spend our own short years in preparing comforts and enjoyments for the men and women who may not live long enough to profit by them. But, putting aside these theories, you will see what I mean, that the child and the man estimate the duties and pleasures of this life differently, because the child has a limited, and the man a wide view; and you will own that the child's view is false, and the man's true.

Now, look at the analogy between the relation thus existing between parent and child, and that which revelation teaches us exists between God and man. You will scarcely hesitate to own that it is very exact. That men are but 'children of a larger growth,' is a saying which has passed into a proverb. But the difficulty we find in acting upon it arises from the vague idea we have of the future for which we are preparing. The child is permitted to see to a certain extent what he is training for; he is brought into contact with soldiers, lawyers, merchants, clergymen; their duties are recognised, though he does not fully know in what they consist, and the necessity for preparation is therefore easily admitted. The trial of the man is that he does not see, and what he is told he scarcely believes, and thus he frets and chafes under the discipline which God sees to be necessary for him. The first thing, therefore, which I would urge upon you, dear A—, if

you want to get the true view of your earthly position which will make this discipline endurable, is to look at the passages of Scripture which throw light upon the future of that great society—the Christian Church, the Body of Christ—of which you are a member. They are not very numerous; they do not enter into details which, as referring to different conditions of existence, we should probably not understand, but they certainly do give us an outline of a plan—a scheme—extending far beyond Earth and Time, and in which we are most nearly concerned; and, when we consider them carefully, I think they will give us a sense of dignity, a perception of taking part in grand aims, and everlasting interests, of which the pride we feel in being members of a great nation, and labouring for objects of world-wide importance, can be but a faint shadow. For instance, look at what S. Paul tells the Ephesians.* He says that it is the mystery of God's Will to gather together 'in the fulness of times' all things in heaven and earth, and make them one in the risen Christ, who is to be recognised as 'far above all principality and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come.'

This declaration at once leads us to include other worlds, other powers, in the great scheme of Christ's Kingdom and government. Man's salvation is part of that scheme, but it must be far, very far, from the whole.

You will say, probably, but what does S. Paul mean by saying that Christ is to be recognised as above all? Surely He is so recognised everywhere, except on earth. How do we know that? or, rather, do we not know the contrary? It is the fashion of the day to make the existence of the devil a subject for amusement. I was once present myself at the ballet of *Faust*, and I thought, and think still, how Satan must rejoice over such scenes; for who fears what he makes a subject of amusement? But laughter and mockery, clever caricatures and witty jokes, will not kill the devil; and somehow, though he himself may not be seen on earth, his works unquestionably are seen, and what power he may have elsewhere, who can say? One thing we are quite sure of, that Christ is not acknowledged or obeyed by all on earth now; neither has He been in ages past. Somewhere, therefore, there must be a power which is antagonistic to Him. Whence it comes, how its existence should have been permitted, who can say? It is present; that is all we know. It is not to be for ever; that we are called upon to believe. And in the great conflict between Christ and Satan, the power of sin and the power of holiness, lies the vast importance of our position as Christians. For, as S. Paul continues, the Christ who is thus to have all things put under Him is the head of a Body—the Church, which is the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.† It is

* See Ephesians i. 10—21.

† See Ephesians i. 23; ii.

through the efforts of this Church—blessed, directed, strengthened by His Spirit, that the victories over Satan and evil are to be obtained. Saved ourselves, we are to help to save others; victorious ourselves, we are hereafter to rule others. Where? you will probably ask. How? Under what circumstances? In what world? On earth or elsewhere? I cannot tell; no one can tell, any more than the child can tell in what quarter of the globe, or under what circumstances he is hereafter to exercise his profession. But that we—the members of Christ's Body, the Church—are to be raised up from the dead, and made 'to sit together in heavenly places,' and enjoy 'the exceeding riches of God's grace and His kindness towards us through Jesus Christ,'* is so plainly asserted by S. Paul, and so clearly marked out by our Lord's parables, that I do not myself see how any one reading the Scriptures carefully can doubt it. Of course I do not restrict the meaning of the word 'Church,' so as to include only that society which we are accustomed in England to call the Church, or the National Church, but that vast body of Christians who by baptism have been admitted into the Catholic, or Universal Church, and have lived, however imperfectly, in the recognition of their high calling, trusting to the Redeemer's merits for their final acceptance.

Rulers over ten cities! Rulers over five! Judges of angels! We cannot look upon these expressions as meaningless. They must imply some high destiny, though all which is involved in them can only be understood by God Himself. They must have been intended to set before us a purpose and aim which should have a permanent influence upon our lives.

In my own mind I often compare with these aims the theories of the clever sceptics of the day—their anticipations for the future, their interests in the present—and marvel with a sense of absolute bewilderment at the absurdity of the hopes which they venture to put before their reasoning fellow-creatures as objects worthy of attainment and capable of affecting their lives.

You and I are to die. We are possibly to linger out some seventy years in this world, subject to physical suffering and mental disappointment, and then our bodies must moulder into dust, and our minds, which, according to the newest scientific assertion, are only matter in motion, are to cease to act. But we are told we are not to trouble ourselves about this, for we have a glorious object before us, even the progress of Humanity. For this we are to labour. This is to be the engrossing, sufficing aim of our earthly existence.

But the progress of Humanity—what does it mean? If the individuals who constitute Humanity are all to turn into dust, what remains? And if nothing remains what object is there to work for?

I ask these questions of myself and others, again and again, with an

* See Ephesians xi. 6, 7.

ever-increasing wonder that the common sense of mankind can even for an hour tolerate such self-evident contradiction and folly.

'These advanced opinions,' said a sceptical lady to me not long ago, 'are certainly sad for young people. They seem to take away all the interest of life.' It was a singular confession to make, but its truth was undeniable. What a change when we turn from this phantom of hope put before us by the Positivist to the teaching of Christ and His Apostles.

Surely, dear A——, there is a grand Hereafter for which to live, and for which to die and rise again, and existence in this world is the school and the preparation for it.

Grant this, and the distinction between great and little in our different callings and duties ceases—I will tell you why another time.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

'LES ROIS.' PARIS, 1883.

SAY, who are these from far away
That hither crowd, this wintry day
Beneath a summer-mocking sky,
To keep, once more, Epiphany !

O who shall say that Faith is cold ?
Thy towers, Notre Dame, in days of old
Ne'er looked upon so vast a throng,
A stream of men so full, so strong.

They come, and still they come, a tide
Through narrow lane and boulevard wide,
With men, men, men, face hard on face,
Drifted and driven in wave-like race.

These from the homes where sad Lorraine
Sits weeping 'neath Teutonic chain ;
These, whose Provincial vineyards fill
Their Roman veins with ardour still.

They come from far to keep the feast
As those old sages of the East ;
Nor toil, nor cold, nor length of way
Can keep those thousands back to-day.

But where's the Star that went before ?
—Alas ! for them it shines no more ;
A funeral torch is now their guide,
—Man's boasted knowledge, short-lived pride.

And where the gifts of gold ? and where
The myrrh and frankincense so rare ?
—The treasure in their midst behold,
A dead man's corpse but lately cold.

And where's the Infant King they seek ?
And where His Virgin Mother meek ?
—Alas, their hope is turned to gloom !
They seek no cradle, but a tomb.

Is this, O sons of Christian sires,
The goal of all your high desires ?
The fruit by ripening ages given,
The end for which mankind have striven ?

The darkening of each hope and faith ?
The death of Love, the love of Death ?
The blotting-out of all that gave
Man's life a glimpse beyond the grave ?

While beauty now has passed away,
And hearts are sad that once were gay,
And childhood, motherhood, no more
Reflect the hallowed light of yore.

And wealth but stings the owner's hand,
And knowledge seems a tract of sand,
And Love—that once brought Heaven so near
—The echo of a hellish sneer.

And youth is old before its time
In knowledge of accomplished crime,
And borrowed locks and painted skin
For hoary hairs no reverence win.

And Nature's voice is choked, and Art
Is sickened at her very heart ;
—By Truth and Beauty owned no more,
She curses where she blessed before.

O martyred saints ! O thronèd dead !
O hearts for France that beat and bled !
Can nought avail for her your prayer ?
Is hers the empire of Despair ?

And will they ne'er upon her shine,
The Star of Hope, the Child Divine ?
—A charnel house, and empty breath
Her glory's goal !—her Monarch, Death !

VERITAS.

Spider Subjects.

WHAT is the matter with the Spiders? Is it Christmas that has given them other webs to spin, or are they tired of the whole? Or were these questions too difficult, since no one but A Bee has vouchsafed to answer about the blind. (And she has missed Enrico Dandolo, the blind Doge, who led the assault on Constantinople.) As to the other question, some one who is not a Spider sends a paper on which the only comment can be, 'Reply not to me with a fool born jest.'

If Arachne had asked for an essay on Incompleteness or Finishing Off, perhaps there would have been more replies, so she makes this her present question, and the other shall be 'The history of David I. of Scotland.'

Nightingale's stamps acknowledged.

MENTION THE PERSONS WHO HAVE DONE THE MOST IN SPITE OF BLINDNESS.

Blindness being in a great measure a barrier to wonderful or heroic actions, our list must to a certain extent be confined to persons of strong intellect, whose talents or powers of mind have enabled them to make a name for themselves in the world. There are, however, one or two whose deeds history has deemed worthy of record, viz. :—

Samson, who worked 'eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,' and afterwards in the temple of Dagon—

'He patient, but undaunted, where they led him, 7:
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force.

And later, when he was led between the pillars,

Straining all his nerves, he bowed;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath.'

King John of Bohemia, who, at the battle of Crecy, 1346, was so eager to aid his ally Philip of France, that though blind, he desired two of his knights to lead him into the thick of the battle, and afterwards they were found dead in a heap together, the reins of the king's horses fastened to those of the knight's.

May we not also mention, fabulous though it be, the story of the *Man of Thessaly*?

year, and Vertumnus trusts that before the appearance of the March number of the *Monthly Packet* all necessary arrangements will have been made. Of these, private notice will be sent to the members.

Vertumnus, employing for the last time his pseudonym, begs once more to express his sense of the unvarying kindness with which his criticisms have been received, and of the constant and emphatic expressions of friendly appreciation of his very inadequate attempts to convey to the members of the M.P.R.S. some little instruction in botanical science. May he be permitted, in one last word, to express a fervent hope that they may, one and all, be led, by the investigation of the works of God, in the wonders of the vegetable world, to a constantly increasing admiration and reverence toward Him by Whom all things were made.

‘Benedicite universa germinantia in terrâ Domino; laudate et superexaltate Eum in sæcula.’

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

The *Muffin Man* wishes to know the author of the following, and whether there are more verses—

' Winter is nurse to May,
And Doubt the builder of Faith,
Night is the fountain of Day,
And Life the daughter of Death.'

G. asks: Where can she obtain an old-fashioned song beginning with—

' My father is a hedger and ditcher,
My mother does nothing but spin,' etc. ?

M. W. H. wishes to know the author of the following lines—

' Midnight, and still the oppressive load,
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie,
Still the abhorred procession winds,
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye,
Deep waters have come in, O Lord,
All darkly on Thy human soul
And clouds of supernatural gloom,
Around Thee are allowed to roll.'

There are more lines in a similar strain.

Fincastle asks where the following lines are to be found—

' Still the child all power possessing
Smiles as in the ages past
And the song of Christmas blessing
Softly falls in peace at last.'

Could the Editor, or any reader of the *Monthly Packet*, give Eleanor the rest of this hymn ?—

' Through many a long, long year,
They have fought that weary fight,
Through many a storm, and doubt and fear
And many a dark wild night,
Still firm they stand, that noble band
Conquerors through His great might.'

Meek Mouse—

' The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.'

Can the Editor of the *Monthly Packet* kindly inform F. W. if a ' Life of Sir Ralph Abercrombie ' has ever been written, and if so, by whom it is published ?

A. D. wants to know what poem lately published begins thus—

' A sacred burden is the life we bear.'

Can any of your readers tell me the origin of the 'Boar of Florence,' and whether it has any connection with—

'The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore,'

as Macaulay puts it?—*Autumn*.

ANSWERS.

Very many thanks to K. for her useful parcel, from *Sisters of the Poor, Leonard Square, Finsbury*.

Greta.—The lines—

'Go when the morning shineth,' &c.

are attributed by *N. B.* to Montgomery or Jewsbury; by *Helen* (who finds them in the *Hymnal Companion*) to Jane Simpson; by *Nellie* and two more correspondents to the Earl of Carlisle. They are, we believe, right.

In giving the publisher of *Uncle Peter's Fairy Tale* the name of Messrs Parker, 6, Southampton Street, Strand, was misprinted.

S. M. sends the remaining verses of the poem quoted by the *Muffin Man*—

'Oh how many a glorious record
Had the angel of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

'Yet, my soul, look not behind thee,
Thou hast work to do at last,
Let the brave toil of the present
Overarch the crumbled past.

'Build thy great acts high and higher,
Build them on the conquered sod,
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
Where thy first prayer rose to God.'

These verses have been attributed to Carlisle, R. W. Emerson, and Rev. Charles Kingsley.

S. ANDREW'S HOSPITAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—We know that you are always interested in sick children, and we are sure that you would be very willing to help them to get well, if you knew how to do it. So we are to propose to you a plan for doing this. Some of you may have heard of S. Andrew's Hospital, Clewer, and that part of that hospital was built on purpose for children. In that part there are three wards—a day ward where the children play in the day time; off the day ward the ward where the cripples sleep; and up stairs there is a night ward where most of the children sleep.

Well, we want to get up for this children's ward enough money to keep a 'children's cot,' to which the children who subscribe shall be able to send their own patients. Think what that would be! Now perhaps some poor sick children who for want of care and pure air may be dying, or getting some disease which would give them constant

sion. And only a very quick observer, like Conny, would have known that in this soothing atmosphere Hetty was not altogether happy.

'Where's Gertrude?' said Herbert presently.

'I don't think she is coming down,' Margaret answered.

He made no remark, not being at all in want of Gertrude's company; but after a minute he asked Margaret to put dinner off half-an-hour.

'We think we should like to go to church,' he said, smiling at Hetty.

'You two?' said Margaret.

'Well, no. Cousin Conny will come—won't you?'

'Certainly, Cousin Herbert—to oblige you,' said Conny mockingly.

She could not help glancing at Margaret, wondering whether she knew that this was the first advance to Christian names between herself and Hetty's future husband. The Ethelstons were not much given to these little amenities. Margaret took no notice; she was busy with her teapot.

'Will you come with us, Margaret?' said her brother.

'Do!' said Hetty, looking up at her, and then colouring, she hardly knew why, at the look she met in return.

'No: I shall not change my usual ways. You three can go together.'

'Will Gertrude come?'

'No, Herbert. Don't trouble yourself to ask her. I am sure she will not.'

'Why—anything the matter with her?'

'She is not very well this afternoon.'

'Cross, I suppose,' said Herbert, and then he laughed rather awkwardly. Margaret lifted her eyebrows a little, and made him no answer.

Alding Church was generally full in the evening, and many eyes were lifted when the squire and his companions came in, a few minutes late, and took their places in the large pew. To Hetty, and to one or two other people, the service that evening was peculiarly beautiful. It was all praise and courage and confidence. The Psalms and hymns were joyful; all seemed to put worldly troubles on one side as nothing, and to carry the worshippers up into a clear bright peace above the clouds. Tom's sermon was in the same strain. It seized upon Hetty, and made her even forget the neighbourhood of Herbert for a minute, while she listened in an interest that was almost surprise. She had not known it was in Mr. Landor to rise so high. Ah, if one could disregard consequences, and be satisfied with simply doing right, in this full trust that right must triumph! How easy it ought to be, and yet how hard it was, to follow such teaching.

As Mrs. Landor's voice, with even more ringing sweetness than

usual, led the hymn after the sermon, Hetty thought that her son must have learnt everything from her. Surely she had never been troubled by any doubts and cowardlinesses ; her path had always been in the light, as it was now. Hetty's longing at that moment was to kneel down by Mrs. Landor, and hide her face in her lap, and tell her everything.

She began to wonder whether she would have strength to keep the secret. It would be hardly possible, if she was to be attacked again as Conny attacked her that morning. Still, forgetting that other people besides Lily had seen her with James, she had no real fear of being slandered to the Ethelstons. Mrs. Bell was foolish and selfish, but she was not ill-natured ; she would not wilfully bring Hetty into such a painful position as that. And Lily, silly passionate girl as she was, would not dare to do it. Hetty doubted whether she should speak to her again, appealing to her honour ; but she put that thought proudly away, saying to herself—'If they do hear of it, they must trust me. And if they love me, they will.'

Herbert was so happy and pleasant that evening, that neither of the girls found it difficult to accommodate themselves to his good-humour, and the walk through the park and back passed off very cheerfully. His manner to Hetty was so charming that a wild thought crossed her mind—'Shall I tell him all about it, except the reason?' and only the dread that he might insist on a full confession held her back. It might have been happier for them both if she had followed her instinct, and given him her little load of trouble. He was certainly strong enough to carry it, if he chose.

Gertrude did not even appear at dinner. Margaret excused her again, saying that she had a headache, and no one seemed to miss her much. Dinner was late, and it was soon time for the girls to think of going home. Margaret came up to Hetty and asked her if she would stay the night.

'I don't ask you both,' she said, 'because Mrs. Bell might not think it fair—and I fancy Miss Lydiard would rather go back.'

'Thank you, I would,' said Conny, decidedly. 'Hetty will please herself, of course, but I advise her to come too.'

'You don't think Mrs. Bell would mind my staying?' said Hetty in slight surprise.

'Oh dear no!' said Conny, and she would not explain herself further.

Margaret gave her a dignified look and turned away.

'Well, Henrietta, make up your mind,' she said. 'Herbert and I would both like you to stay.'

Conny made a little face ; but it was quite plain that she was powerless. Hetty did not know what was in store for her, and she could not tell her. Neither would there be any use in telling her.

But Conny had a great faith in chances and possibilities, in putting off the evil day, in the something that might happen to bring crooked things straight—and she would have been extremely glad to take Hetty safe home with her that evening. Her mother would be coming back in a few days, too, and her quick wits would surely find a way out of all this confusion. However, as Hetty wished to stay, there was nothing for it but to come away and leave her, and so Conny did, with a parting whisper, ‘Don’t let them bully you,’ to which Hetty did not pay much attention.

She had a little walk under the stars with Herbert, which was so delightful that it sent all her anxieties into the background; and when she had wished him good-night, and had gone up-stairs with Margaret to her room, she turned to her with an eager caress, laying her face on her shoulder for a moment. Margaret did not seem startled or displeased by this demonstration, though it was not at all in her way.

‘What is it?’ she said softly.

‘Oh, because I am so happy, and I don’t know how I have deserved it.’

‘Is there any reason why you should not be happy?’ said Margaret.

‘No,’ Hetty answered, but then she caught herself up, hesitated and coloured, for now that Herbert was not there, and she had time to think, Margaret’s eyes told her all.

‘Have they told you?’ she said in a whisper, and for a moment she stood quite still, feeling dizzy and unable to think or understand. ‘Is that why Gertrude did not come down? Let me go to her.’

‘Stay here. Do you think Gertrude would be glad to see you?’ said Margaret solemnly.

‘It was very wrong of him, but he was not so bad as I thought,’ said Hetty in a confused way. ‘Oh! I was forgetting; but she knew he was a flirt, she said so to me. What does she think now, Margaret? What made her stay up-stairs?’

‘You are talking in a very strange way,’ said Margaret more coldly. ‘Gertrude does not complain for herself, whatever reason she may have. She and I are thinking of Herbert. She is very much troubled for Herbert, as your cousin will tell you. She came down and spoke to her.’

‘For Herbert! What do you mean?’ said Hetty, raising her head with a proud air that would have become a born Ethelston.

All her fear and confusion had suddenly passed away. This thing, which she had hardly even dared to dread, had come upon her, and her courage rose to meet it. The first hint, the first knowledge from Margaret’s words and looks, had been like the first shock of a wound. An instant passes before the pain begins, and with that, to a brave heart, comes the spirit to bear it. Hetty did not colour, or show any

passionate feeling, as Conny had done in her defence. She felt cold, and white and stiff; but she told herself, with a sort of sad pleasure, that the worst was come now, and that Lily's secret was safe.

All the softness now was on Margaret's side. She looked at the girl wonderingly for a moment, then took her hand, and made her sit down beside her on the sofa.

'Tell me, Henrietta!' she said, almost imploringly.

'What am I to tell you?'

'What you would not tell Constance—the reason—the meaning of it.'

Hetty sat looking on the floor, and did not speak.

'For a girl in your position, it was an extraordinary thing to do. The best of reasons would hardly justify it, but we think, knowing you so well, you must have had some very good reason. I need only ask you for your explanation, Henrietta!'

Still Hetty said nothing. Margaret flushed faintly all over her pale face, for she was painfully excited. The silence was unbearable, and presently she added very low—

'I thought you loved us, Hetty!'

'I do love you!' Hetty murmured, and she covered her face with her hands for a moment, but without breaking down.

'How can I believe that,' said Margaret, 'while you refuse to set our minds at rest! I ask you to say a few words; your happiness and ours depends upon them. Do you know that it is almost destroyed already—that you are talked of among the servants and the common people? This report reached us through the servants. I need not tell you that as yet we have kept it from Herbert. He was troubled by your low spirits yesterday. It must indeed have been a burden to you, keeping such a secret from *him*. Now, cannot you be truthful, and tell me all? It will be best for you in the end.'

'I am not untruthful. I have denied nothing,' said Hetty, looking up into her face. 'I went out on Friday morning on purpose to meet Mr. Harvey, and I had a long talk with him. That is all I can tell you.'

Margaret gazed at her with reproachful eyes.

'All that we knew,' she said. 'It *was* an appointment, then? I had a little hope that it might have been an accident. Who made the appointment? Mr. Harvey or you?'

There was a little scorn in her tone, which brought the colour into Hetty's face. But she answered very quietly, after a moment's hesitation—

'Mr. Harvey made no appointment with me, nor I with him. I knew that he would be on the road that morning, and I went out to meet him. My meeting him was my own doing.'

'How did you know he would be on the road? Who told you?'

'I cannot say.'

'You may as well tell me everything, if you care at all for your own credit. And I think, considering who we are, you ought to tell us what you said to Mr. Harvey.'

'No—I will not—I cannot tell you. Don't ask me.'

'You are ashamed—there is nothing surprising in that,' said Margaret, patiently. 'But I cannot believe that you, engaged to Herbert, can have said or done anything to be really ashamed of. It is some foolishness, confess it, and let it be forgotten.'

'If you trust me so far, trust me a little farther,' Hetty answered her. 'I am not ashamed, it is only that I cannot tell you. Mr. Harvey is Herbert's friend, and Herbert is everything in the world to me. You may trust me'—Hetty's voice failed a little; she turned away sighing from Margaret, and laid her head on the end of the sofa, as if tired out with this hopeless argument.

Margaret waited for a few minutes in silence, looking away towards the door; she was perhaps in a difficulty what to say next. Then she turned again towards Hetty, whose face was almost hidden.

'You think us unkind,' she said. 'You think our affection ought to stand a trial like this. But you forget how much is at stake. You forget Herbert.'

A movement of Hetty's lips seemed to say, 'Do I?' but she made no sound.

'If we loved you,' said Margaret, 'remember that it was for Herbert's sake, even more than your own, because we believed you were worthy of him. But a girl who can have these secret confidences with other men, and can be happy in Herbert's ignorance, what are we to think of her? And how can we bear that our brother, without a shade on his name, should marry a girl who is *talked about*, as you are! Of course it is too late to stop that, but I, at least, felt so sure of you, that I thought your explanation might set everything right. And now you will not give me any.'

'Oh, Margaret! don't you know me?' said Hetty, sitting up, and her sweet face, and fearless, candid eyes were certainly witnesses in her favour. 'Can't you understand that I am bound in honour to keep this secret?'

'No honour can bind you to keep a secret from Herbert. It is no use arguing with you, I see,' said Margaret, with a shade of impatience. 'Now I will give you a last chance. I will give you till twelve o'clock on Tuesday. If by that time you have told me everything, I will leave you to tell Herbert when and how you please, for I hope you will change your mind about keeping secrets from him.'

'This is the first and last,' said Hetty in a low voice.

'If I hear nothing from you,' Margaret went on, looking away from her, and speaking hardily and coldly, 'I shall speak to Herbert myself ;

for I cannot have him sacrificed. Then he will judge what he must do. If he agrees with me that your engagement ought to be broken off, no one who knows the circumstances will blame him.'

'Broken off! My engagement!' repeated Hetty in a whisper.

'I have said enough. You have your choice, and if you care at all for Herbert, I don't think it will be a difficult one.'

'And don't you suppose Herbert cares for me, then?' said Hetty in a sort of dreamy surprise: she was so tried that she hardly knew what she was saying.

Margaret gave her a lofty sort of glance, as much as to say, 'Are you measuring your influence with mine?'

'Oh, you are very cruel!' said Hetty, as Margaret got up and stood still for a moment, looking at her with stern, thoughtful eyes. 'What am I to say, to make you understand?'

'Tell the truth, and then I shall understand,' said Margaret. 'Good-night'—with the deepest seriousness—and I hope you may have come to your senses in the morning.'

Mr. Ethelston, in a very comfortable frame of mind, had gone into the library, and was sitting there reading an article in the *Field*, his studies having been interrupted by his attentions to Hetty. All was still in the house: the ladies had been gone nearly an hour, and it was getting on for midnight. The clumsy handle of the library door was suddenly turned by eager hands. It was not the butler, coming to shut the shutters: he and his underlings knew better than to rush into a room with such improper haste as this.

'Hallo! Hetty! What do you want? Anything the matter?' exclaimed Herbert, starting up.

'No—I only came—to see if I could find you.'

'You darling!'

Herbert did not seem to want any more explanation. Hetty had half made up her mind, as she hurried down stairs, to tell him everything—everything she could, at least—but in the next few minutes her resolution died away. It was so late, he might ask so many questions—and how could she doubt the faithfulness of such a lover as this? After Margaret's hard words she had felt that she must wish him good-night again, just to be reassured, and to feel that she was more to him than even Margaret. The proceeding was not like her, for she was a shy girl in some ways, even not demonstrative enough, sometimes, to satisfy Herbert—but this evening she was not herself. Herbert was puzzled, though he did not show it. This excited, trembling girl, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, who looked at him sadly, and hardly spoke, though she let him caress her as much as he pleased—was this the sweet, calm Hetty who had gone up-stairs an hour ago?

'What have you been doing?' he said at last. 'Lying on the sofa

and dreaming bad dreams? I say, what is it? You look as if you had just awoke from a bad dream. I believe you are not awake yet.'

'I think it must have been a bad dream,' said Hetty.

'Why did you do it, then?' said Herbert tenderly. 'Poor child! were you tumbling down a precipice, or was a big lion coming to eat you up? Or did you see a ghost? Never mind! don't be frightened: they shan't have you.'

'You won't let them have me!' Hetty murmured; but it was all too serious for laughing. 'Will you always take care of me?'

'Who will, I wonder, if I don't!'

'But if people were to come to you, and try to make you believe bad things of me?'

'I should tell them to mind their own business—unless it seemed advisable to give them a thrashing.'

'But if it was somebody very important—Margaret, for instance?'

'Well, it would not be good for me to thrash Margaret, certainly. I should have to ask her to mind her own business.'

'Herbert—you will always trust me, won't you?'

'Of course—that arrangement is mutual. What makes you ask all these dreadful questions?' said Herbert, with a sleepy laugh. 'Were you dreaming of me, and did I turn out disappointing?'

'It was a very silly dream, if you did. I know nothing could ever change you. Now, good-night. I am a great deal happier.'

'You are awake; that is the reason. You were asleep when you first came down. You seemed to be loaded with mysterious secrets, and suggested all sorts of absurd things. Stay a little longer. Won't you? Well, run away, then.'

But he held her hands so tight that several more minutes passed before she was free. Then, in the hall, she met the butler, who stared as if the family ghost had appeared to him. She flew past him, and darted up to her room.

There she told herself that she was a very happy girl, and might sleep quite peacefully now. But she lay awake most of the night, and knew that she was just as unhappy as ever.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANSWERED.

'I have seen higher, holier things than these,
And therefore must to these refuse my heart.'

—A. H. CLOUGH.

TOM came home by the last train on Saturday night. It was a grey, cloudy evening, with yellow gleams in the west; the air was hot and still. His mother met him a few yards from the gate, bareheaded, her

eyes shining with welcome; but Harry Dane was with him, having joined him on the road from Eastmarsh, so that they could not say much at first.

'Good night, Harry. Don't talk about that; it can only be gossip,' said Tom gravely at the gate.

'Hope it is, sir. Good night to ye,' said Harry, and he went on his way.

'I ought to have been much crosser,' said Tom, as he walked with his mother towards the porch. 'I'm beginning to hate the country.'

'Why, what is it?' asked Bessie anxiously, the joy of his return fading out of her face. 'Are you come back to some new bother? I wish Harry would let you alone. The instant I met you I saw something was wrong.'

'This is the most gossiping place I ever was in. Harry tells me it is all over the parish that Ethelston's engagement is broken off—that they have quarrelled—that she is engaged to James Harvey.'

'Nonsense!'

'So I said, of course. Harry said he hoped it was nonsense, for she seemed like a sweet young lady; but he himself saw her and Mr. Harvey together on the road yesterday morning, at six o'clock or soon after. They had just parted when he met her. She looked dazed, and did not seem to remember him. Now, mother, you know——'

'I know. It was nearly half-past six then. But what does it matter? You are as bad as the rest of them. Why shouldn't they have met by accident, pray? She often takes early walks, and that morning was lovely enough to tempt any one. Somebody else saw them both on the road, I dare say, and started this beautiful piece of gossip. Rubbish, Tom! not worth thinking about for one moment. Do you suppose Ethelston engagements are such brittle things as that? If this story reaches them, they will all die of it.'

'It is rubbish, no doubt,' said Tom.

'It will be forgotten in three days. The archery affair is next week, and then people will have public evidence, for I don't suppose he will let her dance with any one but himself. Now, are you very hungry? You look as if you had touched nothing since you went away. The food is waiting for you, and I want to hear all your adventures.'

'I will go and wash the dust off,' said Tom. 'In the meanwhile you can read this letter.'

He put it into her hand, looked straight into her eyes for a moment, then kissed her, and ran off up-stairs. Bessie was far from imagining that this little demonstration was meant as a farewell, a giving up of his mother, if she chose, to some one who would think he had a better right to her.

'What is it? Another living? You are too young to be a bishop,' she said lightly, before looking at the letter. 'Oh! for me!'

She took it into the dining-room, and read it in the window, by the fading light that struggled through the wreaths of purple clematis. Perhaps the letter was not a very great surprise to her, but she exclaimed once or twice, looked vaguely round for a chair, sat down for a moment, leaning her head on her hand, then started up and went quickly to the foot of the stairs.

'Tom!' she called out, 'come down directly. I want you.' She went back to her window, and when he came to her there, as pale as herself, she held out the letter in her fingers, looking at him as he had only seen her look once or twice before, with dark brilliant eyes reading every thought in his heart. 'Where did you get this? Why did you bring it to me?'

'Sir Michael Harvey gave it me for you,' said Tom.

'You know what is in it. Where did you see him?'

'I met him in town on Friday, and he asked me to go down with him to Longsight. So I went, and came back this morning.'

'Did he talk to you about this?'

'Yes, a little. Lady Harvey did most of that.'

'Poor boy!' said Bessie.

Tom felt it impossible to indulge his impatience by asking her questions, or hurrying her in any way. Somehow he had taken a little comfort from that look of hers. It seemed at least to assure him that he was her first thought. Now she appeared determined not to say any more till he had had his supper, and was rested and refreshed after these two tiring days.

She left the letter on the writing-table in the window, and did not allude to it again till much later. Then, having settled herself with her knitting in an arm-chair in the drawing-room, with Tom opposite, and the yellow roses looking in from the darkness outside, she went back to the subject of which both their minds were full.

'Were you not surprised, Tom, that any one should dream of making love to your old mother?'

'I am surprised that it has not happened before, but the thing itself would not surprise me twenty years hence,' Tom answered quietly.

She smiled.

'What do you think about it?' she said, suddenly.

Tom was not quite ready with his answer to this. He would not look at her, though she was looking hard at him; but he turned his head and stared at the roses.

'Well, I think,' he began rather slowly, 'that there are many things—of course, I only wish you to please yourself. On the whole, I believe, there are more *pros* than *cons*.'

'Oh! you do?'

'Yes. The man is the first consideration, and I believe he is a better fellow than he makes himself out. And no doubt Lady Harvey

was right when she said it would be new life to him, and all that. I think there are worse men. I do, really. You know I always rather liked him.'

'Ah! What sort of woman is Lady Harvey?'

'A nice woman, I think. She was very civil to me. They are a good deal alike. She is languid, like him, and rather shy at first.'

'And the house?'

'The most beautiful old place you ever saw in your life,' said Tom, heartily.

'Well, go on. Tell me all about it.'

Tom obeyed her. She knitted very fast, while he told her all his adventures, and described the country, the village where Sir Michael wished to make him rector, the downs, the woods, the ancient glory of Longsight. He told her of everything, except that struggle with himself in the garden, out of which, and other mental struggles, had come this seemingly cheerful philosophy.

'I dare say he is right,' said Mrs. Landor. 'You would be freer and happier there than here. No torment of narrow-minded squires, no troublesome gossip, no poaching rows. He seems to have thought as much of your advantage as of mine.'

'His own advantage comes first, I think,' said Tom.

'Well, that is not unnatural, is it?'

'Not at all.' He smiled, but very sadly, sitting back in his chair with his face turned to the window, and his hands folded in a tired, listless way. After a short silence he said, still without looking at her, 'I suppose you mean to say yes. I think you may be very happy.'

'And what do you mean to do?' said Mrs. Landor, with a quick glance. 'You must marry.'

'Nonsense! I hate the idea of marrying,' said Tom, with an odd break in his voice. 'I shall do very well—lots of friends. Of course I shall stay here, for some time at least. The old rector there has not resigned yet, if he ever means to, which is quite unlikely, I should think. Now I'll go to bed, if you don't mind. I am very tired.'

'Come here, you old goose,' said his mother. 'Don't you think you are behaving grandly, sacrificing yourself, so as not to stand in the way of my promotion? You really think it would be a good thing for me, to forget your father, and marry that man?'

Tom was beside her, and she was stroking his hair. He made no answer. The comfort of these words was almost too great to be realised.

'Explain yourself,' she said.

'How can I!' said Tom. 'You know all about it.'

'I can see the advantage for you, but none for myself. So I am selfish, and I decline to sacrifice myself for you. The man is rather

interesting, and after he was here that Sunday, I did fear something of this kind, a little. But marry him ! no ; my present responsibility is quite enough for me.'

'Thank God ! ' said Tom from his heart. Presently he added, ' You will write the poor beggar a nice letter, won't you ? '

'Don't be anxious about him,' said Mrs. Landor, smiling, but with tears in her eyes. ' Now go to bed, and don't dream of the Longsight woods. They will never be hunting-grounds for you.'

After this talk, the next day was one of the happiest Sundays that Tom and his mother had ever spent. In the calm of daylight they talked it all over. Mrs. Landor wrote her letter to Sir Michael Harvey, to be posted the next day.

The only cloud on their content was the piece of gossip which had greeted Tom when he came home, and this was contradicted that evening, in the sight of them and of the village, by the appearance of Herbert Ethelston at church, with Hetty Stewart and her cousin.

When they came in, Mrs. Landor could not help glancing at her son. She saw him flush a little, and almost smile. Tom was not clever at commanding his countenance, even in the reading-desk ; and his mother knew that now he was really rejoicing.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS.

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EXPEDIENT.

(Annora's Narrative.)

AND what was this expedient of theirs? Now, Madame Meg, I forewarn you that what I write here will be a horror and bad example to all your well brought-up French grandchildren, *demoiselles bien élevées*, so that I advise you to re-write it in your own fashion, and show me up as a shocking, wilful, headstrong, bad daughter, deserving of the worst fate of the bad princesses in Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy tales. Nay, I am not sure that Mademoiselle de Nidemerle might not think I had actually incurred a piteous lot. But *chacun à son goût*.

Well, this same expedient was this. M. de Poligny, who claimed the best half of the Picardy estates in right of a grant from Henry III. when in the power of the League, had made acquaintance with our half-brother, Solivet, who had presented him to our mother, and he had offered with the greatest generosity possible—said my mother—to waive his claims and put a stop to the suit (he knew it could not hold for a moment), provided she would give her fair daughter to his son, the Chevalier de Poligny, with the reversion of the Ribaumont property, after my brother, on whom, vulture that he was, he had fixed his eyes as a man in failing health. My mother and her eldest son were absolutely enraptured, and they expected Eustace to be equally delighted with this escape from all difficulties. They were closeted with him for two hours the morning after our return, while Meg was left to enjoy herself with her son, and to converse with Madame d'Aubépine. That poor little thing's Elysium had come to an end as soon as the Princes were released from prison. No sooner did her husband find that his idol, the Prince of Condé, showed neither gratitude nor moderate civility to the faithful wife who had fought so hard for him, than his ape must needs follow in his track, and cast off Cécile—though of course she still held that his duty kept him in attendance on the Prince, and that he would return to her.

I do not know whether they were afraid of me, for not a word did any of them say of the results of their conferences, only I was informed that we were to have a reception in the evening, and a new white taffeta dress, with all my mother's best jewels, were put out for me, and my mother herself came to preside at my toilette and arrange my curls. I did not suspect mischief even then, for I thought it was all in

honour of Solivet's poor little Philippine, whom he had succeeded in marrying to a fat old Duke. What a transformation it was from the meek little silent *pensionnaire* without a word to say for herself, into a gay butterfly, with a lovelock on her shoulder, a coquettish twist of her neck, and all the language of the fan, as well as of the tongue, ready learnt! I do not think her father was quite happy about her manners, but then it served him right, and he had got a dukedom for his grandchildren by shutting up his other poor daughter in a convent.

By and by I saw my brother bowing with extra politeness, and then Solivet found me out, and did himself the honour to present to me Monsieur le Comte de Poligny, who, in his turn, presented M. le Chevalier. The Count was a rather good-looking Frenchman, with the air of having seen the world; the Chevalier was a slight little whipper-snapper of a lad in the uniform of the dragoons, and looking more as if he were fastened to his sword and spurs than they to him. I think the father was rather embarrassed not to find me a little prim *demoiselle*, but a woman capable of talking about politics like other people; and while I rejoiced that the Cardinal had been put to flight by the Prince, I told them that no good would come of it, unless some one would pluck up a spirit and care more for his fellow-creatures than for his own intrigues.

Solivet looked comically dismayed to hear such independent sentiments coming out of my mouth; I know now that he was extremely afraid that M. de Poligny would be terrified out of his bargain. If I had only guessed at his purpose and that such an effect might be produced, I would have almost gone the length of praising Mr. Hampden and Sir Thomas Fairfax to complete the work; instead of which I stupidly bethought me of Eustace's warning not to do anything that might damage Margaret and her son, and I restrained myself.

The matter was only deferred till the next morning, when I was summoned to my mother's chamber, where she sat up in bed, with her best Flanders-lace nightcap and ruffles on, her coral rosary blessed by the Pope, her snuff-box with the Queen's portrait, and her big fan that had belonged to Queen Marie de' Medicis, so that I knew something serious was in hand; and, besides, my brothers, Solivet and Walwyn, sat on chairs by the head of her bed. Margaret was not there.

'My daughter,' said my mother, when I had saluted her, and she had signed to me to be seated, 'M. le Comte de Poligny has done you the honour to demand your hand for his son, the Chevalier; and I have accepted his proposals, since by this means the *procès* will be terminated respecting the estates in Picardy, and he will come to a favourable accommodation with your brother, Monsieur de Ribaumont, very important in the present circumstances.'

I suppose she and Solivet expected me to submit myself to my fate like a good little French girl. What I did was to turn round and exclaim, 'Eustace, you have not sold me for this!'

He held out his hand, and said, 'No, sister. I have told my mother and brother that my consent depends solely on you.'

Then I felt safe, even when Solivet said—

'Nor does any well brought-up daughter speak of her wishes when her parents have decided for her.'

'You are not my parent, sir,' I cried; 'you have no authority over me! Nor am I what you call a well brought-up girl—that is a poor creature without a will!'

'It is as I always said,' exclaimed my mother. 'She will be a scandal.'

But I need not describe the whole conversation, even if I could remember more than the opening. I believe I behaved very ill, and was in danger of injuring my own cause by my violence; my mother cried, and said I should be a disgrace to the family, and Solivet looked fierce, handled the hilt of his sword, and observed that he should know how to prevent that; and then Eustace took my hands, and said he would speak with me alone, and my mother declared that he would encourage me in my folly and undutifulness; while Solivet added, 'Remember we are in earnest. This is no child's play!'

A horrible dread had come over me that Eustace was in league with them—for he always imperatively cut me short if I dared to say I was already promised. I would hardly speak to him when at last he brought me to his own rooms, and shut the door: and when he called me his poor Nan, I pushed him away, and said I wanted none of his pity, I could not have thought it of him.

'You do not think it now,' he said; and as I looked up into his clear eyes I was ashamed of myself, and could only murmur, 'What could I think when I saw you sitting there aiding in their cruel manœuvres, all for your own sake, too?'

'I only sat there because I hoped to help you,' he said; and then he bade me remember that they had disclosed nothing of these intentions of theirs in the letters which spoke of an accommodation. If they had, he might have left me in Holland with some of the English ladies so as to be out of reach; but the scheme had only been propounded to him on the previous morning. I asked why he had not refused it at once, and he pointed out that it was not for him to disclose my secret attachment, even had it been expedient so to do. All that he had been able to do was to declare that the whole must depend on my free consent. 'And,' he said, with a smile, 'methought thereby I had done enough for our Nan who has no weak will unless by violence she overdraw it.'

I felt rebuked as well as reassured and strengthened, and he again assured me that I was safe so long as he lived from being pressed into any marriage contract displeasing to me.

'But I am promised to M. Darpent,' was my cry. 'Why did you hinder me from saying so?'

‘Have you not lived long enough in France to know that it would go for nothing, or only make matters worse?’ he said. ‘Solivet would not heed your promise more than the wind that blows, except that he might visit it upon Darpent.’

‘You promised to persuade my mother,’ I said. ‘She at least knows how things go in England. Besides, she brought him here constantly. Whenever she was frightened there was a cry for Darpent.’

Eustace, however, thought my mother ought to know that my word was given, and we told her in private the full truth, with the full approbation of my brother, the head of the family, and he reminded her that at home such a marriage would be by no means unsuitable. Poor mother! she was very angry with us both. She had become so entirely imbued with her native French notions that she considered the word of a *demoiselle* utterly worthless and not to be considered. As to her having encouraged Avocat Darpent, *une créature comme ça*, she would as soon have expected to be told that she had encouraged her valet La Pierre! She was chiefly enraged with me, but her great desire was that I should not be mad enough, as she said, to let it be known that I had done anything so outrageous as passing my word to any young man, above all to one of inferior birth. It would destroy my reputation for ever, and ruin all the chance of my marriage.

Above all, she desired that it should be concealed from Solivet. She was a prudent woman, that poor mother of mine, and she was afraid of her son’s chastising what she called presumption, and thus embroiling himself with the Parliament people. I said that Solivet had no right over me, and that I had no desire to tell him, though I had felt that she was my mother and ought to be warned that I never would be given to any man save Clément Darpent; and Eustace said that though he regretted the putting himself in opposition to my mother, he should consider it as a sin to endeavour to make me marry one man while I loved another to whom I was plighted. But he said that there was no need to press the affair, and that he would put a stop to Darpent’s frequenting the house, since it only grieved my mother and might bring him into danger. He would, as my mother wished, keep our attachment as a secret, and would at present take no steps if I were unmolested.

In private Eustace showed me that this was all he could do, and counselled me to put forward no plea, but to persist in my simple refusal, lest I should involve Clément Darpent in danger. Had not Solivet ground his teeth and said order should be taken if he could believe his sister capable of any unworthy attachment? ‘And remember,’ said Eustace, ‘Darpent is not in good odour with either party, and there is such a place as the Bastille.’

I asked almost in despair if he saw any end to it, or any hope, to which he said there always was hope. If our King succeeded in regaining his crown we could go home, and we both believed that

Clément would gladly join us there and become one of us. For the present, Eustace said, I must be patient. Nobody could hinder him from seeing Darpent, and he could make him understand how it all was, and how he must accept the ungrateful rebuffs that he had received from my mother.

No one can tell what that dear brother was to me then. He replied in my name and his own to M. de Poligny, who was altogether at a loss to understand that any reasonable brother should attend to the views of a young girl, when such a satisfactory *parti* as his son was offered, even though the boy was at least six years younger than I was; and as my mother and Solivet did not fail to set before me, there was no danger of his turning out like that wretch d'Aubépine, as he was a gentle, well-conducted, dull boy, whom I could govern with a silken thread if I only took the trouble to let him adore me. I thanked them, and said that was not exactly my idea of wedded life, and they groaned at my folly.

However, it turned out that M. de Poligny really wished his little Chevalier to finish his education before being married, and had only hastened his proposals because he wished to prevent the suit from coming up to be pleaded, and so it was agreed that the matter should stand over till this precious suitor of mine should have mastered his accidence and grown a little hair on his lip. I believe my mother had such a wholesome dread of me, especially when backed by my own true English brother, that she was glad to defer the tug of war. And as the *procès* was thus again deferred, I think she hoped that my brother would have no excuse for intercourse with the Darpents. She had entirely broken off with them, and had moreover made poor old Sir Francis and Lady Ommaney leave the Hotel de Nidemerle, all in politeness as they told us, but as the house was not her own, I should have found it very hard to forgive their expulsion had I been Margaret.

As for me, my mother now watched over me like any other lady of her nation. She resorted far less to Queen Henrietta than formerly, and always took me with her whenever she went, putting an end now, in my twenty-fourth year, to the freedom I had enjoyed all my life. She did not much like leaving me alone with Eustace, and if it had not been for going to church on Sunday, I should never have gone out with him. He was not strong enough now to go to prayers daily at Sir Richard Browne's Chapel, but he never failed that summer to take me thither on a Sunday, though he held that it would be dishonourable to let this be a way for any other meetings.

My mother had become devout, as the French say. She wore only black, went much more to church, always leaving me in the charge of Madame Croquelebois, whom she borrowed from the Aubépines for the purpose, and she set all she could in train for the conversion of my brother and myself. There was the Abbé Walter Montagu, Lord Mandeville's brother, and one or two others, who had

despaired of our Church, and joined hers, and she was always inviting them and setting them to argue with us. Indeed, she declared that one chief reason of her desiring this wedding for me was that it would bring me within the fold of the true Church. They told us that our delusion, as they called our Church, was dead, that the Presbyterians and Fifth Monarchy men and all their rabble had stifled the last remnant of life that had been left in her; that the Episcopacy, even if we scouted the Nag's Head fable, was perishing away, and that England was like Holland or the Palatinate. But Eustace gave his grave smile at them, and asked whether the Church had been dead when the Roman Emperors, or the heretic Arians persecuted her, and said that he knew that, even if he never should see it, she would revive brighter and purer than ever—as indeed it has been given to us to behold. That dear brother, he was so unlike the Calvinists, and held so much in common with the French Church, that the priests always thought they were converting him; but he stood all the firmer for knowing what was truly Catholic. Of course it was no wonder that as Walter Montagu, like all my Lord Mandeville's sons, had been bred a Puritan, he should have been amazed to perceive that the Roman Catholics were not all that they had been painted, and should find rest in the truths that had been hidden from him, but with us it was quite otherwise, having ever known the best alike of ours and of theirs. The same thing was going on at the Louvre.

Queen Henrietta was bent on converting her son the Duke of Gloucester. He was a dear good lad of twelve years old, who had just been permitted to join her. I think the pleasantest times I had at all in those days were with him. He clung to us because I had known and loved his sweet sister, the Lady Elizabeth, who had been his companion in his imprisonment, and though he seldom spoke of her it was easy to see that the living with her had left a strong mark on his whole character.

I knew that Eustace had seen the Darpents and made Clément understand that I was faithful, and that he was to believe nothing that he heard of me, except through my brother himself. That helped me to some patience, and I believe poor Clément was so much amazed that his addresses should be tolerated by M. le Baron de Ribaumont that he was quite ready to endure any suspense.

There were most tremendous disturbances going on all the time out of doors. Wonderful stories came to us of a fearful uproar in the Parliament between the Princes and the Coadjutor de Gondy, when the Duke of Rochefoucauld got the Coadjutor between two folding doors, let down the iron bar of them on his neck, and was as nearly as possible the death of him. Then there was a plot for murdering the Prince of Condé in the streets, said to be got up by the Queen Regent herself, after consulting one of her priests, who told her that she might regard the Prince as an enemy of the State, and that she might lawfully rid herself of him by private means when a public execution

was inexpedient. A fine religion that! as I told my mother when M. d'Aubépine came in foaming at the mouth about it; though Eustace would have persuaded me that it was not just to measure a whole Church by one priest. The Prince fortified his house and lived like a man in a state of siege for some time, and then went off to Chantilly, taking d'Aubépine with him—and every one said a new *fronde* was beginning, for the Queen Regent was furious with the Princes, and determined to have Cardinal Mazarin back, and the Prince was equally resolved to keep him out, while as to the Parliament, I had no patience with it; it went on shilly-shallying between the two, and had no substance to do anything but hang on to some selfish court party.

There were a few who understood their real interests, like the old Premier-President Mathieu Molé, and these hoped that by standing between the two parties they might get the only right thing done, namely, to convoke the States General, which is what really answers to our own English Parliament. People could do things then in Paris they never dream of now; and Clément Darpent worked hard, getting up meetings among the younger counsellors, and advocates, and some of the magistrates, where they made speeches about constitutional liberty, and talked about Cicero, who was always Clément's favourite hero. My brother went to hear him sometimes, and said he had a great gift of eloquence, but that it was a very dangerous course. Moreover, M. Darpent had been chosen as a deputy of the Town Council at the Hotel de Ville. This council consisted of the mayor and *échevins*, as they called them, who were something like our aldermen, all the parish priests, deputies from the trades, and from all the sixteen quarters of the city, and more besides. They had the management of the affairs of the city in their hands, and Clément Darpent, owning a house, and respected by the respectable citizens of his department of S. Antoine, was chosen to represent it. Thus he felt himself of use, which always rejoiced him. As to me, I only saw him once that whole autumn, and then I met him by accident as I was walking with Eustace and Margaret in the Cours de la Reine.*

We were in high spirits, for our own King had marched into England, while Cromwell was beating the covenanting rogues in Scotland, and Eustace was walking and riding out every day to persuade himself that he was in perfect health and fit to join his standard. That dear brother had promised that if he went to England I should come with him, and be left with old Mrs. Merrycourt, Harry's mother, till Clément could come for me. Then Eustace, with his own lands again, could marry his Millicent, and throw over the Dutchman's hoards, and thus we were full to the brim of joyous plans, and were walking out in the long avenue discussing them most gladly together, when, to add to our delight, Clément met us in his sober lawyer's suit, which became him so well, coming home from a consultation.

* The Champs Elysées.

The Queen Regent had promised to convoke the States General, and he explained to us both how all would come right there. The *bourgeois* element from all the Parliaments of the provinces would be strong enough to make a beginning towards controlling the *noblesse*, divided as it was, and at feud with the crown. Some of the clergy at least would be on their side, and if the *noblesse* would bear part of the burthens of the State, and it could be established that taxes should not be imposed without the consent of the people, and that offices should not be sold, all would be well for the country. Meg herself took fire, and began to hope that a new state of things would begin in which she might do some good to those unfortunate peasants of her son's who weighed so heavily on her tender heart. Eustace told him he would be another Simon de Montfort, only not a rebel. No, he was determined to succeed by moral force, and so was his whole party (at least he thought so). They, by their steady loyalty, would teach the young King and his mother how to choose between them and the two selfish factions who were ready to fight with the King himself, provided it was also against a Condé or a Mazarin.

It looked very beautiful indeed. I was roused from my selfish ill-humour, felt what my Clément was worth, and went heart and soul into the matter, and we all four were just as happy over these hopes as if we had not seen how things turned out at home, and that no one, either kings or parliaments, or nobility either, know where to stop; but if you do not get an absolute tyrant, you run the risk of a Long Parliament, a ruling army, a 30th of January, and a Lord Protector. But we were all young and hopeful still, and that straight walk in the Cours de la Reine was a paradise to some of us, if a fool's paradise. For look you! In these great States General, who but Clément Darpent the eloquent would make speeches, and win honours that would give him a right to rewards far higher than the hand of a poor exiled maiden, if I were still an exile. Though he declared that I had been his inspiration and helped to brace him for the struggle, and far more truly, that my dear brother had shown him what a nobleman bred under English law could be, when neither ground down by the crown, nor forced to do nothing but trample on his vassals.

And Meg began to hope for her Gaspard. She told how the young King was fond of him, and really seemed fired by some emulation at finding that a boy so much younger than himself knew more. Our boy was reading Virgil and Plutarch's lives. He told the stories to the young King, who delighted to listen, though the Duke of Anjou thought everything dull except cards, tennis, and gossip. The King was even beginning to read to himself. 'And,' said Clément, when he heard it, 'let him be fired with the example of Agis or Chomenes, and what may he not do for France?' Oh, yes! we were very happy, though we talked of hardly anything but politics. It was the last happy day we were to have for a good while to come.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BŒUF GRAS.

(Annora's Narrative.)

I SAID it was a fool's paradise, and it did not last long. The Queen Regent had a convenient fashion of making nothing of her promises. She did not think base burghers and lawyers human creatures towards whom honour was necessary, and she naturally expected the States General to act our Long Parliament over again.

It seems that Kings of France come of age at fourteen ; and on the day that young Louis was thirteen, he was declared to be major, and his mother ceased to be Regent, though she managed everything just as much as if she had still written Anne R. at the end of all the State papers. The advantage to the Court was that no promises or engagements made in his minority were considered to be binding. And so the whole matter of the States General went to the wall.

There was a magnificent ceremony at the Parliament House, the old hall of the Augustins. The little King held a bed of justice, upon a couch under a purple velvet canopy, with all his grandees round him. I would not go to see it, I thought it a wicked shame to set up a poor boy to break all the solemn pledges made in his name, and I knew it was the downfall of Clément's hopes ; but Meg went in her Princess's suite, and I had her account of it, the King looking very handsome with his long fair hair, and bowing right and left, with such a dignity and grace that no one saw what a little bit of a fellow he really was. Poor child, the best thing they could have taught him would have been to worship his God and love his people, instead of worshipping and loving no one but himself. Of course Meg saw nothing so plainly as how beautiful her little Marquis looked among the attendant young nobles, and I must own that he was a very fine fellow, and wonderfully little spoilt considering the sort of folk with whom he lived. I know she will not put into her memoir what might even now be perilous to her son ; how he had his arguments with the young King, that it was the part of a brave King to be the shepherd of his people, and that it was his glory to make them happy. 'They are made for me and my glory,' answered the King, and indeed so they really were. But he loved Gaspard and did not mention these conversations, as it would have been the worse for us all. On that ceremonial day, there came doleful tidings to us. Worcester had been the scene of a massacre rather than a fight, and my brother was in despair and misery at not having been there—as if his single arm could have retrieved the day !—thinking shame of himself for resting at home while sword and block were busy with our friends, and no one knew where was the King. I know not whether it were the daunting of his hopes or the first beginning of the winter cold ; but from that time he began

to decline from the strength he had gained, while I had him to myself in Holland, free from all pressing cares.

However, he still rode out in attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, who always preferred him to any other of the gentlemen who waited on the Queen. One evening in October he stayed out so late that we had begun to be anxious at his being thus exposed to the air after sunset, when he came up to our *salon* in high spirits, telling us that he had been returning with the Duke from a ride on the Amiens Road, when they saw some altercation going on at the barriers between the guard and a gentleman on horseback, shabby and travel-stained, whom they seemed unwilling to admit. For the Parisians, who always worship success and trample on misfortune, had, since the disaster at Worcester, shown themselves weary of receiving so many unlucky cavaliers, and were sometimes scantily civil. The stranger, as he saw the others come up, called out, 'Ha, Walwyn, is it you! You'll give your word for me that the Chevalier Stuart is an honest fellow of your acquaintance, though somewhat out at elbows, like other poor beggars.'

And then Eustace saw that it was the King, sunburnt, thin, and ill-clad, grown from a lad to a man, but with his black eyes glittering gaily through all, as no one's ever did glitter save King Charles's. He gave his word and passed him through without divulging who he was, since it would not have been well to have had all the streets turn out to gaze on him in his present trim, having ridden on, just as he crossed from Brighthelmstone. The two brothers did not know one another, not having met since Prince Henry was a mere infant of four or five years old; and Eustace said he found the little fellow drawing himself up, and riding somewhat in advance, in some princely amazement, that so shabby a stranger should join his company so familiarly and without any check from his companion.

The King began to ask for his mother, and then at a sign and hint from Eustace, called out—

'Ha! Harry, hast not a word for thy poor battered elder brother!'

And the boy's face as he turned was a sight to see, as Eustace told us.

He had left Queen Henrietta embracing her son in tears of joy for his safe return, and very thankful we were, though it did but take our first reception at the Louvre to see that though the King was as good-humoured, gracious, and merry as ever, he was not changed for the better by all he had gone through. He had left the boy behind him, and now seemed like a much older man, who only laughed and got what amusement he could out of a world where he believed in nothing noble nor good, and looked forward to nothing.

The old ladies said he had grown like his grandfather, Henri IV., and when this was repeated, Eustace shook his head and told Meg that he feared it was in one way true enough, and Meg, who always hoped.

bade us remember how many years the Grand Monarque had to dally away before he became the preserver and peace-maker of France.

However, even Meg, who had always let the King be like an old playfellow with her, was obliged to draw back now, and keep him at the most formal distance. I never had any trouble with him. I do not think he liked me; indeed I once heard of his saying that I always looked like a wild cat that had got into the *salon* by mistake, and was always longing to scratch and fly. He would be quite willing to set me to defend a castle, but for the rest—

It was not he whom I wished to scratch—at least as long as he let me alone—but M. de Poligny, who took to paying me the most assiduous court whenever I went, for his little schoolboy of a son, till I was almost beside myself with fear that Clément Darpent might believe some false report about me.

And then spring was coming on, and Eustace as yet made no sign of going to Holland. He only told me to be patient, and patience was becoming absolutely intolerable to my temper. Meantime, we heard that the First President, Mathieu de Molé, who had, some time before, been nominated Keeper of the Seals, but had never exercised the functions of the office, had appointed M. Darpent to be his principal secretary at Paris, remaining there and undertaking his correspondence when he was with the Court. Clément had been recommended for this office by his brother-in-law, Monsieur Verdon, one of the Greffiers, who was always trying to mediate. Molé was thoroughly upright and disinterested, and he had begged Clément to undertake the work as the one honest man whom he could trust, and Clément had such an esteem for him that he felt bound to do anything he could to assist him, in his true loyalty.

‘I shall tell the King the truth,’ said the good old man, ‘and take the consequences.’

And his being in office gave another hope for better counsels and the States General.

So Lady Ommaney told me, but I was anxious and dissatisfied. I had liked Clément better when he had refused to purchase an office, and stood aloof from all the suite of the Court. She soothed me as best she could, and nodding her head a little, evidently was hatching a scheme.

Now, the children had a great desire to see the procession in the Mid-Lent week. It is after what we call Mothering Sunday—when the prettiest little boy they can find in Paris rides through the streets on the largest white ox. Now the lodgings whither Sir Francis and Lady Ommaney had betaken themselves, when, my mother had, so to speak, turned them out, had a balcony with an excellent view all along the *quais*, and thither the dear old lady invited Meg, Madame d'Aubépine, and me, to bring Gaspard, with Maurice and Armantine; and I saw by her face that the *bœuf gras* was not all that there was for me to see.

We went early in the day, when the streets were still not overmuch crowded, and we climbed up, up to the fifth story, where the good old lady contrived to make the single room her means could afford, look as dainty as her bower at home, though she swept it with her own delicate white hands. There was an engraving of the blessed Martyr over the chimney-piece, the same that is in the *Eikon Basilike*, with the ray of light coming down into his eye, the heavenly crown awaiting him, the world spurned at his feet, and the weighted palm tree with *Crescit sub pondere virtus*. And Sir Francis's good old battle-sword and pistols hung under it. It made me feel quite at home, and we tried to make the children enter into the meaning of the print. At least Meg did, and I think she succeeded with her son, who had a good deal of the true Ribamont in him, and whom they could not spoil even by all the misrule that went on at Court whenever the Queen was out of sight. He stood thoughtful by the picture while the little Aubépines were dancing in and out of the balcony, shrieking about every figure they saw passing in the road below.

Sir Francis, after receiving us, had gone out, as he said, to see what was going on, but I think he removed himself in order to leave us more at our ease. By and by there was a knock at the door, and who should come in but M. Darpent, leading a little boy of five or six years old, his little nephew and godson, Clément Verdon, he said, whom Lady Ommaney had permitted him to bring to see the sight.

I heard afterwards that it was pretty to see the different ways of the children, and how Maurice d'Aubépine drew himself up, put on his hat, laid his hand on his ridiculous little sword, and insisted that the little *bourgeois* should stand behind him and his sister, where he could see nothing, while Gaspard de Nidemerle, with an emphatic '*Moi, je suis gentilhomme*,' put Clément Verdon before himself and looked over his head, as he could easily do, being two or three years older.

Well, I lost my chance; I never saw the great ox wreathed with flowers, nor the little boy on his back, nor all the butchers with their cleavers round him, nor the procession of the trades, the fishwomen, *dames des halles*, as they called them, all in their white caps and short petticoats, singing a ballad in honour of the Duke of Beaufort, the faggot carriers with sticks, the carpenters with tools, all yelling out songs in execration of Cardinal Mazarin, who had actually entered France with an army, and vituperating with equal virulence the Big Beard, as they called the President Molé.

They told me the sight had been wonderful, but what was that to me when Clément Darpent stood before me? He looked thin and worn, and almost doubtful how to address me; but Lady Ommaney said, in her hearty way—

'Come, come, young folks, you have enough to say to one another. Sit down there and leave the ox to the children and us old folks in our second childhood. You believe an old woman now, M. Darpent?'

'You never distrusted me?' I demanded.

He said he had never distrusted my heart, but that he had heard at all hands of the arrangement with M. de Poligny, whose lawyer had actually stopped proceedings on that account. My brother had indeed assured him that he did not mean to consent; and he ought, he allowed, to have rested satisfied with that assurance, but— He faltered a little, which made me angry. The truth was that some cruel person had spoken to him as if my dear Eustace and his protection would soon be removed; and while Solivet was at hand, Eustace, in his caution, had refrained from such intercourse with Clément as could excite suspicion. Besides, he was a good deal away at S. Germain with the Duke. All this I did not understand. I was vexed with Clément for having seemed to doubt us, and I did not refrain from showing my annoyance that he should have accepted any kind of office in the rotten French state. It seemed to me a fall from his dignity. On this he told me that the office was not purchased, and it was serving under a true and loyal man, whom he felt bound to support. If any one *could* steer between the Prince and the Cardinal, and bring some guarantee for the people out of the confusion, it was the Keeper of the Seals, the head of the only party who cared more for the good of the country than their private malice and hatred.

'And,' he said, diffidently, 'if under M. Molé's patronage, the steps could be gained without loss of honour or principle, you remember that there is a *noblesse de la robe*, which might remove some of Madame de Ribaumont's objections, though I do not presume to compare it with the blood of the Crusaders.'

I am ashamed to say that I answered, 'I should think not!' and then I am afraid I reproached him for bartering the glorious independence that had once rendered him far more than noble, for the mere tinsel show of rank that all alike thought despicable. How I hate myself when I recall that I told him that if he had done so for my sake he had made a mistake; and as for loyalty rallying round the French crown, I believed in no such thing; they were all alike, and cared for nothing but their ambitions and their hatreds.

Before anything had been said to soften these words—while he was still standing grave and stiff, like one struck by a blow, in came the others from the window. Meg, in fact, could not keep Cécile d'Aubépine back any longer from hindering such shocking impropriety as our *tête-à-tête*. We overheard her saving her little girl from corruption by a frightful French fib, that the gentleman in black was Mdlle. de Ribaumont's English priest.

I am sure our parting need have excited no suspicions. We were cold and grave, and ceremonious as Queen Anne of Austria herself, and poor Lady Ommaney looked from one to the other of us in perplexity.

I went home between wrath and shame. I knew I had insulted

Clément, and I was really mortified and angry that he should have accepted this French promotion instead of fleeing with us, and embracing our religion. I hated all the French politics together a great deal too much to have any comprehension of the patriotism that made him desire to support the only honest and loyal party, hopeless as it was. I could not tell Meg about our quarrel; I was glad Eustace was away at the English ambassador's. I felt as if one Frenchman was as good or as bad as another, and I was more gracious to M. de Poligny than ever I had been before that evening.

My mother had a reception, in honour of its being Mid-Lent week. Solivet was there, and for a wonder both the Aubépines, for the Count had come home suddenly with a message from the Prince of Condé to the Duke of Orleans.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MADAME'S OPPORTUNITY.

(Annora's Narrative.)

THE Prince of Condé and Cardinal Mazarin were in arms against one another. The Queen and her son were devoted to Mazarin. The loyal folk in Paris held to the King and were fain to swallow the Cardinal because Condé was in open rebellion. Monsieur was trying to hold the balance with the help of the Parliament, but was too great an ass to do any such thing. The mob was against everybody, chiefly against the Cardinal, and the brutal ruffians of the Prince's following lurked about, bullying every one who gave them umbrage, with some hope of terrifying the Parliament magistrates into siding with them.

It was, therefore, no great surprise to Eustace and Sir Francis Ommaney the next evening, when they were coming back on foot from the Louvre, to hear a scuffle in one of the side streets.

They saw in a moment half a dozen fellows with cudgels falling on a figure in black, who vainly struggled to defend himself with a little thin walking rapier. Their English blood was up in a moment, and they rushed to the defence, seeing at that moment two masked figures, and hearing them egging on their bravos with 'Holla, there! At him! Teach him to look at a lady of rank.'

The little rapier had been broken. A heavy blow had made the victim's arm fall; he had been tripped up, and the rascals were still belabouring him, when Eustace and Sir Francis sprang in among them, crying 'Hold, cowardly rascals!' striking to the right and left, though with the flat of their swords, of which they were perfect masters, for even in their wrath they remembered that these rogues were only tools. And no doubt they were not recognised in the twilight, for one of the masked gentlemen exclaimed—

'Stop, sir! this is not a matter for gentlemen. This is the way we

punish the insolence of fellows whose muddy blood would taint the swords of a noble.'

At the same moment Eustace saw that the victim, who had begun to raise himself, was actually Clément Darpent. He knew, too, the voice from the mask, and, in hot wrath, exclaimed—

'Solivet, you make me regret that you are my brother, and that I cannot punish such a cowardly outrage.'

'But I am no brother of yours!' cried Aubépine, flying at him. 'Thus I treat all who dare term me coward.'

Eustace, far taller and more expert in fence, as well as with strength of arm, that all his ill-health had not destroyed, parried the thrust so as to strike the sword out of Aubépine's hand, and then said—

'Go home, monsieur. Thank your relationship to my sister that I punish you no farther, and learn that to use other men's arms to strike the defenceless is a stain upon nobility.'

And as the wretched little Count slunk away, he added—

'Solivet, I had thought better things of you.'

To which Solivet responded, with the pretension derived from his few years of seniority—

'Bah! brother, you do not understand, half a foreigner as you are. This was the only way left to me to protect my sister from the insults your English folly had brought on her.'

Eustace made no answer. He could not speak, for the exertion and shock had been too much for him. His mouth was filled with blood. They were all about him in an instant then, Solivet and Darpent both in horror, each feeling that he might in a manner have been the cause of that bleeding, which might in a moment be fatal. Eustace himself knew best what to do, and sat down leaning against Sir Francis, so as not to add to the danger.

The fray had been undisturbed. In that delectable city people held aloof from such things instead of stopping them, but a doctor suddenly appeared on the scene, 'attracted like a vulture,' as Sir Francis said; and they had some ado to prevent him from unbuttoning Eustace's doublet to search for a wound, before they could make him understand what had really happened. They obtained a fiacre, and Eustace was placed in it. In this condition, they brought him home and put him to bed, telling us poor women only that he had interfered in a street fray and over-exerted himself. It was shock enough for us to find all the improvements of a whole year overthrown, as he lay white and still, not daring to speak.

They had agreed on the way home to keep us in ignorance, or at least to let us think that the attack had been made by strangers, simply because of his connection with the Big Beard. Meg's Nicolas was first to tell us that it was M. Darpent whom they had rescued, and that he had called at the porter's lodge, on his way home, to inquire for M. le Baron, bruised all over, and evidently seriously hurt. And while still trying to disbelieve this, another report arrived through the maid

servants, that MM. de Solivet and d'Aubépine had soundly cudgelled M. Darpent, and that M. le Baron and M. d'Aubépine had fought a duel on the spot, in which my brother had been wounded.

Meg was nearly as frantic as I was. We could not speak to Eustace ; and Solivet and d'Aubépine, finding themselves known, had both hurried away at peep of day, for it was a serious thing to have nearly killed a man in office ; but Meg desired that if Sir Francis called to inquire for my brother, we should see him, and she also sent Nicolas to inquire for M. Darpent, who, we heard, was confined to his bed with a broken arm.

Poor Clément ! such was his reward for the interview where I had used him so ill, and been so unjust to him. For as we came to understand, it really was all that wretched little Cécile's fault. She would do anything to please that husband of hers, and she communicated to him that she understood the secret of my resistance to the Poligny match, and had been infinitely shocked at my behaviour at Lady Ommaney's.

The cowardly fellow had hated Clément ever since the baffling of the attempt on Margaret. So he told Solivet, and they united in this attack, with half a dozen of their bravoës got together for the occasion ! We heard the truth of the affair from Sir Francis, and it was well for Solivet that he was out of my reach !

As for my mother, she thought it only an overflow of zeal for the honour of the family, and held it to be my fault that her dear son had been driven to such measures. Nothing was bad enough for the Ommaney's ! Nothing would restore my reputation but marrying the little Chevalier at Easter. And in the midst, just as Eustace was a little better, and there was no excuse for refusing to obey the drag of her chains, Margaret was summoned away to attend on her absurd Princess, who was going to Orleans, by way of keeping the Cardinal's forces out of her father's city.

Margaret had kept things straight. I do not know how it was, but peace always went away with her ; and my mother did things she never attempted when the real lady of the house was at home. And yet I might thank my own hasty folly for much of what befell.

Eustace was much better, sitting up in his nightgown by the fire, and ready as I thought, to talk over everything and redress my wrongs, or at least comfort the wretchedness that had grown upon me daily since that miserable quarrel with Clément. I poured it all out, and even was mad enough to say it was his fault for delaying so long the journey to the Hague. Clément, who had been well-nigh ready to join us, and be a good Protestant, was going back to the old delusions, and taking office under the government ; and even if the bravoës had not killed him, he would be spoilt for any honest English-woman ; and I might as well take that miserable little school-boy, which I supposed was all my brother wished. Then the estate would be safe enough.

Eustace could only assure me that the delay was as grievous to him as

to me. Indeed, as I could see in a more reasonable mood, he had been unable to get from Ribaumont the moneys needful for the journey, the steward not venturing to send them while the roads were so unsafe ; but when he begged me to have patience, it seemed to sting my headstrong temper, and I broke out in some such words as these, 'Patience! Patience! I am sick of it. Thanks to your patience, I have lost Clément. They have all but murdered him! And for yourself, you had better take care Millicent van Hunker does not think that such patience is only too easy when she has neither wealth nor beauty left!'

'Hush, Annora,' he answered, with authority and severity in his tone, but not half what I deserved ; 'there is great excuse for you, but I cannot permit such things to be said.'

Here Tryphena came in and scolded me for making him talk ; I saw how flushed he was, and became somewhat frightened. They sent me away, and oh! how long it was ere I was allowed to see him again! For in the morning, after a night of repenting and grieving over my heat, and longing to apologise for having reproached him for the delay which was as grievous to him as to me ; the first thing I heard was that M. le Baron was much worse ; he had had a night of fever ; there was more bleeding, and much difficulty of breathing. My mother was with him, and I was on no account to be admitted.

And when I came out of my room, there sat Madame Croquelebois, who had been sent for from the Hotel d'Aubépine to keep guard over me, day and night ; for she was lodged in that cabinet of my sister's into which my room opened, and my door on the other side was locked. It was an insult, for which the excuse was my interview with Clément. It made me hot and indignant enough, but there was yet a further purpose in it.

The next thing was to send for a certain Frère Allonville, a man who had been a doctor before he was converted and became a Dominican friar, and who still practised, and was said to do cures by miracle. I know this, that it would have been a miracle if his treatment had cured my brother, for the first thing he did was to bleed him, the very thing that Dr. Dirkius had always told us was the sure way to kill him, when he was losing so much blood already. Then the friar turned out Tryphena, on the plea that he must have a nurse who understood his language. As if poor Tryphena, after living thirteen years in France, could not understand the tongue quite enough for any purpose, and as if she did not know better how to take care of Eustace than any one else! But of course the language was not the real reason that she was shut out, and kept under guard, as it were, just as much as I was, while a Sister of Charity was brought in to act as my brother's nurse, under my mother, who, look you, never had been able to be a sick nurse at all, and always fainted at any critical moment.

Assuredly I knew why they were thus isolating my brother from all

of us. I heard steps go up stairs, not only of the Dominican quack doctor, but of the Abbé Montagu, who had been previously sent to convert us. The good old Bonchamp, who had a conscience, was away at St. Germain with Gaspard de Nidemerle, and I—I had no one to appeal to when I knew they were harassing the very life out of my dearest, dearest brother, by trying to make him false to the Church and the faith he had fought for. I could do nothing—I was a prisoner; all by my own fault, too; for they would have had no such opportunity had I not been so unguarded towards my brother. When I did meet my mother, it chafed me beyond all bearing to see her devout air of resignation and piety. Her dear son was, alas! in the utmost danger, but his dispositions were good, and she trusted to see him in the bosom of the true Church, and that would be a consolation, even if he were not raised up by a miracle, which would convince even me. Poor woman, I believe she really did expect that his conversion would be followed by a miraculous recovery. I told her she was killing him—and well! I don't know what I said, but I think I frightened her, for she sent Mr. Walter Montagu to see what he could do with me.

I told him I wondered he was not ashamed of such a conversion, supposing he made it, which I was sure he would not, as long as my brother retained his senses.

To which he answered that Heaven was merciful, and that so long as one was in communion with the true Church, there was power to be redeemed in the next world, if not in this.

'A sorry way of squeezing into Heaven,' I said, and then he began arguing, as he had done a hundred times before, on the blessing and rest he had found in the Church, after renouncing his errors; and no doubt he had plenty to renounce, for his father had been a bitter Puritan. However, I said, 'Look you here, Mr. Montagu; if my brother, Lord Walwyn, gave himself to you of deliberate mind, with full health and faculties, you might think him a gain indeed. Or if you like it better, he would have a claim to the promises of your Church; but if you merely take advantage of the weakness of a man at the point of death to make him seem a traitor to his whole life, why then I should say you trusted more than I do to what you call Divine promises.'

He told me—as they always do—that I knew nothing about it, and that he should pray for me. But I had some trust that his English blood would be guilty of no foul play. I was much more afraid of the Dominican; only one good thing was that the man was not a priest. So went by Good Friday and Easter Eve. They would not let me go to church for fear I should speak to any one. Madame Croquelebois and my mother's old smirking tire-woman Bellote took turns to mount guard over me. I heard worse and worse accounts of my dear brother's bodily state, but I had one comfort. One of the servants secretly handed Tryphena this little note addressed to me, in feeble straggling characters:—'Do what they may to me, my

will does not consent. Pray for me. If word were taken to the K———E. W.'

It was some comfort that I should have that to prove what my brother was to the last. It made me able to weep and pray—pray as I had never prayed before—all that night and that strange sad Easter morning, when all the bells were ringing, and the people flocking to the churches, and I sat cut off from them all in my chamber, watching, watching in dread of sounds that might tell me that my dearest and only brother, my one hope, was taken from me, body and soul, and by my fault, in great part.

Oh! what a day it was, as time went on. Madame Croquelebois went to high mass, and Bellote remained in charge. I was, you understand, a prisoner at large. Provided some one was attending me, I went into any room in the house save the only one where I cared to be. And I was sitting in the *salon*, with my Bible and Prayer-book before me—not reading, I fear me, but at any rate attesting my religion, when there came up a message that Son Altesse Royale, the Duke of Gloucester, requested to be admitted to see Mademoiselle de Ribauumont.

Nobody made any question about admitting a Royal Highness, so up he came, the dear boy, with his bright hazel eyes like his father's, and his dark shining curls on his neck. He had missed me at the ambassador's chapel, and being sure from my absence that my brother must be very ill indeed, he had come himself to inquire. He could as yet speak little French, and not understanding what they told him at the door, he had begged to see me.

It did not take long to tell him all, for Bellote did not understand English; I showed him the note, and he stood considering. He was not like his brothers, he had not lived all those years with his sister Elizabeth in captivity in vain, for there was a grave manliness about him though he was only thirteen. He said, 'Do you think Lord Walwyn would see me? I am used to be with a sick person.'

Eagerly I sent up word. I knew my mother would never refuse entrance to royal blood; nor did she. She sent word that the Duke would do her son only too much honour by thus troubling himself. I did not miss the chance of marshalling him up stairs, and gaining one sight of my brother. He had sadly wasted in these few days, his cheeks flushed, his breath labouring, his eyes worn and sleepless, as he lay, raised high on his pillows. He looked up with pleasure into the Duke's face. My mother was making speeches and ceremonies; but after bowing in reply, the Duke, holding Eustace's hand, leant over him and said, 'Can I do anything for you? Shall I send for a chaplain?'

Eustace's eye brightened, and he answered in a voice so faint that the Prince only heard by bending over him.

'An order from the King for some one to remain— Then I need not be ever watching—'

'I shall wait till he comes!' said the Prince; and Eustace gave *such* a look of thankfulness, and pressed the hand that had been laid on his.

The Duke, with great politeness, asked permission of my mother to write a billet to his brother, with a report of Lord Walwyn, at the writing-table in the room. He wrote two—one to the King, another to the chaplain, Dr. Hargood, bidding him obtain orders from King Charles to remain with Lord Walwyn; and he despatched them by the gentleman who had followed him, asking permission of my mother to remain a little while with my lord.

Poor mother! she could not refuse, and she did, after all, love her son enough to be relieved, as an air of rest and confidence stole over his features, as the princely boy sat down by him, begging that he might spare some one fatigue while he was there. She sent me away, but would not go herself, and I heard afterwards that the Duke sat very still, seldom speaking. Once Eustace asked him if he had his Book of Common Prayer, for his own had been put out of his reach.

'This is my sister's,' said the Duke, taking out a little worn velvet book. 'Shall I read you her favourite Psalm?'

He read in a low, gentle voice, trained by his ministry to his sweet sister. He read the Easter Epistle and Gospel too; and at last Eustace, relaxing the weary watch and guard of those dreadful days, dropped into a calm sleep.

If a miracle of recovery could be said to have been wrought, surely it was by Duke Henry of Gloucester.

Long and patiently the boy sat there; for as it turned out, the King was in the *Cours de la Reine* playing at bowls, and it was long before he could be found, and when Dr. Hargood brought it at last, the Prince had actually watched his friend for four hours. He might well say he had been trained in waiting! And he himself gave the *bouillon*, when Eustace woke without the red flush and with softer breathing!

The King had actually done more than the Duke had asked; for he had not only given orders that the chaplain should come, and if desired, remain with Lord Walwyn; but he had also sent the Queen's physician, the most skilful man at hand, to oust the Dominican. We heard that he had sworn that it was as bad as being in a Scotch conventicle to have cowls and hoods creeping about your bed, before you were dead, and that Harry had routed them like a very S. George.

(To be continued.)

PHILIP : A FAILURE.

IV.

ABOUT PHILIP.

It was some days before Belle had courage to leave her room. She was worn out with the long strain of the last weeks, and she wanted, as she said, nothing but rest. She lay in a sort of apathy ; her one endeavour to escape as much as possible her aunt's company. When Mrs. Burnside came in with her heavy, middle-aged tread, making cheerful, loud-voiced inquiries, Belle was fain to feign sleep and never lift her heavy lids. The shaking of her pillows, the lifting of her blind to let in the May sunshine, the proffers of beef-tea or chicken-broth, were so many moments of torture to her in her overstrung mood. She listened longingly for Philip's return as a release from these periodical visits ; Philip seemed to understand instinctively her need of solitude, and on one plea or another he secured it for her.

She always knew the moment of his arrival by the little bunch of flowers that lay on her tea-tray. The meal, which she fancied was arranged with some thought of her tastes and likings, was brought to her by Susan, the little maid-of-all-work. It did not occur to Belle that this girl—no older than herself—who looked sickly and unhappy, might have needs and claims large and pressing as her own. She had no room for other people's troubles as yet ; she only wondered idly how her aunt could endure the sight of a handmaid with red flannel pinned round her cheeks.

Mrs. Burnside came back from her unsatisfactory interviews with her niece, carrying a good deal of pent-up vexation to be discharged on Philip when he came in to tea. She could make nothing of the girl, she complained to him ; she had offered on Sunday to read aloud a sermon—an excellent, doctrinal sermon—and her offer had been refused ! Belle had confessed that she did not even know that it was Sunday except by the unusual quietness of the house and the summons of the Abbey bells. Mrs. Burnside shook her head, and feared her brother must have led a heathenish sort of life, and ingratitude was a bad thing in a young girl. It was some comfort, however, to know that her Aunt Ashe had met with no better treatment. She had come only yesterday in her carriage, and when Belle had been told of her visit, she had hidden her face, and said that she could not see her yet.

Philip listened with an inward smile to this last enormity. It was

all very plain to him. He knew what a volcanic upheaval trouble makes in some natures, and how vain it is to look for an immediate growth of flowers on a freshly-rent chasm. 'Give her time,' he pleaded; he had faith in the slow, sure working of time.

That Sunday was the last which she spent alone, however. One evening, two days later, when quiet had fallen on the house, she rose of her own accord and dressed herself. Her room was small and very plainly furnished. She had grown weary of all its shabby details in the hours she had lain and studied them, but the air that came in at the window was fresh and sweet, and there was a vision of May greenness between some intervening roofs. She was glad she had risen; the very resolve made her feel better.

She left the room uncertain where to go; in her weariness of the first night she had hardly noticed where her aunt led her. A narrow passage and a flight of steps took her to a lower story; there she paused, arrested by the sound of Philip's voice. It came from a room the door of which was open. Belle stood on the threshold and looked in. The room was large and bare, except for a square of carpet in the centre; the warm sunshine came unhindered through the uncurtained window, and fell full on Philip stretched negligently on the floor, his head supported by his crossed arms. On one uplifted knee a small child was perched, staring at him with dilated, wondering pupils; Jinx—a tangled, woolly mat out of which two bright brown eyes looked watchfully—was curled close to his master's side.

'He had the gold apple rolled up very tight in the corner of his jacket, you know,' Philip was saying, 'and every now and then he peeped in to see that it was still there. And now they came to a place where the princess had told them to look for a mountain, and there sure enough it was—a tremendous mountain, too, bigger than the biggest tree the little man had ever seen, or than the Abbey towers—so big that he thought the crown of it must surely knock down the stars.'

'And they had to climb to the very top,' piped the childish voice, assisting at the well-known tale with intense relish.

But Philip's answer was checked. Some instinct made him suddenly turn his head; and then, with one bound he had risen and tossed the child on to his shoulder.

'How do you do?' He went forward with a bright face, and held out his hand. 'Do you feel rested now?'

'What are you doing here?' she asked, not heeding his question.

'Waiting for you,' he smiled. 'Jack and I had a fancy you might come down to-night. This is Master Jack Barnes. Jack, my man, hold out your hand.'

'Tell me the story.'

The child beat his little fist on Philip's head, turning away his face, and shyly declining Belle's advances.

'The story must wait, my boy ; this is the princess herself come to see us.'

'What a pleasant room,' she said, responding to his smile, and looking round her, 'full of nothing but books and sunshine.'

'The rest is waiting your commands. Jack's fingers and mine have been itching to wrench the big nails out of the boxes ; haven't they, lad ? All your treasures have arrived, Miss Barbour, and we want to know when we may begin to unpack. This is your room.'

'Mine ?'

She went forward to the tall, old-fashioned bookcase that filled one end of it. It was well furnished with books in good bindings. She glanced at the contents. The poets, philosophers, and historians were amply represented ; there were some shelves devoted to the higher class of fiction. She reached up and pulled out a volume ; it was dog-eared and thumb-marked, and smelt strongly of tobacco. She shut it hastily.

'That is the lending library,' he said, joining her. 'If you object to such shabby company, we can find a corner for it somewhere else, I dare say.'

'Do you lend good editions bound like this ?' she asked surprised.

'Oh, the binding is partly a matter of economy. It lasts longer ; and besides, why should it not be of the best ? Bad print and an ugly cover spoil even the finest matter.'

'What sort of people do you lend them to ?'

'My neighbours ; working-men, shop-girls, and lads who have a spare hour in the evening.'

'Do you find they read them ? I thought people like that did not care to read,' she said, with faint surprise ; 'unless perhaps the newspaper.'

'Ah, but they do ; the boys and girls must have their stories. It's a natural craving, and for some of them, poor souls, it is their only way of escape out of their sordid lives. But if you saw the trash they devour ! As for newspapers, I'm afraid the *Police News* is all they care about in that way. It's a crying shame that with all our civilisation we should have provided no better literature for our poor. You are not likely to know anything of the class of books they read, of course ; it never reaches a lady's drawing-room.'

'But if that is the sort of thing they care for, they won't appreciate these. Why, every book here presupposes some education or refinement of taste.'

She glanced along the shelves.

'They begin up here on a level with Jack's head,' he answered, putting up an arm to steady the child. 'That was a tale you took out just now, Miss Barbour. Most of them are illustrated ; a good picture counts for something ; even Jack here knows a well-painted picture-book from a bad one. By and by they come down a bit. You will

find some very hopeful creases and finger-marks even on the toughest shelf of all here at the bottom.

'I have some books too,' she said slowly. 'And I brought the bookcase—one papa was very proud of; it is a piece of fine old inlaid work. No one ever touched the books but myself. I used to dust them carefully once a week, and Margherita was not so much as allowed to lay a finger on them.'

'No one will touch them here,' he said quietly. 'I can have these taken away to prevent any mistake.'

'What sort of a person do you take me for, Philip?' She turned her earnest eyes on him. 'It is I and my books who ought to be ashamed to seek room here. The case might be placed between the windows, and you may do what you like with the contents. I never thought before that the sign of unwashed hands might be their best glory. All the same, don't you think you might preach the advantage of soap and water?'

'I do,' he said, looking at her with a bright face; 'they will come to that in time. All this helps towards that end. Till they do, however, not a finger but your own shall touch any book of yours. How about the unpacking? Do you feel up to the task to-night? Mother has gone out to tea, and that is how Jack, here, came to keep me company.'

'Let us begin now—at once,' said Belle eagerly, feeling a new rush of cheerfulness. 'Will you come to me, little Jack, while Philip fetches the hammer?'

'No,' said the child, turning away shyly.

'Jack shall sit here on this big case and hold the nails in his pinafore,' said Philip, placing the little fellow carefully on his perch, and setting to his task with great vigour.

The narrow lobby was piled with cases of all sizes and shapes, and there was hardly standing room left.

'Aunt Burnside must have found these dreadfully in the way,' said Belle, with newly-awakened compunction. It did not strike her to ask how so large a room had been spared for her use, nor did it once occur to Philip to tell her. He worked with a will, and soon the imprisoned treasures were brought to light. There was not much of great value, but most of the things had sacred memories for Belle. She handled them with mingled pleasure and pain. There were one or two excellent copies of good pictures, and a fine set of framed engravings of Raphael's cartoons, a table of delicate Florentine mosaic-work, models of the ruined temples of the Forum in *rosso antico*, and some bronzes and a wreathed Venetian mirror.

To Philip these seemed to represent a whole museum full of art; he looked at them with great respect. There was much going backwards and forwards and planning where this and that was to be placed; Jack, hugging the nails in his pinafore, demanded to be lifted down each time,

and Jinx, puzzled at this unusual state of matters, trotted behind with suppressed excitement.

Belle was surprised into momentary forgetfulness of her downcast mood ; the sight of the old familiar surroundings softened her, and the hopes and joys that had all taken wing seemed to come fluttering back once more.

Philip, looking at her with his young reverence for all that was fair, thought, while he hung it carefully, that she was much more beautiful than the pictured Madonna, as she stood watching him with the changing evening lights on her face.

'You want some chairs,' he said, when they had done all that could be done. 'I wonder if the old ones would do for the present?'

He left the room, and ran two or three steps at a time up to the garret, coming back with a chair in each hand. He set them down in the middle of the room, and looked doubtfully at them. They were of the shape that was orthodox before the new art code became law, and were covered with some stuff that had faded a little from its original magenta.

Belle laughed softly at his perplexed face.

'They will do very well, Philip. I have some ancient brocade that we picked up once on the Ghetto ; I can make new covers for them, and they will look quite splendid. I am so pleased with my pretty room. Is there—' she hesitated—'do you think any of your friends would care to see the pictures? And I have whole portfolios full of photographs.'

'Would you allow them to come?' said Philip, eagerly. 'There is one lad, David Barnet, who would give anything to see them. I told you about him. May I bring him?'

'The grocer's assistant? Oh, by all means bring him. I am very curious to see him.'

She spoke with truth. Philip's enthusiasm, which she was very far from sharing, interested her, and a grocer's apprentice with a love of art was a phenomenon that might be worth studying.

They went down stairs, and then Philip carried the sleepy child to his own home. She looked after him as he went away, taking long strides, the little lad's arm round his neck, and Jinx at his heels. There was a strange mingling of strength and tenderness in Philip that was a continual surprise to her. It was no surprise to learn that the baby's father occupied no higher position than that of stationer at the corner of the next street ; for that she was quite prepared.

Mrs. Burnside returned at the same moment as Philip. Tea in the circle she frequented was not a happy invention to shorten the tedium of the afternoon ; it was a solid meal, taken at six o'clock, with hot meat, cakes, and preserves, to meet the whetted appetites of the husbands, fathers, and brothers who came home to share it. Accordingly, by nine o'clock, Mrs. Burnside, like the good housewife she was,

thought it high time to be under her own roof, especially as there was the weighty matter of the supper to be considered. She came into the parlour untying her bonnet-strings and greeting Belle kindly, good-nature for the moment in the ascendant.

'Well, my dear, I'm glad to see you down again. I'm sure you must be tired of your bed, though you look but sickly yet, I must say. That comes of eating nothing. I'll see to the supper at once.' She threw down her shawl and left the room.

'Can I not help?' Belle said doubtfully, turning to Philip, who stood near the window, looking absently at the blank wall opposite.

'No,' he answered, quickly. 'Mother likes bustling about. You will please her best by getting strong as fast as you can.'

She said nothing more, but she was inwardly glad of the prohibition.

'Philip,' Mrs. Burnside came in, carrying the loaf on a large wooden platter, and speaking with emphasis, 'the Plummers have new furnished their best parlour—"drawing-room" the girls will have it—ebony and gold, blue satin hangings, and all the dearest you can buy out of the shop. I call it most inconsistent with their profession, and Mr. Plummer's position in the Church, and a training of those girls to vanity. Annie was bad enough before, but what with the new piano and everything, she's so set up there's no speaking to her. Mrs. Plummer wanted to make out that it was all nothing to them, but I know better; she's as proud as can be, all the same.'

'Well, why not?' said Philip, pleasantly, with an amused look over at Belle, who was wondering inwardly wherein lay the special virtue of magenta cloth over blue satin.

'I hope you don't dislike pretty rooms, aunt,' she said, 'for I want you to look at the one Philip has been helping me to arrange. I am ashamed to think how much my luggage must have been in the way all this time.'

'Oh well, my dear, it couldn't be helped, since you were ill, and Philip wouldn't let me touch one of them till you were better,' said Mrs. Burnside, a little mollified. 'But I won't say I'll be sorry to see the last of the boxes; how Philip ever got them up stairs is more than I know. I may as well go now, and see what you have been doing. There's no use expecting Susan to know when it's nine o'clock.'

Belle went lightly up the steps, and her aunt came heavily behind. The dusk still lingered, so as to show the general effect, though the corners were already in shadow.

'Very nice, very nice,' Mrs. Burnside said, with faint approval, as she glanced round, 'though it's nothing to the Plummers', I must say. I'm glad to see you've got the red chairs; they were part of my marriage set, and the room does want a bit of colour sadly. Nothing would keep Philip from choosing that washed-out paper and carpet; I call them quite ugly, but Philip was sure you would like them best.'

'Did he choose them now—since I came?' she asked.

'Yes, and papered every bit of the walls himself. He always was good with his hands—Philip; he takes it from his father. I sometimes think it is the only thing he is fit for—carpentering and odd jobs of that kind.'

'Oh no,' said Belle, involuntarily.

'Well, he isn't clever that I know of,' said Mrs. Burnside, easily. 'It's a good thing he has some one to keep him, for he'll never make his way in the world—never. I've given up hoping that. He has had as good chances as any man I know, but chances are thrown away on him. If he had only done as I wished, he would have been as well off as Oliver Ashe by this time; but words are wasted on Philip, and though he had this room full of gold he would always be a poor man. It's always give, give, to the first hand that's held out. I hold with keeping as well as giving, but Philip doesn't; he's just his father over again, and where they took their ways from I'm sure I don't know.' She dismissed the subject with a sigh. 'Yes, that looking-glass is very pretty,' she continued her investigations, 'but the frame will take a deal of dusting. Your Aunt Ashe would admire your mantel-piece ornaments; she's crazy about old cracked china.'

Belle smiled a little at this contemptuous praise of her treasured bits of Dresden, but she said nothing. She was thinking with some new curiosity, almost with envy, about Philip. What made him so different from other young men—from the men who had hitherto satisfied her ideal, from almost every one she knew? Half an hour later he had the large Bible open before him; for the first time she heard him read out of its pages. By and by she knelt with the others, but she did not hear the words of his prayer. She was wondering, with a new, sharp sense of dislike, if this were the source whence he drew his content. If that were so, she must go unblest.

At this time she pondered a good deal over the problem of Philip's character. The dreariness of her new life offered no occupation that she cared to take up, and somehow, in spite of Mrs. Burnside's disparaging words, Philip seemed to gather and to centre about him all the interest of the little household. His voice was the first thing she heard in the morning, trolling out gay snatches of song; his step made the dull house suddenly cheerful when he returned at night; his sunny, sweet-tempered nature was constantly offering her new surprises.

'You said last night that Philip might have been a rich man if he would,' she said to her aunt, as they sat together next afternoon. Belle was discovered to have dainty fingers, and she was trimming one of her aunt's large, old-fashioned caps with a gay garden of flowers.

'He is father's favourite,' said Mrs. Burnside, willing to contribute largely to the conversation. 'Philip could do anything he liked with father; he is the only one who has the least influence over him. As for Oliver Ashe, his mother may think what she likes, but if he had the least spirit he wouldn't submit to be neglected and made

nothing of. But there's the money, and the Ashes were always keen after money. Of course I don't expect father to remember Philip in his will. I know what is fair and right to my own flesh and blood, and Philip has no claim, though I've always looked on him as a son of my own; but father could have helped him to a better position, and would have done it too, if he would have allowed him.'

'Why didn't he let my grandfather help him?' Belle was intent on trying the effect of a white rose against a bunch of violets.

'Because he chose to be guided by his own notions, and wouldn't take the advice of older people,' said Mrs. Burnside, speaking in a vexed tone. 'I'm sure nobody wanted him to do what was wrong, and there must be spirits made, though I don't hold with everybody drinking them, and never so much as have such a thing in the house myself, except a bottle or so in case of illness.'

'Spirits!'—Belle looked up earnestly—'did you want him to be a distiller?'

'It is an excellent business,' said Mrs. Burnside, unwillingly, 'and nothing could be better conducted. Young Mr. North rides past here every morning, and a more gentlemanly man you couldn't see, or one that does more good with his money. He came to Philip himself, and I must say his offer was most handsome.'

'But if he does good he must do a great deal of harm first,' said Belle with a little smile. 'I'm glad Philip declined to be made rich by such means. Philip poor, and with a clean conscience, is more to my taste.'

'For my part, I don't see why he need set up to be better than his neighbours,' said Mrs. Burnside, vexation getting the upper hand, 'it doesn't become young people to be wiser than their elders. I don't know how Mr. North ever forgave him for slighting such an offer, and now as if that isn't vexation enough, he declares he'll stay with father as long as he'll keep him, though he gets no more than a clerk's salary for all the work he does.'

'But my grandfather likes him?'

'Father has nothing to say against him, and as I tell Philip every day of my life he might do what he liked with the old man, so long as he is the favourite—but there, what's the use of talking. Philip won't be advised, and there's no saying how soon Oliver Ashe may be put over his head. Old people are changeable in their fancies.'

Belle pondered this information in silence.

'When shall I see my grandfather?' she asked after a pause. 'Does he often come here?'

'Here! Why, child, he hasn't been in this house these twenty years, not since Philip's father died.'

'How strange! but you go to see him of course?'

'Well, I go, but as for seeing him that's another matter. Father is an old man now, and he doesn't care to be put out of his ways. If he

wants to see you he'll send for you ; but I wouldn't count on it, my dear.'

Belle smiled rather sadly to herself. It seemed to her no such loss to do without the companionship of this strange old man. She had missed that happy growing up among her kindred that falls to most of us ; perhaps if she had never been able to remember when she had first seen her Aunt Burnside ; had been dandled in her arms as a baby ; petted by her as a child, she would have been blind now to much that shocked her sensibilities in the good-natured homely woman. Belle's mood was still rebellious ; she could not grow reconciled to her lot. She could have embraced poverty without a regret—poverty as she knew it, was often picturesque and always pathetic ; but this vulgar, sordid, common-place comfort ; this life of mediocre aims, and narrow content, had no beauty in her eyes. Instinctively her thoughts wandered to the past, and involuntarily she spoke her thought aloud—

'I loved my father ; we were everything to each other.'

'My brother David was always fond of keeping to himself,' said Mrs. Burnside, shaking her head ; 'but for my part I think families ought to hold to each other. Blood is thicker than water, as I tell Harriet often, and when you're in trouble you'll be glad to turn from your fine friends and find that you've a sister left. Why, bless me ! there's the carriage and your Aunt Ashe, and Oliver too, and this room all in a litter !'

'Let us go to mine,' said Belle, rising hastily and grasping at this chance of escape. 'There are chairs enough for us all.'

'Well, call to Susan, my dear,' said Mrs. Burnside, smoothing down her gown ; 'that footman of theirs has no patience, knocking as if he would bring the house down.'

Aunt Ashe was very different from Aunt Burnside, Belle decided as she sat with the gentle, over-dressed little lady in her own pretty room. She asked Belle a great many affectionate questions. There was no difficulty in getting on with her, or in finding pleasant little things to say. She was like hundreds of people whom Belle had known ; it was a relief to sink back into the old ways where no conversational surprises were possible. As she looked at Oliver she felt this more strongly than ever. Olivers were to be met in every drawing-room, and at every dinner-table. Society had accepted him and moulded him to the conventional pattern.

'You remember Oliver ?' his mother was saying, looking across at the handsome young man with unconcealed pride. 'He often talks of that winter he spent in Rome. You must come and see us very often, Belle. It will be so nice for us both ; I often fear it is dull at home for my poor boy with only his mother for company.'

'What ! is the mother saying ?' said Oliver, joining her as Mrs. Ashe turned to her sister. 'I hope she is impressing on you that you have

two homes in London? Aunt Burnside must be generous and share her good fortune with us.'

'My grandfather has settled that this is to be my home.'

Belle hardly knew why she said it.

'He must be reasoned with,' said Oliver, lightly. 'Philip shall do it. How do you get on with Phil?'

'I get on with him!' she said slowly. 'I think it would be difficult not to get on with Philip.'

'He's a dear old fellow,' said Oliver, carelessly, 'in spite of his crotchets. I'm immensely fond of Phil; he's so absurdly unconventional. What a pretty room you have made of this; it takes me back to Rome directly. I've one or two things I brought back with me that time, I'd like to show you. Do you remember what friends we used to be then, Cousin Belle? Will you let me begin again where we left off?'

'I don't know;' she looked at him with her grave smile. 'I was very rash in my friendships in those days. I have grown more cautious since then, I think. Listen—is not that Aunt Burnside calling?'

'Oh, there is no hurry. They are busy over a recipe, depend on it, or examining Aunt Burnside's last new cap, or discussing the perfections of Philip and Oliver.'

'Or their imperfections,' Belle suggested.

They had gone down stairs, and were standing together at the open door. The sisters still lingered, talking in the parlour. Belle and her cousin were alone, for the narrow street with its line of nodding trees above the high wall opposite was given over to afternoon quietness.

'Have you begun to discover my faults already,' said Oliver in a tone of mock distress. 'As for Phil——'

Belle was not listening. She was looking absently at a young workman in soiled jacket, and with blackened face and hands, who was coming down the street with rapid steps; she was wondering idly what was the motive of his haste. He paused in front of them and looked quickly from the elegant young man leaning negligently against the doorpost, to the slender girl in black standing with lightly-folded hands.

'Where's Burnside?' he asked abruptly.

'Are you a friend of his?' Oliver asked, elevating his eyebrows, an amused smile curling his moustache. The man looked at him, and his mouth took a harder set, but he made no reply.

Belle went down the steps.

'He hasn't come home yet,' she said; 'but it is almost time for him to come. What is it? Can I do anything for you?'

'You?' the workman glanced at her slight figure. 'No. My mate's down with the fever; he's pretty bad, and the women have got frightened; they're screeching for Burnside.'

'He will be here immediately; I will send him,' said Belle, gravely. 'Tell me where to direct him.'

She looked back at her cousin, but he made no movement to join the man, who, having given her the needful directions, was hurrying away as swiftly as he came, relying on her promise of help for his comrade.

'Phil's friends are rather uncereemonious,' said Oliver, looking at her with a smile. 'Does he treat you to much of their company, Belle?'

'No,' she answered gravely, looking away from him down the street, where at any moment Philip might be seen; 'I am not good enough.'

She stood there still after the carriage had rolled away; the wheels sent up a little cloud of dust as they rolled smoothly on, leaving that hurrying figure she was still watching, far behind. She waited to give Philip the message.

'You will be in danger?' she asked.

'No,' he said, quietly; 'the fever is not infectious.'

He heard her and thanked her, but he did not ask her to go with him to those wailing women who were calling out for him.

'I am not good enough,' she said again bitterly to herself as she turned slowly and went up to her room.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XV.—THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

(Published 1602; supposed date 1598-9.)

AMONG the many knotty points connected with the question of the true sequence of Shakspeare's plays, there is hardly a worse one to settle than the position of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* with reference to the three other plays with which it is linked, namely, the two *Parts of Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.* The introduction of Falstaff joins it closely to the *Henry IV.* plays, and Bardolph, Pistol, and Co. carry on the links in *Henry V.* Our friends the critics have tried, with much care and pains, to work out theories which would dispose of the difficulties in the way of recognising the *Merry Wives* as rightly placed between the *Second Part of Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, or else to find for it some other position, easier to be defended. For these worthy critical gentlemen have assumed that Shakspeare was bound to write the *Merry Wives* like a number of a serial tale, with all the statements about all the characters exactly corresponding with those in previous and subsequent numbers. Perhaps he ought to have done so, and it would certainly have been amusing if we could have followed the development of the fortunes of any character from play to play—say Mrs. Quickly, for instance; but he preferred to keep the name and the character, while displaying it in circumstances which no ingenuity can make to correspond with her circumstances in other plays. Probably he knew his own business best, and for us who are not critical the pleasantest way of treating this play is to do with it in the reading what Shakspeare seems to have done in the writing, which is not to think about the details of the *Henry IV.* plays at all, but dismiss them from our mind, till we get on to *Henry V.*, when the *Merry Wives* may be similarly allowed to retire into the background. So we avoid having to make our way through a weary tangle of conjecture and of comparison of trivial points, neither profitable nor amusing. The tradition which connects Queen Elizabeth with this play, representing it as written at her order, dates from eighty-six years after Shakspeare's death, and there appears no reason to discredit it, though that her reason for ordering it was a wish to see Falstaff in love, seems to be a guess on the part of those who handed down the incident after it was first recorded. If the tradition has any value, it indicates that Falstaff was known to the Queen before the production of the *Merry Wives*, probably in the *Henry IV.* plays. That after Shakspeare had killed Falstaff and all his followers in *Henry V.* he could possibly have dug them up again for the *Merry Wives* is too much to believe; so let us take it where we have placed it, and be content.

Far more interesting than efforts to clear up the inextricable tangles of Mrs. Quickly's matrimonial affairs, &c., is the consideration of the peculiar position which the *Merry Wives* holds among Shakspeare's comedies. It is his one play entirely laid in English middle-class life. In other plays he puts scenes taken from this level of society beside those from higher and lower ones, but here all is taken from the same phase of life. The neighbourhood of Windsor Castle gives a pleasant feeling of possible excitement for the townsmen, such as the arrival of some distinguished foreigner, out of whom an honest penny might be made, but this does not interfere with the marked character of the play. Nor are pictures of lower society forced upon us as in the *Henry IV.* plays; for even the disreputableness of Falstaff's followers has to keep itself mainly in the background, while he sustains the part of a person of some consequence under a temporary cloud. So nothing interferes to make the *Merry Wives* other than a gay picture of the life of Shakspeare's own class—a lively, laughable picture of course, as he was making a laughable comedy, but none the less true and lifelike. It is very interesting to compare this one sketch of Shakspeare's with the many plays of middle-class life produced by his contemporaries and immediate successors—such a one as Massinger's *City Madam*, for instance—and to notice the difference of tone and handling. The other dramatists, with all their brilliant talent, could not have hit off Parson Evans and Slender, and the cheerful, homely honesty of the Wives, not if their lives had depended on it, and their coarser instincts would not have failed to make Falstaff wholly offensive instead of ridiculous. Putting Sir John temporarily out of sight, what a pleasant cheery feeling pervades the play, as it gives the bright side of simple burgher life in a small country town. Most of the types of English life which it presents are wholesome and pleasant. There is the little school-boy tripping gaily along by his mother's side, in all the delight of an unexpected holiday; the jolly, if boisterous, Host; the quaint, sententious, lovable Parson; the hearty, fresh-faced dames, not at all so overpowered with household cares, or the anxiety of a 'heavy wash,' that a joke and a gossip comes amiss to them; there are the sturdy husbands, pleasantly exchanging homely hospitality, and going out 'birding' in the early morning freshness; and, to crown all, there is the typical English maiden, with the brown hair and the soft voice and the true heart, stepping lightly about her household work and bewitching her lovers. The brightly-hued figures harmonise delightfully with the sober tints of the ideal interior of an old English house, with the rich green of the Windsor meadows, with the rustling forest trees, and the mental tone of most of the characters is one of harmonious satisfaction and contentment with their surroundings. Anne's parents have their ambition for their girl, but they have no desire to match her out of her sphere, or to make a fine lady out of the burgher heiress. Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius may have a violent quarrel

now and then, but they get on very well on the whole. Mrs. Ford, too, may be mildly provoked that her husband should be so idiotic as to be jealous, but we can hardly fancy that it disturbed her appetite or traced a wrinkle on the comely brow under her plain kerchief. A certain honest common sense is the prevalent tone in Windsor society when Shakspeare takes us straight into the midst of it, with the whole group of droll, vivid figures who come stepping down the street to Page's door.

One personage there, is not to be mistaken, for whether in Gloucestershire or Windsor, Justice Shallow is always the same man, swelling in consciousness of his own importance, his descent, and gentility; and here Shakspeare wickedly slipped in the line referring to 'the dozen white lues' in Shallow's arms, which identified him with Sir Thomas Lucy, doubtless edifying Sir Thomas's contemporaries as much as it gratified the poet's mischief. Probably Shakspeare would not have had far to seek for an original either for Slender, whether in the country or among the simple youths with more money than brains who came up to see what London life was like, and found themselves in very evil case after falling in with the Bardolphs and Pistols of the period. In spite of the progress of the nineteenth century, it would be hazardous to assert that Slender's counterpart no longer exists among us, 'well landed, but an idiot,' as Mrs. Page forcibly expresses it. Slender certainly is a fool, and consequently wrapped in conceit, but across the conceit come occasional gleams of consciousness of his own want of brains, which makes him only feel safe when in the guidance of his important cousin, Robert Shallow, Esq., of whose infallibility, Slender, at least, has no sort of doubt. He has no particular wish to give up his bachelor's life, but if Shallow proposes a marriage to him—'If you say "Marry her," I will marry her,' and he trusts to luck that it may turn out well. It is singular that all the touches of sentiment in reference to this proposal come from the older man. 'Cousin Abraham Slender,' says the old justice solemnly, 'can you love her? Can you love the maid?' But on that point Slender is quite in the dark.

Striving to put some sense into these two feeble heads, our dear Parson Evans trots along, conscious that his position as belonging to the Church makes it his duty to compose quarrels, but more sensible of the fact that Shallow would get the worst of a struggle with Sir John Falstaff, and had much better therefore put up with his wrongs. It has been suggested that Shakspeare's Welsh comic characters may owe some of their characteristics to his memories of a certain Welsh schoolmaster, who is known to have held office in Stratford in Shakspeare's boyhood; and if there is anything in the notion, this Welshman must have left pleasant recollections behind him to colour the characters of Sir Hugh Evans and Fluellen. Though both are irresistibly funny, Shakspeare makes us like them heartily; no unkindness mingles with his laugh at their quaint peculiarities. Parson Evans, even apart

from his droll slips in English (quite a legitimate source for a joke in such a play as the *Merry Wives*), is a delightful mixture of sententiousness and sharpness, prudence and hot temper, which last gets him into positions not quite suited to his clerical office. All the time he is so full of lively interest in his fellow creatures, so intimately concerned in all their affairs, making their troubles and pleasures so much his own, and striving to assist them in every way, from getting the schoolboys a holiday to promoting Slender's marriage, that one feels he could not be possibly spared by the good people of Windsor. It would be a curious speculation how far Sir Hugh represents the contemporary clergy of Shakspeare's time in country districts. Our modern English clergy have not much likeness to him, but his position closely resembles that of many an Irish Roman Catholic priest of our time, whose social standing is the same as that of his flock, and whose function as matchmaker-in-chief for the district is recognised by everybody.

Match-making and courting of one sort or another forming the chief subject of the play, it follows that the story is not so simple as in some of the other comedies. There are three distinct plots, which are worked out together, so that it is difficult to make a distinct outline of the story. The first is Falstaff's attempted courtship of the merry wives in the hope of supplying his pocket by their means; next comes Anne Page's triple courtship, out of which arises the quarrel between the Doctor and the Parson, followed by their joint revenge on the Host. It might be tedious to follow out this three-ply strand, analysing scene by scene, therefore we may content ourselves with considering the characters prominent in each division of the play.

First, then, comes Falstaff's affair and Falstaff himself. A great deal which has been already said in these papers on Sir John will equally apply to him as he appears here, if one remembers the change in his circumstances. He is still the same scheming, plotting old sinner, slippery, unscrupulous, taking any and every means devisable by his inexhaustible brain for the replenishing of his very exhaustible purse. But his position is not what it was, and his opportunities are less, and generally, he is under a cloud. His connection with the court is broken, and with it has gone every chance which once seemed open before him, and he has to make the best of a changed world. So the old brilliancy of his flashing wit is hardly to be looked for here (setting aside the fact that this is the third play in which he appears and even Shakspeare was but human), except in sudden gleams which show that it is not extinct. In his own phrase, he is now about thrift and not disposed for quips. The striking point in his present phase is the power which he still retains of overawing his surroundings. In spite of disgrace and poverty Sir John is still somebody, and can exact a certain amount of deference from those about him, partly from the lingering influence of past court favour, and the respect which the knight and soldier excites among the simple citizens, but much more

from the force of his own cool audacity and assurance. Shallow and Slender try to bring a complaint against him; Falstaff dares the one and laughs at the other. His own tools, Nym and Pistol, rebel and quarrel with his service. Falstaff coolly discards them, and when Pistol desires to come back to him, crushes him down with a lofty scorn worthy of his best days. Whatever share he may have had in the business of Mistress Bridget's fan-handle, Falstaff is still another kind of being from Pistol, and would have him know it and not prate about his honour, forsooth! Falstaff's faith in himself is proof against all shocks, and he usually finds himself accepted at first at his own valuation, which leads him into all his miscalculations. As he once miscalculated on the permanence of King Henry's affection for his old boon companion, so here he miscalculates on the effect produced by him on the Merry Wives and falls into all his misfortunes. The one thing which he finds as inexorable as King Henry's resolution is the simple honesty of a worthy woman. It is worth noting how absolutely impossible it is to fancy that he could make the slightest impression on either of the matrons. There is no question of feeling in the matter. If Queen Elizabeth wanted to see Falstaff in love she must have been disappointed, for all he loves are the angels in Mistress Ford's purse, and they are the true objects of his suit. It is so utterly ridiculous that the two women can only be comically indignant with him. 'Why,' cries Mrs. Page, in the height of her wrath, 'I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men'! and the strongest dash of comedy pervades their revenge. It has been objected against the play that such fatuity on Falstaff's part is inconsistent with his general cleverness, and that he would have been the last to credit the possibility of his awaking any sentiment in the breasts of these shrewd and jolly dames. But the cleverest of men may be blinded by self-conceit, especially when supported by the notion, so traceable in Elizabethan plays, that the attentions of a courtier were irresistible to a citizen's wife or daughter, and it further seems as if Shakspeare risked making Falstaff inconsistent in order to deprive his part of its worst features. Half a century later, when another great master of comedy, who probably never heard of the *Merry Wives* in his life, wished to show a virtuous wife being courted by a designing villain, he could only use Shakspeare's plan, and represent Elmire as far removed from danger from Tartuffe as Mistresses Page and Ford from Falstaff. Tartuffe, with all his cleverness, is not equal to the true woman who opposes him, and drops into the snare laid for him precisely as Falstaff comes by the worst with Mrs. Ford. It is not surprising that Sir John's courage deserts him when he expects to be caught, for we remember of old that hard blows were never much to his taste. 'Any extremity rather than a mischief,' always might have been his motto, and is especially applicable when the mischief is expected to alight on his dearly loved person.

Turning now to the worthy heroines of the story, we find two spirited, lively dames, as ready for a joke or a prank as any of the younger generation, but prepared for instant defence if any one dares to presume on their frank gaiety. They are not given to fine sentiments or elegant circumlocutions, their views and feelings are pretty outspoken, and their judgments of their fellows are uncompromising, but their hearts are sound, and their healthy, vigorous natures bring an atmosphere of breezy freshness along with them. Middle age is not often represented in a pleasant light by poets and dramatists. It has not the thousand charms of youth, nor the reverend picturesqueness of old age, and therefore it has generally been set aside, or only used to exhibit some ridiculous or unpleasant type of humanity. The soured old maid, the crabbed bachelor, the scheming widow, have been represented often enough, but not many have ventured to show the character which we all know nevertheless, the middle-aged Englishwoman, with a face still fair, and a heart still young, and a temper still bright and cheery, whose merry laugh is as hearty as in her girlish days, and whose matured sense is no hindrance to her pleasure in a bit of fun. If other poets have neglected these genial specimens of womankind, Shakspeare at least recognised and loved them well. Compare the character of the two Wives with the passage in the *Winter's Tale*, where the Old Shepherd describes his dead wife and her demeanour to her guests at the sheep-shearing (Act iv. sc. 3) :—

‘She was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant, welcomed all, served all,
Would sing her song and dance her turn.’

Here the same lively heartiness reappears in ‘my old wife,’ which is the special characteristic of the Merry Wives, only expressing itself in them in more restrained fashion as befits the wives of substantial citizens. Though the two friends are often coupled and are much alike in character, they have their points of difference, both in nature and circumstances. Mistress Ford has to do most of the work of leading on and befooling Falstaff, while Mistress Page is obliged to look after Anne’s lovers, and busies herself in trying to bring the Doctor’s suit to a prosperous conclusion. Both ladies have the most perfect confidence in their own judgment, and the calm way in which they treat their husbands’ peculiarities is most amusing. Ford may be madly jealous, and Page determined to have the son-in-law of his choice, but their wives pay very little attention to either weakness. With a considerable liking for Mistress Page, I cannot at all defend her determination to marry Anne to Dr. Caius for the sake of his position. She is a trifle hypocritical about it too, promising to be guided by Anne’s feelings and then resolving to give her to the Frenchman, ‘though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her,’ a spice of blind obstinacy which is rather startling, for she is evidently a good wife and kind mother on the whole. Her husband has the fullest confidence in her

discretion, and with good reason ; she feels herself ' an immeasurable distance ' from giving him cause to be jealous. She does not like the prospect of vexing him about Anne, but determines to take her chance, ' better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.' It does not seem to occur to the good woman that *she*, in her turn, is preparing a heart-break for sweet Anne by forcing an unwelcome bridegroom on her. The pair of husbands are designedly contrasted, the senseless jealousy of the one enhanced by the frank confidence of the other, who chuckles to himself over the storm of words with which his good wife could defend herself on occasions. In Ford's character, Shakspeare unites with Spenser and a crowd of contemporaries in showing the miseries of a suspicious temper, torturing itself with imaginary wrongs, and often bringing on itself the very evil it dreads. Incidentally, Falstaff's schemes have this one good result, that Ford is finally freed from this tormenting demon, though not without some sharp suffering in the process. Our dramatists owe a great deal to the mercenary views of fathers as to their daughters' marriages. They are an unfailing source of lively incidents and interesting complications, and certainly Page is terribly mercenary in his ideas for the disposal of Anne. It is worth noting, as in keeping with the rest of his character, that he plainly tells the unwelcome Fenton that he won't have him about the house, while Mrs. Page gives him a half encouragement, though quietly taking Anne away with her. Page has some foundation for his objections to piecing up a courtier's broken fortunes with his daughter's dowry, but he is even blinder than the average dramatic father in estimating the personal qualifications of the different suitors, or he would see that Fenton is bound to carry the day.

This leads us to look now at the group which circles round mistress Anne, and at the fair maiden herself, looking so fresh and pretty that one would gladly see more of her than the circumstances of the play will allow. Still one has a fairly clear idea of Anne, and can easily picture her with her brown hair and sweet eyes, such a soft-voiced, peach-cheeked, English girl, as one still may meet round any corner, and a pleasant sight she is wherever one meets her. No doubt the prettiest background for the pretty creature is just such a fresh breezy landscape as the Windsor fields, a homely, pleasant country scene, suggesting buttercups and daisies and all sorts of familiar wholesome delights. There by rights is the ideal which Anne Page represents ' fresh as milk and roses she sits this morn of May.' *Perhaps* Anne Hathaway was something like her, when Shakspeare came to court her. Our Anne is not a highly-strung heroine of romance ; she moves about the house doing her work, and steps to the door with her father's flagon of wine when he arrives with his friends. No doubt she has all the house-wifely accomplishments of a girl in her position, and the ' allicoly and musing,' which Mrs. Quickly attributes to her, would not prevent her turning out a pasty which should do her credit.

She would hardly die of love, but she might suffer a great deal, and therefore, while anxious to please her parents, she has no intention of being sacrificed by them. The instinctive use of intrigue and deception which comes naturally to such girls as Bianca and Silvia, and even Juliet, is entirely foreign to the Windsor maiden, her advice to the lover whom she thoroughly trusts, is to exhaust every effort to win over her parents, and it is only when that fails that she falls back on some secret plan for evading their authority. 'Why, then—hark you hither,' and she whispers her notion, which seems to be replaced by her flight from Herne's oak in her fairy disguise. Perhaps Anne is most charming when gravely listening to Slender's advances, because her propriety and sense of decorum is much tried by her consciousness that her suitor is an arrant fool. She wants to laugh out, and she also wants to bring the miserable creature to a point and have done with him, and neither relief is allowed her, while Shallow's attempts to back his kinsman make the matter infinitely worse. As if Anne Page would marry a man who could not woo for himself, and only loved her 'as well as any woman in Gloucestershire!' Certainly, Slender's courtship is unique in its way, but it illustrates the slow, obstinate nature of the man, that his backwardness in Anne's presence does not interfere with his mooning about, apostrophising her in her absence, and he is furious with mortification and disappointment when she eludes him at last. It is a pity that we see nothing of Anne's treatment of her other unwelcome suitor, the Frenchman, Doctor Caius, the vehement, hot-tempered physician. Beyond his fiery temper, the most distinctly-marked point in the worthy doctor's character is the fine dash of credulity which makes him a victim both of the Host's love of joking and Mrs. Quickly's fallacious assurances. It is odd enough to find in him the special point which Thackeray notes as belonging to all Frenchmen who have been in England, the conviction of the effect of their own charms on 'les Anglaises.' 'De maid is love-a me,' says Caius, with as much certainty as M. Mirobolant in *Pendennis*. He would fight anybody who interfered with his intentions, and has no sort of respect for Parson Evans's clerical character. The quarrel between them is almost farcical in its absurdity, between Caius's spluttering rage and Sir Hugh's nervousness, and both raving at each other in indifferent English, each confident that he at least had kept his appointment. It is another of the slight self-consistencies which distinguish even Shakspeare's minor characters that the angry men promptly unite to punish the Host for not letting them make complete fools of themselves, an offence which neither Welshman nor Frenchman could possibly pardon. In strong contrast to these very objectionable suitors, rises the figure of Anne's true love Fenton, hardly more than sketched on the canvas, but suggesting all that a successful romance hero should be. Young, bright, handsome, and well born, 'he dances, writes verses, smells April and May,' with a courtier's reputation of having played his part

'with the wild prince and Poins,' he must carry the day with Anne, we see that quite as plainly as the shrewd Host. That his fortunes are 'galled by his expenses' does him no harm; a little touch of misfortune is the one thing needed to make him irresistible to a loving-hearted girl like Anne. To us he has an interest as recalling those days of the wild prince, on which Shakspeare seems to linger with pleasant recollection. Fenton has had his 'riots past and wild societies,' and has paid for them; but we conclude that he means to imitate Prince Hal in turning over a new leaf, and to settle down discreetly with Anne's assistance. He honestly tells her that her money first attracted him, but he has soon got beyond that, and when he has won the game and carried off his bride, he stands up manfully in her defence, and justifies her action in avoiding the shameful marriages proposed for her.

Beyond these principal figures in the story are a few, not of foremost importance in themselves, but intimately linked with the others, and first among them ranks the general confidante, the bewildered-headed, many-tasked Mrs. Quickly. She is, and yet is not, the same as the hostess of the famous Eastcheap tavern, and the discrepancies between her story, as indicated in *Henry IV.*, and as shown here, are so great that we may follow Falstaff's example, and greet her as a perfect stranger. Her position too is changed; there is a vast difference between Doctor Caius's housekeeper, washer, and wringer, who apparently does most of the work of his house, and the hostess of a flourishing tavern, with her plate and glass and tapestried chambers, and money at command. But under all differences the character remains the same, and a speciously muddled one it is. Nothing could show the extent to which Falstaff's brains have deserted him more than the fact that even Mrs. Quickly can take him in, and persuade him of the truth of her mock embassy. It is not clear how far she knows the real state of the case, but she certainly is aware that the two wives are in league, though she so stoutly vows the contrary. But strict accuracy is not one of the virtues dear to her soul. It is quite a trifle to her to promise utterly incompatible services, as when she undertakes to use her best efforts for each of Anne's lovers, with only a mental reservation 'speciously for Master Fenton.' Here the easy-going, unscrupulous, blundering creature reveals herself, and the species of good nature which makes her a sort of favourite in spite of her known folly. When fully launched on a speech, Mrs. Quickly shines the most, then her inconsequence develops itself brilliantly, and the cart gets before the horse, and in grasping anxiously at an occasional long word, she invariably gets the wrong one. But in spite of her confusions she has wit enough to extricate herself from a threatening position, and to take all the credit to herself when things fall out propitiously, so that it is not surprising to find the supple mendacious body with her finger in everybody's pie in Windsor, and great in request as a match-maker.

Mrs. Quickly has been copied again and again by novelists and dramatists wanting such a convenient agent for their intrigues, but they cannot reproduce her. The women they present are either far more repulsive or utterly stupid, and lack the softening mist with which Mrs. Quickly's puzzle-headedness and foolish cleverness veil her failings, so that one must regard her with half-amused toleration, and could as soon be indignant with Mrs. Malaprop herself.

The Host is as important in the third division of the story, the quarrel between Parson Evans and the Doctor, as Mrs. Quickly in the first and second, and his jolly rolling voice seems to make a 'joyous chorus to the action as it proceeds. As a man, the Host of the Garter is nothing very remarkable, but as a picture of that important personage, the landlord of an Elizabethan inn, he deserves attention. When the tavern was at once the home and the club of all sorts of people, when it was their recognised place of meeting and news-room, representing society at large, the Host was necessarily a person of consequence. His guests were often much on his own level, the jolly knight, the parson, and the doctor, could all meet and share his burnt sack on terms of equality. No one knows better than the Host what is going on in the town, and he shrewdly draws his own conclusions from what he sees and hears. Naturally he is rather of a jovial and boisterous turn, which suits with his business, but he keeps an eye on the main chance, even too eagerly sometimes, as when his former dupes, Caius and Evans, delude him in their turn, with a vision of an entirely fictitious German duke. Nevertheless, the Host has a kind heart and a feeling for the fitness of things, as shown by his sense of the propriety of matching Anne to Fenton. Little need be said of the crew which still hangs on Falstaff, till he roughly shakes them off, as they are very little changed since we saw them before, save by the introduction of Nym with his catchword of 'humour,' possibly meant as a bit of jeering at Ben Jonson's two plays, *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Every Man out of his Humour*, produced at no very great interval before the *Merry Wives*.

Having thus passed in review the characters whose complicated doings make up the comedy, let us conclude with a look at the last scene, which unites all the various interests and brings all the different figures together into one picture. It would be a great chance for a scenic effect, if the scene-painter had ever yet been found who could do full justice to the calm beauty of a summer's night and forest trees bathed in moonlight. As we fancy to ourselves the spreading oaks and green glades, and Windsor Castle rising stately in the distance, it seems almost too solemn a scene for the pranks to be played there. Suddenly there comes a ripple of mischievous laughter as the merry troop of fairy children come tripping by to their hiding-place, delighted, no doubt, with the fun of being dressed up and out of doors at such an unwonted hour, and their merriment sets the key of

all that is to follow. Falstaff's unwieldy figure crosses the moonlight, looking irresistibly comic with its adornments of horns and chain, and his two wicked tormentors join him to give him one moment's delusion before the whole fairy rout bursts out upon them. That it could be supposed possible that Falstaff would be overpowered by the apparitions even in the confusion of the moment and his guilty conscience, testifies to the strength of the belief in the fairy world. One would have expected that the familiar accents of 'that Welsh fairy' would instantly have dissolved the spell, but in Falstaff's efforts to lie close, he seems to see and hear as little as possible. There is a confusion in the editions as to whether Anne Page or Mrs. Quickly personates the Fairy Queen. Certainly Anne was intended to act the part, and the pretty lines spoken in the character are most suitable to her sweet mouth, but considering her intention of escaping with one lover and baffling the rest by her disguise, she may possibly have transferred her part to the ever-useful Mrs. Quickly.

If the *Merry Wives* was indeed written to Queen Elizabeth's order, there was a special fitness in the lines on Windsor Castle, with their hearty benediction and graceful compliment, which our own times may surely echo with no less force in the application—

'Worthy the owner, and the owner it.'

The whole speech breathes the true Elizabethan spirit of affectionate pride in the sovereign and the court, while it brings in the old idea of the vivid interest taken by the fairy race in the fortunes of royalty. But these solid fairies have all the wickedness of the more shadowy tribe, and their twinkling tapers have a sensible fire, as poor Falstaff finds. Then in the midst of the confusion and the mocking song come up the three lovers, each thinking to get the right Anne, who glides softly off with her true lover before the hunting-horns banish the fairy tribe. Falstaff has such an exceedingly bad time of it when the triumphant conspirators break in upon him that one could find it in one's heart to be sorry for him. Ford is so exasperatingly exultant, and it is a little too much when Sir John Falstaff cannot even answer a 'Welsh flannel,' and is driven to moralize. 'See how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent when it is upon ill employment,' thus concisely expressing the whole drift and meaning of the play. Still Falstaff is not left alone in discomfiture, his enemies come in for a taste of it too, in the failure of their schemes and the rage, so natural and so comic, of Slender and Caius, at being outwitted by Fenton and Anne. But the disturbance is a passing one. Page and his wife, being good-natured souls, accept the inevitable with a good grace; and as the scene closes on Windsor, we see harmony restored among its honest inhabitants, and our last glance at Falstaff shows him, as usual, rapidly recovering from any disturbance to his equanimity.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER IV.

COMPARATIVE IMPORTANCE OF DUTIES.

MY DEAR A——,— I was reading this morning a history of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, and I came upon this passage—'Whenever the troops encamped Don John (the general, son of Philip IV. of Spain), went directly to bed, and one of the most favourable opportunities for a battle was lost because no one dared to wake him.' It set me thinking, and my thoughts travelled in the direction of the last letter I sent you. I said to myself—Don John could never have been punished for laziness when he was a little boy. The fault was a provoking one, but no doubt many excuses were made for it, and if he had not been a prince, certainly no one in these days would have been likely to have known anything about it, whilst in his own days no one except the members of his own family would, I imagine, have been inclined to take it much to heart, and even they would probably have learnt to fit themselves into the strange habits of their Head.

When, however it came to the loss of a battle—national humiliation, the sacrifice of hundreds of lives, the untold misery of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters,—the case was, so we say, very different. The fault was a great fault, the consequences made it such. When there are great responsibilities resting upon a man he is bound to be greatly energetic.

Yet,—so I went on to say to myself,—the fault was in itself only self-indulgence and laziness. And we cannot be responsible for all the consequences of our actions, because those consequences depend greatly upon circumstances over which we have no control. An energetic, colleague or an inferior enemy might have given the victory to Don John even though he himself did go to bed too early, and no one dared to wake him. And if the guilt of an action is to be measured by its consequences, we must allow that Don John's faults when a boy entailed the consequence of his fault when a man. If he had not been a lazy boy he would not have been a lazy general. But if he had been punished when a boy he would probably never have given way to such habits. If so, does not the fault lie with his parents, his guardians and tutors? It is difficult to determine the exact amount of criminality in such a case.

Do I mean then that this fault of laziness was a slight fault both in boyhood and manhood? Quite the contrary. All I would maintain is that faults, virtues, and duties cannot be measured by consequences, or if they are they must be measured by those to which they ultimately tend, not by those which are immediate and apparent.

Great and small—this is the point at which I am aiming—are measurements which, as we use them, have no definite standard. What is of great importance as regards direct results in one case is of slight importance in another. One man goes in for a competitive examination, spells badly, fails in consequence, and loses for life his chance of an advantageous career. Another man has a fortune ready made, and though he may spell equally badly he is not one penny the poorer for it.

There is but one standard of consequences, both as regards good actions or habits, and bad ones, which is certain and unchangeable, but it is hidden from our view. We must accept it in faith if we mean to regulate our conduct rightly. We are preparing for another world in which there is some place that we are to fill. God gives to each of us certain gifts which He wills that we should cultivate to the very utmost of our power. He warns us of temptations which we are to avoid, and duties which we are to fulfil so far as in us lies. The ultimate use to be made of the gifts lies beyond the grave. The ultimate consequence of running into the temptations and neglecting the duties lies also beyond the grave. There are indeed immediate results of our efforts to be traced both in intellectual cultivation and moral character, but in the present world these differ immeasurably with different persons. One industrious and clever man rises to be prime minister, another man, equally industrious and clever, never rises beyond the dignity of mayor in a country town. One woman organises benevolent institutions and her name is lauded and honoured throughout England; another devotes days and nights to alleviating the sufferings of the poor in a remote country village, and her name and her work alike (so we think) perish with her.

I can fancy you asking, why I say all this to you. It is so trite; it has been said hundreds of times before. Yes—said—but not thought upon, acted upon, at least by yourself. You fret because your duties are so unimportant. What? when they are the means by which you are being trained for heaven, for a place in the glorious Universe, an office under the immediate Eye of God Himself. Do not tell me this is a dream, that you cannot realise it, but just consider what the truth is as regards what seem to you the great things of this world, the great works done by great men. Think of the historical names—the famous generals, the chief poets, artists, philosophers—the celebrated statesmen. The results of their actions and their works remain upon earth, and their memories are held in honour; but what is earth to them, and what is a memory? If they do not know that they are remembered, of what good is it to them? And if they do know, then they have entered upon a new condition of existence, and have learnt to estimate their actions and their works by the value which God, not man, puts upon them. Their measure of greatness cannot be ours. Things which we call great must be to them little, and things which

we call little must be to them great. If we could trace back any so-called important event to its source we should certainly find that it issued, like the great river at its fountain-head, from some unnoticed act, which had in it the germ of immeasurable good, or immeasurable evil; and if you will only bear this in mind and carry on your thoughts to Eternity, instead of limiting them by Time, you will be content to undertake any duty, to occupy any sphere, however seemingly restricted. Your existence has Infinity and Eternity for its development. Let it be that you have nothing put before you to do here which seems of any consequence, that you can merely teach in a Sunday-school, or read to an old woman in your village; yet if you are learning submission, patience, contentment, unselfishness, sympathy, self-denial, you are cultivating a character which in the next world may place you in a position of trust and responsibility, making you, as our Lord says in the parable, 'ruler over ten cities.' 'He that is faithful in that which is least' will be faithful also, and fitted, for that which is the most. The rule works even in this world, amongst thoughtful, observant persons. It is said of the Duke of Wellington that on one occasion when he had to make choice of a man to occupy an important post, he passed over the expectant many who believed that from their position they had a claim to the office, and conferred it upon a person unnoticed before, and entirely unthought of as a competitor for the desired post, because at whatever hour the Duke appeared this man was always ready for him.

Carrying out this idea, what may not the meanest of us hope to be in another world, if we will only faithfully continue to fulfil the next—the least duty in this world? What, at any rate, may we not hope to be in the ages of Eternity?—learning, growing, developing more and more in energy, in knowledge, in happiness? Surely we are fools—I can use no lighter word—if we put aside this prospect and confine our aims and interests within the limits of the present existence, the end of which is Death.

The commencement of such development is in your hands now. Its growth is stimulated by every little duty which you seek out and strive to accomplish.

I say seek out, because I think the great danger to all young people situated as you are, with no direct responsibility, and no pressing claims upon their time, is just to accept a duty if they see it, but not to take the trouble to look for it.

Too many girls pass through what I may call their society days with a moral nearsightedness which actually prevents them from seeing what they can do for others or for themselves. And this defective moral sight will certainly increase unless, in the ordering of a merciful Providence, some great sorrow or trial, or some strong influence be sent to rectify it. Then they will start up in bitter self-reproach and perhaps rush at their duties with an ardour which they

vainly flatter themselves may redeem the past; but too often it is so ill-regulated that it can but end in failure.

These lives are not entirely fruitless, but they are blighted. I would fain save you from having your own numbered amongst them. But it is no easy task which we set before ourselves when we resolve to leave no duty unattended to, for duties even in the quietest life are alarmingly numerous when once we give ourselves the trouble to seek them. They do not, as a rule, appear until they are called; but when they are called they bring with them a full array of attendants—consequences, precedents, &c.; and it is this, I think, which frightens many persons from admitting them to their presence. If a kind action is done to one person, it will open the door to similar claims from another. Once get a reputation for good-nature, and every one trades upon it. If you write letters you must have answers, and then you will have to write again. If you offer yourself for work in your parish, you will be overworked. If you give up your time too readily it will be supposed that you have nothing to occupy it, and so you will be constantly interrupted.

Such plausible excuses as these often insinuate themselves into our minds under the guise of what is termed prudence and common sense, and though they may be only partially accepted, they yet help to produce a condition of moral stagnation, in which we are afraid by any unwonted energy to disturb the unruffled surface of our lives lest we should be compelled to face the claims now hidden in the depths below.

I would earnestly beg you not to give way to such fears. Look out for duties; receive them thankfully, and you will be led on step by step till you marvel at your own power of embracing them. For it is God Who is working with you and in you—helping you to do what you would have been afraid to attempt if you had been allowed to see the end at the beginning.

And it is He Who, if you turn to Him for guidance, will save you from the danger which no doubt exists of being what is called over-zealous and over-scrupulous. A single motive will give to an earnest heart the sense of proportion, which enables us to balance the various claims of life and to give to each its right share. I can have no fears for you upon this matter if you are true-hearted, real, sincere. Only begin to act—no matter how small the duties may be, how scattered and uninteresting. God is gathering them into one point. He has His purpose in each.

The far-off purpose in the Eternal Home! There we shall know what we are doing, and why we are doing it. Till then let us labour in faith. For Humanity! Yes, for Humanity—the redeemed glorified Humanity of the Body of Christ, which the Almighty God now sees in its perfection as it shall one day be seen by us in the Kingdom of the Resurrection.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

LETTER V.

STUDY AT HOME.

MY DEAR A——,—After I sent away my last letter, a conviction pressed upon my mind that, after all, I had not given you exactly the help you wanted. I read over again what you say about your daily life, and your wish to be useful, and the apparent unimportance—the almost selfishness—of devoting yourself to study; and it struck me that in my desire to give you a high aim, and to make life in another world the great object of your hope, I had forgotten how difficult it must be for any one at your age to grasp this object, although it is one which is in itself the only reality. The future of another condition of existence indeed cannot but be vague, more or less, to us all when we attempt to look at it in detail; and although it must be kept before us if we wish to educate ourselves for it rightly, just as a boy's future profession must be kept before him when he is preparing for it, yet in the meantime there are present interests which have a nearer end, and one which will, to our eye, often seem to be more directly influential.

You complain that study is of no value except to yourself, and as you do not care to work only for yourself, and yet you have nothing else put before you to do, therefore life is dull. Now there is nothing wrong in such a state of mind, it is indeed very natural. The object of study, apart from the pleasure which may be taken in it, is at first sight a little vague, and what you want is something which shall give you a tangible motive for pursuing it, apart from definite duties. What is the use of doing anything but amuse yourself, you might perhaps ask, if you were not a little ashamed of such a question. But it may be put seriously, and answered seriously, though in another form.

What is the visible good of study—art, music, science, of anything, in fact, which tends only to the cultivation of our minds, without having any apparently direct influence upon the well-being of our fellow-creatures?

A splendid artist, or a great musician, or a man of science, can indeed look forward to some definite result from his efforts. Artists and musicians gratify refined tastes. The man of science by his researches leads the way to the improvement of the physical comfort of thousands. But a girl's very moderate accomplishments, and infinitesimally small amount of knowledge, can be of no value to any one but herself; or, if it may be said that parents may take a little pleasure in the music and drawing, what can it signify to them whether their children follow up any regular study, or just amuse themselves with reading according to the fancy of the moment?

Now the first answer I would make to that question is grounded on my own experience. When I left school at fifteen I was extremely ignorant, and the only special advantage I possessed was that I was fully aware of the fact, and felt myself compelled to set to work to remedy the evil. My efforts were very desultory. I took up any subject which offered itself, and studied it in the most fragmentary way;—continental history, learnt by plodding through Russell's *Modern Europe*; a little German, a little Spanish, a very little botany, most minute portions of metaphysics and moral philosophy, with the addition of Italian, kept up by reading a most dull history of the Venetian Doges. In all this I had no object beyond the acquirement of information, and the cultivation of my natural powers, such as they were; and in several of these subjects I really have never advanced beyond the most elementary knowledge, and yet there is not one which I have not been able to make useful to others in my journey through life. And so, as the result of this experience, I would say most earnestly, occupy this transition period of your life in acquiring all the information you can, and exercise yourself in careful habits of study, and leave it to God to point out the special use which shall hereafter be made of your acquirements. What God asks of us in mental as well as in moral culture is *faith*. Without faith as it is 'impossible to please Him,' so it is impossible to benefit either others or ourselves. He has work for you to do, and in His own good time He will show you what it is; but at the present moment all He says is, as we learn from his own Parable, that as you have talents you are to cultivate them. If you wrap them up in a napkin, even though apparently you do no harm with them, you will one day be called to a heavy account. And I will venture to add from what I have seen myself, that the talent which is not used dwindles away. The vapid lives of hundreds of men and women who have ceased to interest themselves in anything requiring the exertion of the intellect may be traced to the fact that when they were not compelled to study they ceased to study. The boys leaving college have turned to the excitement of hunting and shooting; the girls leaving the schoolroom have found sufficient amusement in lawn-tennis, picnic parties, dances, and novel-reading; and so by degrees the taste for study (and even the power) has left them. When a girl who has had time and money expended upon her education says, with a languid smile, '*I can't*'—à propos to some exertion of the intellect—it is too often true she really cannot; she has not the moral strength which will enable her to make the mental effort. It was hers once, perhaps at school, when there was some external stimulus; competition, or the sense of shame when others surpassed her, possibly also the fear of punishment. She may have worked then, as the slave works within reach of the lash of the driver; but the moment the fear of the lash is removed, natural idleness resumes its sway. The season when this natural idleness is most likely to gain power is precisely that which you have just

reached ; and if you allow yourself to indulge it whilst waiting for some strong reason for fighting against it, I prophesy that the reason will in all probability never present itself. I wonder whether you ever met with an old-fashioned story called 'Eyes and no Eyes.' It was written, I think, by Mrs. Barbauld. I read it when I was a child. It went to show that two persons going for a walk through the same fields might return home with totally different impressions made upon them. One, accustomed to observe and inquire scientifically, had seen something interesting in everything, the other, ignorant and careless, had seen nothing interesting in anything. Now it strikes me that this is also the case with regard to objects of moral, and historical, or political interest. Train yourself to see them, and they will present themselves at every turn. Neglect them, and by and by you will become absolutely insensible to them. If you will only observe the lives of at least half the young girls you meet in society, you will own that what I say is true. They have had a good deal of money spent upon music, but they do not keep it up. They have learnt to draw, but they never attempt to sketch or even to copy. They can read French and German, but they have no acquaintance with the best French and German literature of the period. They read history formerly, but now they never open a historical work. They have attended lectures on scientific subjects, but they make not the slightest effort to follow up the scientific discoveries of the day. And all the time it never strikes them that they are in any way responsible for this dulness and vapidity. They are not aware that they are missing any means of usefulness, or neglecting any duty, or frittering away life. For they are what are called 'nice girls'—affectionate, friendly, good-natured, dutiful, properly attentive to all religious forms. They never omit their prayers ; they go to church regularly, and give something at the offertory, and help the beggars who cross their path. When they examine themselves, as I hope and think they do before going to Holy Communion, they are really sorry for any hasty words or undutiful acts—in fact, they are just the kind of gentle, lovable girls, with the attraction of youthful prettiness, who would make the heroines of sentimental novels. But can they be anything better ? Were they born for anything better ? I say unquestionably, Yes. They have intellects, and God intended them to be cultivated. He has work for them to do, if they will only prepare themselves for it ; but if they let their intellects lie fallow, when the time comes that they are old enough and independent enough to work for some visible end, they will be unfit for it. As married women, they will be plaything wives and foolish mothers ; as single women, they will be stupid, helpless, often discontented members of society, winning no respect and but little love. When I say they will be, I do not mean that there is no escape from such a result ; God is more merciful to us than we are to ourselves, and He is constantly teaching us, and opening our minds by

the circumstances in which He places us. But I do mean that the years which have been frittered away can never be recalled ; that habits of idleness and frivolity which have been acquired in them will scarcely ever be overcome ; and that if in this world we fall below the level of our natural ability it must be because we have neglected to foster that ability.

And if we do thus sink intellectually, what will be the loss to ourselves or to others ? I think there are some persons who might be inclined to answer, 'Not much to ourselves, for we do not feel our own stupidity ; and not much to others, because the ability which was so moderate in its power that it could be thus lowered could never have been of much value.'

And I allow there is a surface truth in this, but it is only on the surface ; and you are not likely to make such a reply, though you may hear it made. The advantage and importance of mental cultivation is in the generality of cases indirect, especially in the case of women. It does not necessarily bring them fortune or honour. If a thoughtful, well-read, accomplished girl is often quite unable in society to compete with a beautiful, graceful, but unintellectual nonentity, much less can merely ordinary attainments hope to obtain admiration. I could never urge you to continue your studies, dear A——, because of any direct advantage arising from it beyond the personal pleasure which in some degree always accompanies an increase of knowledge. But the indirect advantage is really incalculable, because it widens our interest and enlarges our sympathies, and enables us to make good principles attractive.

To be agreeable is a great duty—all the more incumbent upon us when we desire to win for our dear Lord the souls for whom He died. And study quickens intelligence, opens the door for sympathy by providing subjects of mutual interest, and enables us, as Jeremy Taylor says, to refresh our friends with the 'Campanian wine' of pleasant conversation. You will understand from this that I am not referring to deep mathematical or scientific studies, which can as a rule be pursued only by a few, and which are more important as exercising the mind than as being conducive to the enjoyment of society. The cultivation of mind to which I refer means the regular application of time and thought to subjects which touch upon general interest—art, politics, history, geography, the outlines of science, the fundamental principles of morality, which naturally take their rise in religion. All these form more or less topics of conversation in cultivated society, and if we are unable to take our part in them we must not only expect to be put aside as dull and stupid, but also to find that we have lost the influence which we might have used for the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom. Every gift which has been bestowed upon us, however small it may be, we are bound to cultivate for the service of the Giver—surely therefore our intellectual gifts amongst others.

And what I would say of study, I would say also of accomplishments. A little drawing, a little music, may not be of the slightest value in the artistic and musical world, but they may give great pleasure outside that world; and in giving pleasure they will also stir up kindly feeling, and are often evidences of affection, to say nothing of the weary moments which may be cheered and enlivened by them. I could give you instances of their value, again and again, which have come to me in my own experience. I have indeed often marvelled at the amount of pleasure which a small accomplishment (so small as to be absolutely despised by any one of a critical character) has been able to afford. It seems as if a special blessing rested upon these widows' mites of artistic or intellectual ability, and therefore I would beg you to cultivate them conscientiously and thoroughly. The time will surely come, should your life be spared, when you will be deeply grateful for them. Not one is to be neglected, for there is not one which will not almost certainly some day be of direct value in cheering the lonely, soothing the suffering, and winning the hearts of those who are journeying with us towards our Eternal Home.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

'HERE'S ANOTHER ON 'EM.'

WHAT I SAW FOR MYSELF.

'WHERE for, lady!'

'Number 26, London Street, Ratcliff,' I answered very distinctly; but the porter at the Stepney railway station, who was about to swing my modicum of luggage over his shoulder, stopped short and stared.

'LONDON STREET!' he echoed in a tone there was no mistaking. I assured him that I meant London Street and no other place, and added that there was a Home for Ladies there, working among the poor in East London.

'Oh! it's all right, lady, so long as *you* know where you're a going to; but I thought as p'raps you didn't. Only they're a rough lot down there, they are, a—precious—rough lot!' And having thus delivered his testimony, the man wheeled round and precipitated himself down a dark flight of stairs, out under a railway arch, and so into a very dirty street where the gas lamps let fall long, bright, broken reflections into the mud and rain-pools.

It had been broad enough daylight when I had set forth, not without some misgivings, from suburban Kensington for that *terra incognita*, known as Ratcliff, East. So many routes had been pointed out to me beforehand that I was still uncertain which to choose, when I presented myself at the booking-office to take my ticket. A doleful recollection of a certain journey to a charitable institution was fresh in my mind, when, having been imperfectly directed by a person for whom the surging sea of London life at its flow had no terrors, I was put into a cab and set to drive for many weary miles in a region remote and most unfriendly, in order to avoid a speedier but more tumultuous passage through the business quarters of the city. But my fears—fanciful as they were—were allayed by the Kensington ticket-porter, who advised me, in a cheerful off-hand manner, to keep to his outer circle line, and change at Bow, 'and then there you are close at Stepney,' he said; 'you can't have it handier than that.' I might have had it a great deal handier, by going to Aldgate Station, and taking a cab straight to the Home in London Street; but this I did not then know, and I grasped at the idea of getting almost to my journey's end on the familiar suburban line; and besides, it was a pleasant idea to go by *Stratford-le-Bow*, of ancient fame, and amuse myself with historical reminiscences by the way. I had to change, certainly, but who minds changing carriages if there be no *impedimenta* to speak of? And I was interested in watching my fellow-

passengers, thrifty, respectable artisan-housewives, who had been doing their Saturday's marketing in the city, as they transferred themselves and their baskets, their brown-paper parcels, and their placid but inconvenient babies from one platform to another with the marvellous celerity that comes of goodwill and long use. Under present circumstances these good women were more interesting in my eyes than even the sound of Bow-bells and the sight of the painted windows in old Bow Church, which we could not stop to visit, for I was going to see something in Ratcliff, E., of a great work which has been quite recently set on foot by THE YOUNG WOMAN'S HELP SOCIETY, for women of another class, namely, those who work in factories; and it had been put before me very strongly that unless a powerful effort were made now and at once for their help and preservation, *they* could never rise to the level of respectability, but must sink lower and lower till they reached a depth from which no after efforts of ours, however earnest, could raise them again in days to come.

We have all heard of the misery in the East of London (would that the misery were confined to the East!), and we have long been familiar with certain names associated with charitable schemes for its alleviation; we have given yearly subscriptions and made up bundles of old clothes; some of us have gone the length occasionally, in moments of fervent sympathy, of wishing that it were possible to go into an institution and work systematically amongst the poor; but it has been an idle wish for wives, and mothers, and elder sisters, who have work at home, and cannot join sisterhoods, or become deaconesses, or spend months and years of necessary training in hospitals and schools. But one day lately I had heard that a Home had been established where gentlewomen who desire such temporary shelter, could spend a *short* time in the near vicinity of the manufactories along the shores of the Thames, and give personal aid in visiting the factory women in their own houses, teaching them in the evening at clubs opened for the purpose, and could by actually living in the midst of them from time to time, prove 'by their very presence, if in no other way, that religion is real and God is love.' And so it came to pass that, impelled by an irresistible longing to see these things for myself, I had come to Stepney Station, and was following my guide across the streets out of which the brief November daylight had so quickly faded the afternoon on which my story begins. Our walk was but short; it barely gave my friendly porter time to inform me that in spite of present decay even London Street had had its day; 'that parties had lived in it as kep' their carriages,' in fact that it had once been the abode of '*captains*' (this word being uttered very impressively), before he broke off with, 'And yere we are, lady, No. 25, and No. 26. I b'lieve I *did* here say they wos a gittin' up of some 'omes or something of that. Yes, yere we are!'

No. 25 was an old-fashioned-looking little house bearing an inscription over the entrance—

YOUNG WOMAN'S HELP SOCIETY.
GIRLS' CLUB.

No. 26 was a trifle more pretentious-looking, too aristocratic to have even a brass plate on the door, which was set far back, and boasted a heavy, projecting lintel, and three or four front steps.

The first of the 'rough lot' who offered to impede our progress was met with on the threshold of the Home. It looked like a lively bundle of black rags whisking about on the top step, and we felt rather than saw that it was a very small child. My protector swept the infant obstructive promptly out of the way to pursue its little games in the gutter, and as he rang the bell, two tall, slim girls standing under the nearest lamp, their bare heads covered by one shawl, exclaimed aloud in a tone which rang like a welcome, '*Here's another on 'em !*'

More welcomes followed when the neat servant who opened the door ushered us into her mistress's room ; but before the door had closed again, the girls outside had caught a glimpse of the well-lit cheery house, and had received a ray of such peaceful comfort as is not often the lot of young creatures who spend their evenings in the streets.

Since the epoch of the captains and the carriages, London Street has fallen very low in the social scale. Out of all proportion to its size, it boasts eleven hundred inhabitants, and on moonlight nights, careless of cold, these people seem to prefer its flags and doorways to their beds, for they all flock out of their dens to gossip (sometimes to fight) in the open air. Before they were taken by the Y.W.H.S., Nos. 25 and 26 swarmed with inmates ; whole families were lodged in every room ; it was a human rabbit warren, and a few indelible traces of their various employments remain to this day, in spite of the vigorous scraping and scrubbing, cleansing and general purification that has ensued since the last of the families trooped out and the ladies came in and took possession.

And now No. 25 is converted into a safe resort for the factory girls during such hours of leisure as the Factory Act has secured for them in the evening, and No. 26 is as comfortable a domicile as a lady need wish for. It has the homely old-world aspect of a place that has seen better days, with wainscoted walls, low ceilings, high grates, and quaintly-railed stairs. The presiding genius has restored its long-lost respectability to the uttermost, and has given to each room in bright, pure colouring, books, flowers, and pictures, the true womanly stamp of culture and refinement. It is a very rational ideal of a home where those whose sympathies go out towards the 'masses' may live at rest,

and give heart and soul to the glorious work of prevention and preservation.

A door of communication leads from the class-room of one house to the club-room in the next. There is space for about forty girls in this club (forty girls only, out of all the thousands that throng the factories!) and from it a spiral staircase winds down to the coffee-bar below, and up to the neat dormitories above, where the clean little white beds may be hired, by otherwise homeless girls, or strangers in the vast city, for 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week. There is also a good bath-room in the basement, where abundance of hot and cold water is laid on in such a manner that no young person, bent on having a spree at the matron's expense, may swill the floor with an overflow. The lady superintendent laughed as she pointed out this and similar contrivances for outwitting the mischievously disposed. 'We must be prepared for some very rough jokes now and then,' she remarked, with a twinkle of innocent malice that showed how much she enjoyed being armed at all points. It is no light task this to which she has set herself so bravely, but it is a noble one. God help her!

One touching proof to me that there is much to work on in the rude untutored natures of the 'factory hands' is that, when first admitted, no sight within the walls fascinated them so much as that of the matron's kitchen, seen from the back-yard through the low, unshuttered windows. The tidy pots and pans, the ponderous dresser, the moving shadows of the matron and her little white-capped maid bustling about over their work, or seated tranquilly before the glowing hearth, with the kitten at their feet, was a picture they loved to contemplate. The kitten is a great favourite, a 'humanising influence,' and so will be the birds that are to be added by and by.

I waited for the appearance of the girls on that first evening with keen expectations. Some slight doubt existed, it seemed, as to whether they were to be admitted on Saturdays, and they were rather slow in gathering. They come from sweetmeat and jam manufactories, fur-pullers', bottle-washers', tailors', and slop-workers' establishments, and arrive quite fresh from their toil, without any preparatory attempt at 'cleaning themselves,' and very often without any tea, so that till the coffee-bar was opened, many of them sat there hungry and thirsty till bed-time for the mere pleasure of being at the club. It was cheering to see that they were very intelligent, in spite of their uncouth, hoydenish ways, and that they could enter into games with all the zest and glee of other girls in happier spheres. We heard *no bad words* (a most significant proof of our influence), and their naïve remarks on the ladies' ways and proceedings, and absolute freedom from embarrassment, when once the rubicon of the threshold had been crossed, were most amusing. What struck me with an odd sense of surprise was that they were so much like, as well as so much unlike, the girls in our own class. They were so merry, so full of fancies, so quick to

catch at anything that would raise a laugh, so sensitive to kindness or to reproof. Could it be true that, except the streets and this club, no other place was open to them but the gin-palace, and low music-hall and theatre? It was hard to realise how soon the probationers' cards, for which several applied that evening, would bring them into a fierce fight with the powers of evil; for it is no easy thing in Ratcliff, so near the dockyards where the manifold temptations of a sea-port town assail them at every step, to hold fast by the new rule of life prescribed by their society. '*To try to be honest, sober, and pure,*' is the first promise they make; '*To avoid bad companions and bad places*' the second; and the third is, '*To use no bad words.*' After some months of probation a higher level may be reached, and a girl who is in real earnest will then exchange her first card for that of an associate member, in which the rule of life is somewhat enlarged and more stringent. An associate becomes in time a full member, and is then bound to use private prayer, kneeling, morning and evening (*kneeling*, remember, in the sight of all the jeering and abusive companions among whom her lot may be cast, for the poor have no privacy);—and finally, '*To seek opportunity daily of spreading God's kingdom by endeavouring to help others to lead a Christian life.*' I felt faint-hearted at the bare idea of proposing such a scheme of Christian life to factory-women like these, knowing the bitter persecution that must inevitably meet them on all sides if they tried to keep it, till there flashed across my memory a story, heard or read—and not one story only—of steadfast faith and noble courage, where factory women had even shown that 'resistance unto blood' of which we, in our easy religion, know only by hearsay.

But the girls who were to meet that evening in London Street were a long way as yet from making any such profession. The first who came, a fair specimen of her class, which was not the roughest, was tall and handsome, with great lustrous eyes shining from under the straight fringe of hair that covered her forehead, and manners that were half bold, half shy. It had evidently been rather a trial to come alone, but the place was attractive to her, and so was the Lady Superintendent. She stalked into the lavatory and enjoyed a dabble and splash with hot water and soap in one of the new white basins, like a person who had a right to the best of everything, and then proceeded to comb her sleek fringe before the little glass as if she would spin out this amusement till she was joined by her companions. 'They didn't know as they *could* come, not Saturdays and all, nor they 'adn't 'ad the cheek to ask,' she had announced on first opening the door, 'or else she'd ha' been earlier herself.' She came bareheaded, wearing a very dirty red crossover, elbows pushed far through her ragged sleeves, and a skirt that would have become a tramp. We had time to note these particulars, for the Lady Superintendent bade her come away from the looking-glass, and make up a good fire before the

others came. She wanted a fire 'fit to roast chestnuts,' the lady added, and also, if Anna was going to become a member, she had better get her card. Anna did want to join, she also wanted chestnuts, and next to the fun of a good wash was the fun of shovelling coals on the fire and making a royal blaze, for these were not luxuries to be found at home. But she had a very good home, better than many, and so she was proud to tell us as we sat over the fire, and to volunteer other bits of information for our benefit as soon as she had entered her name on the books and had promised to attend 'reg'lar.' Her name was Hannah, not Anna, it appeared, when she came to spell it—'At least you *could* put a haitch in it, if you'd a mind to, else it didn't matter much one way or the other.'

She was only fifteen, she said, though she looked much older, and this we observed to be the case with the rest. She earned fourteen shillings a week, working at a cigar factory (no need to tell us *that*!). Her sister, she said, got thirteen shillings, and she worked at Badgerses'—Badgerses' was a sweetmeat place, and so was Frawsties'. 'Yes, they paid 'em well at Frawsties, and give 'em three-pence a hour over-time at night; but they took it out o' yer if yer was late mornins'—didn't they, just! No, her sister wasn't a comin' to the club—she'd a young man. He worked along of her at Badgerses.' The speaker's mother, who was 'a real good 'un, 'ad told her there was once captins lived in this street,—that was a long time ago. Her father was a good father too, in his way, but we were made to understand that he 'give his family a hawful lot of jaw,' and his family didn't like it. 'He was away very often, down at Whitechapel at the 'orspital; he was always ill; mother didn't think as he'd never git no better.' Then followed a pathetic little history of a baby's death. 'We did love him so,' said the girl; 'we felt I dunno how when he was took: me and the others couldn't sleep a wink, time he was lyin' there, afore they took and buried him. Mother she says, "What the devil are you making such a row about?" She did feel bad, mother did—seemed like as if she couldn't abear to hear us talk, and little Ted (he's turned of four years old, Ted is), he kep' a sayin', "Why's baby dead, mother? I don't want him to be dead; *I wants him to be asleep and to wake up again!*"' Then, in answer to some question from the lady about a companion, Hannah burst out indignantly, 'Laws, no! Hemmer ain't a comin' *yere*; she said she warn't never a comin' to no sich low-lived place as this *yere*—not if she know'd it!'

'Did any of Bell and Day's girls speak about coming?' was the next inquiry.

'Bell and Day's gals!' quoth the new member, tossing her fringe with supreme contempt. 'Why, Bell and Day's gals was sich a disgusted low lot as Dr. Barnardo had said last Christmas as he

shouldn't let none of 'em come to his tea-parties no more—sarve 'em right! They wos a most *dis-gusted* low lot, and no mistake!'

There are grades of society, it seems, even in Rateliff Highway!

Oddly enough at this point arrived two more girls, twined together factory fashion, with one torn shawl between them flapping over their heads, one of whom came from Bell and Day's. She was disguised in dirt, dusky as a Christy minstrel with powder or smoke, and looked utterly bewildered, or was perhaps dazzled by the light, as her friend shoved her quickly into the lavatory and bounced back again herself, shaking with laughter.

'I've brought her in,' she cried, 'it's *Ailie*! Why, she 'adn't an idee where she was, till she was in! Worn't it a lark—oh my! Ain't she black! She'd never ha' come herself if I 'adn't a brought her; she ain't got the cheek. Yes, the shawl's hers; we're friends—*mates*, that is.'

The match-girl was altogether too bashful to reappear alone, so at last had to be hauled out of her retreat by her mate, and then we were surprised to see a gentle, shrinking little woman, pretty, and dark-haired, with the sad pallor of a match-maker, and with pathetic grey eyes that smiled back a shy response when she was noticed. She was the only one that said 'ma'am' when answering a question, and had perhaps learnt manners from her Irish mother if not at Bell and Day's.

I shall not soon forget her eager, wistful glances when the conversation turned on the sewing classes that were to be held in the club, where the girls might learn to cut out and make their own dresses and underclothes. 'Might she—could she do it too?' She scarcely ventured to ask this across the table, but she did so want to make some underclothes. Could she get cotton from the lady? And how much would it cost? And then followed a feminine discussion, in which all took part, on patterns, and materials, and prices. As to dresses, one and all confessed to paying five shillings every time for getting a dress made; none of the new-comers seemed to think mending an old one possible or necessary. On the whole they were cleaner than I expected; their heads were tolerably tidy, but the club-room, like the proverbial bean-field, was filled with a powerful odour of 'the most delicious 'air-oil,' to which the cigar-girls' clothes added a flavour of their own. Good looks were scarce at the club that night, but so also were repulsive or sickly ones. There seemed no great lack of money: many of them, in discussing the refreshment bar down stairs, told us that they always paid sixpence for their dinners; but it will be remembered that the air breathed by the poor factory 'hands' is none too pure, necessitating better food in consequence. One of these girls was a young servant who worked hard for eighteen-pence a week, finding her own lodging at night. Some of them had

never been in the country, and had never seen a plant growing in the earth; some had a 'treat' to remember with delight; some were in the habit of going out 'hopping' in the autumn, and knew what flowers were like 'down in the country.' They surveyed me with increased interest when they heard that I actually lived in the country myself, and we ascertained that girls who had been out 'pea-pickin'' knew what wild roses were; so soon it was settled that we should ask the Kyrle Society to send us some paintings of hedge flowers, with birds and butterflies, 'just like what they seen in Essex,' to decorate the panels of the club and class-rooms. We were to ask for a bank of primroses—every one knew what primroses were like—and as soon as spring came I promised to provide them all with handfuls of real daffodils to take home with them. 'Only,' cautioned their lady, 'we must not let Kitty get at them, you know. Last spring an old woman met me almost sobbing in the street one day. "O, mum," she cried, "I put the primroses as you give me yesterday in a saucer with some moss, and they looked beautiful, and I hadn't hardly turned my back before that there nasty cat got at 'em and eat 'em all up, every blessed one on 'em!"'

Then it was agreed that learning to read and write again would be a useful and pleasant thing: many had forgotten all they had learnt during the short time they had attended school, before being drafted out into the world to earn their own living. Some little scholarship was absolutely necessary for all who aspired to becoming forewomen themselves, and therefore they seemed to give willing ear to the plan of weekly instruction which was propounded to them, in addition to the Bible classes which had already begun.

At last it was ten o'clock, and we gathered round the lady's harmonium for their favourite hymn—

'Happy are Thy courts above,'

before the whole household knelt in prayer and parted for the night. I write this phrase with all the ease of life-long habit, but to some persons present that evening, prayer was a very new and strange idea, and kneeling the oddest position in the world. They had never heard the Holiest Name except in oaths and curses, nor thought of the Unseen, nor had ever been led to conceive of a spirit within them, nor of a heaven above: and yet here were we bending the knee side by side with them—as two or three gathered together with them in Christ's name—not in a heathen land far-off beyond the seas, but at home—in civilised, enlightened England!

Sunday is not much of a festival in the east of London. We did not penetrate into any of the back slums, but the broad, breezy thoroughfares where healthy winds blow up fresh from the Channel, were filled with idle men, while here and there a dejected-looking

woman crouched before an open door ; but the girls, for the most part, came out later in the day, and hung about in clusters in their slatternly garments. As for hats and bonnets, they are counted superfluities in Ratcliff, only fringes are indispensable.

And yet here on a Sunday a visitor may come suddenly, as we did, on a band of some two hundred boys in dark uniforms, marching cheerily along, four abreast. These are 'Dr. Barnardo's boys,' the scum and refuse of the wharfs and bridges, converted into a regiment of honest artisans which England may be proud of. Ah ! it is one thing to read of such transformations in reports and magazines, but it is quite another to see them for yourself, and to feel the gladness of thanksgiving swell up in your heart at the sight ; what, then, can it be to know that, at last, you too are finding a humble place in the train of workers, dead and living, whose mission it has been to keep their lamps burning, and to seek diligently in this darkness and shadow of death for the King's lost treasure lying underfoot in the dust with the stamp of His image on it still—yes, marred, obscured, defaced though it be, *His* image on it still !

The girls turned up in force at the warm, cosy club-room that afternoon. Some of them were as much transformed as the boys we had admired, but their Sunday attire was less neat, though very much smarter. We began to think the dresses cheaply made if such frills and furbelows could be supplied for five shillings, and no wonder such hats and feathers should be *objets de luxe*, and reserved for special occasions ! The time was spent very happily at first in singing hymns—time fails me to tell how many favourites the 'old girls' had—and when the music went with a happy swing, all who could not read held up their books and shouted the tune. After this, the Lady, whose bright-eyed vigilance nothing escaped, held her Bible-class round the fire in the class room, and, finally, a select few were invited to remain and drink tea with her (they will all have this treat by turns) ; and while the table was being laid with the pretty blue and white cups and saucers, the guests were brought up stairs to inspect the ladies' house. As the girls in question were those who had been taught, during the past winter, by the vicar's wife, they behaved with the utmost propriety, admiring everything, and making intelligent comments, but nothing to be seen in the Home, not even the pretty drawing-room, astonished them so much as the red stair-carpet. Even in Ratcliff, housekeepers had been known to keep their domiciles clean, and fill them with ornaments more or less valuable, but who in the world had ever thought of keeping a common stair as clean as wax, and covering it with a carpet !

Three of these visitors, for the first time, went to church voluntarily that evening, and sat with the Lady Superintendent.

Our immediate neighbourhood was quite quiet, the public house next

door notwithstanding, and, as we ladies sat together afterwards, we could only hear the very little children outside laughing unmolested at their play on the friendly doorstep they had appropriated; yet, once, some passing excitement caused a sudden rush of children past the window, there was no other noise, strange to say, but the trampling of the small feet caused an indescribable stir and thrill in us who were listening. Here was a new generation of the '*perishing and dangerous classes*' rising—rising around us like the tide of the sea, which no human power can prevent or stay—a new generation of a people that had forgotten God; and our girls, almost before we had had time to teach them better, would become the mothers of a younger generation still! Oh, it was piteous that the workers should be so weak, so few! Was there no one else to come to the rescue? No one else to strengthen the hands of the preachers in this wilderness, who are bearing witness to the existence of a living Father in Heaven and His redeeming love?

It was a strange, sweet, memorable Sunday to one person, at least, in the Ratcliff Home, so, also, was the night that followed, with its unbroken stillness, its profound repose. Now, for the first time, I felt that I was brought into absolute contact with the life of 'Our To-day.' I was lying down to sleep, as it were, close to the great throbbing heart of the world where the Poor toil and sin and suffer unknown, yet with the sense of being folded closer still to the Heart of Him whose world it is. How could I choose, then, but pray to consecrate some portion of the gifts with which He had blessed me so abundantly to the use of His needy children in this place, especially the women, for whose sake I had been drawn to it?

The routine of the week began with the sound of the servant's footsteps below. Until the six working days brought us round to Sunday's rest once more, every hour of time spent in this house, at least, would be of real, positive, definite good to the minds, bodies, and spirits of our fellow-creatures, if not to our own. And yet, why not our own? Here we got rid, at once, of the bane of over-civilised life, *l'infiniment petit*; and here were no misgivings, no vexed questions, no weariness of unrest.

I prepared for my leave-taking with unwilling mind. Already, even as a stranger, I seemed to be identified with the work, to taste the sweets of giving, to be necessary to some who had no true friends out of the Home, to be a link between the poor and the rich, who are divided so cruelly asunder. Even a visitor may help to bind the cords of love round the factory girls at this most critical stage of their young lives, may infuse fresh energy into their evening classes and innocent amusements, may help to plan devices for winning them away from the mad excitements of a bank holiday—or give aid, by mere sympathy with the ladies who were really responsible for teaching and visiting

them. However, there was something to be done even in my own circle in making more widely known the methods by which the Y.W.H.S. is reaching down into the depths of present distress, with a strong, well-founded hope of good for the future. I got into the train once more at Stepney, feeling as if the east of London was the one place of all others where workers were needed, and women were to be saved.

How many Homes for lady-workers are to be established by the Young Woman's Help Society besides the one at Ratcliff, and who will come forward to work in them ?

This is no general question for us to muse over at leisure ; it is meant for special people—for you, reader, and for me.

Would God that some woman might rise up to-day, saying, like the first factory girls who greeted me—

“ *Here is another of them !* ” Good my Lord, send me ! ’

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEW BOOKS.

Arachne. There are a few books that are well worth recommending this time. There is a *Daily Text-Book* beautifully selected from Dr. Pusey's writings (Walter Smith), which will help many to enter into some of the holy thoughts of that great teacher, though they may not be equal to reading his sermons, commentaries, and controversial writings.

Spider. I wish they could get on faster with the memorial.

Arachne. Yes. Every one ought to do whatever is possible to help, for it is more than ever necessary to have a centre of sound religious teaching and influence at Oxford, the place whose power for good or evil goes farther, I suppose, than any other. I shall be very happy to forward any small subscriptions that may be sent to me in stamps or otherwise.

Spider. Here is another such daily text-book from Thomas à Kempis, which does not seem to me so desirable. No, I didn't mean any disrespect to St. Thomas, but the *Imitation* is all in such convenient little verses already, that there did not seem any need for cutting it up.

Arachne. I suppose the convenience is in finding the day and verse together. There is another text-book, specially for the sick and sorrowful—real Scripture texts and short prayers, put together by Dr. Bickersteth, and called *A Friend's Hand*. It is in large type, and I think would be a very good book to carry to those who need a brief word or thought of help. It is to be had of Griffith and Farran.

Spider. Here's a curious little book from Marcus Ward, called *Shakespeare and Holy Writ*, parallel passages in opposite pages. There really are one hundred and fifty-six pages, that is seventy-eight of each, averaging about five in a page, though it must be confessed that some are rather truisms that might be found anywhere. See, too, another book of the tiny sort, full of extracts, and called *Life*, by Miss Werner, from the Womens' Printing Society. It has some beautiful things in it.

Arachne. And now to mention a periodical which may be an assistance to people who wish to prepare for English examinations through a correspondence class. It is called *The Cambridge Examiner*, and may be ordered from Stanford, Charing Cross, or from Macmillan. It consists of questions on the different subjects

given out for both the senior and junior examinations. Then for a fee named at the end, proportionate to the number of subjects entered on, the papers may be sent in to qualified persons who will criticise them efficiently.

Spider. I should think that would be very helpful indeed. Are there any nice history books to read—not for examination?

Arachne. I have been much pleased with the *Lives of James and Philip van Artevelde*, and the moral deduced therefrom. There is also a beautifully got up translation of the *Life of the Chevalier Bayard*, by his own *Loyal Serviteur*, put forth by Chapman and Hall. And for books to order for your book-box, the *Mendelssohn Memoirs* are most amusing and curious reading.

Spider. And have you any good novels to tell me of?

Arachne. Miss Carey's *Mary St. John* is very pretty, pleasant reading, with a very highminded tone about it; but I like the smaller books better than the novels this year. *Messer Agnolo's Household* is a capital description of Italian manners in the time of Lorenzo de' Medici—the history and customs so well studied that it is the greater wonder that the author actually let the people grow potatoes, tomatoes, and maize before America was discovered! *Seeketh Not Her Own*, by Miss Sitwell, is a very pleasantly written tale, made out of the real history of M. and Madame de La Garaye, the same, as you know, in Mrs. Norton's beautiful *Lady of La Garaye*. Then, for children, there is a capital story called *One of a Covey*—of a doctor's little daughter suddenly made the pet of an old maid. Cassell has also put out a set of half-crown books, called *The Eastern Wonderland*, *A Land of Temples*, and the like, full of illustrations, and beautiful presents when one wants to give something with real information. There are two graver and most excellent books of little bright discourses,—Mrs. Hallett's *Upward Path* (Walter Smith), for boys and young lads, and Miss Wordsworth's *Workaday World* (Hatchard), excellent for G. F. S. girls or mothers' meetings.

Spider. *School Life Fifty Years Ago* (Griffith and Farran) gives three curious pictures of young ladies' boarding schools, of very different kinds.

Arachne. When there was no system, except what every one picked up for herself.

Spider. Miss Cazenove has a pretty little collection, called *Proverb Stories* (Walter Scott, Paternoster Square). The best is the last, called 'The Pool of Bethesda,' a story on baptism.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXCVII.

1605—1610.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

THE French saying was—

*'Tandis qu' Elisabeth fut Roy,
L'Anglois fut d'Espagne l'effroy,
Maintenant, devise et caquette
Regi par la Reine Jaquette.'*

James in truth took much less part in foreign affairs than his predecessor. Strangely enough, in spite of being a Scot, he inclined far more to Spain than to France, as perhaps his hereditary preference for the Guise and Valois party made him look on Henri IV. as an interloper, and perhaps as an apostate, for he never treated France with cordial friendship; and it is quite comprehensible that he should prefer the genuine old Popery of Spain to the new-fashioned Romanism of Henri, which professed to protect the Reformers, but yearly became more and more aggressive against them, even while the men whom, above all others, Henri trusted, were staunch Huguenots.

Rosny, whom he had made Duke of Sully and Grand Master of the Artillery, had been always more devoted to him and to his aggrandisement, than to any other consideration. Sully held that loyalty consisted in crushing whatever opposed the power of the crown, and never seems to have perceived that to take away all vestiges of independence from subjects of all ranks might lead to the annihilation of the religion for which he had fought.

Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duke of Bouillon, had intrigued with Biron, and thus with Spain and Savoy. He had married into the Orange Nassau family, and was closely connected with the German Protestants, and therefore, Huguenot though he was, his little independent principality of Sedan was dangerous, and must be taken away from him.

Sully was bidden to prepare a siege train, and fifty pieces of cannon were put in motion. Bouillon saw that resistance was useless, and consented to admit a garrison and commandant from the King. He remained in title Prince of Sedan, but his independence was over; the Calvinist university only existed on sufferance from the King, and the power of admitting German allies was lost to the Huguenots. Henri had bound himself to give no assistance to the Dutch, who

still fought on pertinaciously with Spain. He would have been glad to see the war continue, since it weakened the chief foe of France, but the Spaniards themselves were weary of the war, although they had now a great commander in the Marquis Spinola, in whom Maurice of Nassau found his match. By sea, however, the Dutch were almost always successful. They had an East India Company, and were making settlements throughout the Southern Archipelago, and in the western main their flag not only was the signal of their own privateers, but was hoisted by pirates of all nations, English especially, who had not chosen to cease preying on Spanish ships because James had made peace. These 'sibustiers,' so called from *elis boot* (a fly-boat), or buccaneers, from *boucan*, a strip of beef toasted on a sword, were as dreadful a torment to the Spanish settlements in America as ever the Moorish pirates were to the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea. Their barbarities were dreadful, for they were composed of the most desperate adventurers of all countries, and they knew neither honour nor pity. Peace could not put a stop to the outrages of these lawless men; but it would at least deprive them of appearing to have the sanction of any government, and the King of Spain, Philip III., and his minister, the Duke of Lerma, were desirous to close the war. So likewise were the Archduke Albert, and his wife Isabel; and even in Holland, Barneveldt was the head of a peace party. A Franciscan monk of Antwerp, named Negen, was commissioned to begin the negotiation in 1607, and after two years of intrigues and counter intrigues, the mediation of James I. and Henri IV. finally interposed. Spain acknowledged the freedom of the Seven United Provinces of Holland, and on the 11th of January, 1609, a treaty was signed at Antwerp which put an end to the seventy years' war of Dutch independence.

The relief to both Holland and the Netherlands was immense, and from that time forward the States of Holland ranked among European nations, and for more than a century afterwards had a very considerable influence on the affairs of Europe, chiefly through their navy, the only real rival to that of England.

France, above all other countries, needed tranquillity, for the deplorable struggle of an entire generation had checked all her industries. Almost all the royal demesnes had been alienated, the crown was deeply in debt, there was hardly any commerce or manufacture, and agriculture was in a miserable state; everybody lived from hand to mouth, there was ruin everywhere, and though the taxes and customs weighed heavily, they brought in a sum very insufficient to meet the government expenses.

Henri broke up the old council of finance in 1599, and gave the whole direction of the revenue to the Duke of Sully. In ten years' time, in 1609, this able minister was able to render in an account of a

hundred million livres of debts paid, thirty-five millions spent in redeeming royal property, and twenty-two laid up in the treasury at the Bastille, besides a fair proportion spent on the court, the army, and public improvements, and also in pensioning nobles who held offices about the King's person.

This had been effected in great part by excellent management, preventing waste and speculation among the collectors of the revenue, and other officials, and by the prosperity of those who paid these taxes, namely, the bourgeoisie and peasantry. None of the clergy, nor of the nobility, to the remotest generation, were taxed; the one order being supposed to pray for the State, the other to fight for it; and Sully, able and honest as he certainly was, could not rise above his generation, and, in his devotion to the crown, threw himself into a pernicious system. Probably Henri's crown was not secure enough for him to venture to lay taxes on the entire nation, and no subject would have perceived the wholesome effect produced by the power of remonstrance conferred by holding the purse-strings; but it might have been possible to look on far enough to perceive that to pension the nobles in order to keep them quiet must in time enervate their character. Moreover, magistrates were not only allowed to purchase their offices for themselves, but to secure them for their sons, by paying beforehand at a fixed rate for them. This plan was invented by a man named Paulet, and the fee was therefore termed *la Paulette*. It became a terrible abuse, but Sully, at the moment, only saw in it a means of filling the treasury.

He was very anxious to encourage agriculture, and his favourite saying was, 'Tillage and pasturage are the two breasts that nourish France;' whilst the King himself said that he longed for the day when every poor man should have a fowl in his pot—a very different spirit from that which had ground down Jacques Bonhomme; though neither King nor Duke seem to have seen that poor Jacques could hardly enjoy his fowl, if he had to feed all the nobles who were kept tame about court.

However, the *Theatre of Agriculture*, by Oliver de Sèvres, was a book much esteemed by Henri, who also did much to promote the manufacture of silk. Louis XI., the last King of France who had had any notion of statesmanship, had planted mulberries about his den at Plessis les Tours, but they had not extended much farther; and it was Henri who encouraged the culture and weaving of silk in Southern France, especially round Lyons and in Poitou. Sully disliked the manufacture, being afraid of luxury and the arts that encourage it, but the work was much taken up by the Huguenots, whose severe code and greater intelligence rendered them much more industrious than their countrymen. The same dread of luxury made Sully slow to come into Henri's plans of encouraging commerce, not perceiving, as did his

larger-minded master, that no royal navy will thrive unless there be a commercial navy to breed sailors and give an interest in the sea.

Henri tried to get an East India Company formed, but in vain ; and he sent forth an expedition to explore North America, conducted by Champlain and De Chaste, who fixed their settlement in what they named Acadie, but what we now know as Canada, and chose the sites of Quebec and Montréal. Furs and cod soon began to be imported into France, and her first and most successful colony thus commenced.

At home, bridges were mended, fresh ones made, the ruins perpetrated in the forty years' civil war repaired or removed, roads made throughout the kingdom, embankments and landing-places on the banks, posting-houses established, with relays of horses for travellers ; and all along the roads lines of elms were planted, forming avenues which, in the Orleannais and the Isle of France, still bear the name of Rosnis.

Henri found the Church in as pitiable a condition as the State. Ever since the Concordat of Bologna, perhaps more truly ever since the transfer of the papacy to Avignon, the Gallic Church had been on a downward path ; for bondage to the crown, and the exercise of patronage for State purposes, had led to unspeakable abuses throughout the whole body. Upon this came the revolt of Calvinism, when the purity of morals, and freedom from gross superstition, attracted the noble spirits in the nation—even when they did not go all lengths in its distinctive doctrines. Forty years of civil war, and the fanatic excesses of the iconoclast Huguenot on the one side, and the furious Leaguer on the other, had been a terrible judgment on the past, and a new race had sprung up on whom what is sometimes called the Anti-Reformation had had its effect, namely the spirit of zeal and purity that arose within the Church of Rome under the chastisement of the Reformation, and which was fostered by the real improvements in doctrine and discipline established, in spite of all its errors, by the Council of Trent.

In fact, since the time of S. Louis, there had not been such a revival in the French Church as now set in. Between that good King and the year 1600, Alban Butler only reckons as French saints one Bishop and three Nuns, one being the unfortunate Jeanne de Valois. Afterwards they throng the calendar for about a century ere the stifling influence again fully prevailed.

The outward and visible state of the Church was a testimony to the ruin within. In 1595 an assembly of the clergy reported to the King that out of fourteen archiepiscopal sees, half were vacant ; out of about a hundred bishoprics, forty were empty, and of the rest, some had only temporary Bishops *de partibus infidelium*, or irregularly-appointed ones ; and three-fourths of the parishes were without priests. As to the abbeyes, they were worse. In twenty-five dioceses there

were a hundred and twenty convents without lawful superiors. Some abbeys had no monks, and their lands were the endowment of some nobleman's or state minister's younger son, who, by bearing the title of Abbé, and abstaining from marriage, was provided for for life without the performance of any duties. This abuse had begun long before the Reformation, and was never entirely abolished till the final wreck of all institutions in France. There was a greater inclination among the earnest-minded to found new religious orders than to make the best of the old ones, and very large numbers of the ancient foundations for men remained deserted. The nunneries were more kept up, since a provision for unmarried daughters was wanted, and an abbess could not amuse herself openly in the world without scandal; but we have a specimen of the appointments to these houses in the history of the Arnauld family, people pious and conscientious above the average.

M. Arnauld was a sincere convert from Calvinism, and an advocate of some note. He had married the daughter of M. Marion, the Advocate-General, who was in high esteem with Henri IV. As twenty children in succession were born to Madame Arnauld, it was considered the natural part of a good grandfather to ask the King to make some of them abbots and abbesses. So the Abbey of Port Royal aux Champs and the Coadjutorship and succession to that of S. Cyr were requested and conferred on Jaqueline and Jeanne Arnauld, little girls of seven and five years old. On hearing the news the children ran off in high glee to tell the rest of the household, but Jeanne came back looking grave, and saying 'Grandpapa, they tell me an abbess must answer for the souls of her nuns, and I have enough to do to answer for my own;' while Jaqueline with strong determination said, 'I shall make my nuns do their duty.' The poor little things entered on their novitiate at once, Jeanne at S. Cyr, and Jaqueline, strange to say, at Maubuisson, which was under Antoinette d'Estrées, sister to Gabrielle, without her sweet temper, and equally immoral in life, with far less temptation. However, the child was placed under the care of a good nun. At the end of a year the little creatures professed and took the veil, their names being changed to Angélique and Agnès, this being a trick to cheat the Pope, who had demurred at confirming the appointment of the ten-years-old Jaqueline, but consented to that of one whom he was led to suppose was another sister, aged seventeen!

Port Royal was situated in a wooded valley, near a marshy lake, not far from Versailles. The little abbess took up her abode there when ten years old, and good Madame Arnauld was considered a model of excellence for looking into the character of the nuns, and procuring the removal of the only one who was regarded as a scandal. Such trifles as going out visiting, playing at cards, wearing carefully-dressed

hair and starched ruffs, with masks and gloves to preserve their complexions, were not objected to, provided they did not, like some of their sisterhoods, meet the nearest monks in the forest for hunting parties, ending in a feast and a dance in the grassy glades. Their confessor could not say the Lord's Prayer in French, never preached except when a nun professed, and on Candlemas Day there was no mass because everybody was preparing for a carnival masquerade. And this was a highly respectable convent! It was long remembered how, when Henri IV. was led by the chase into the grounds, the dignified little abbess marched out at the head of her nuns and exchanged courtesies with him, to his great amusement. From such a specimen of really good people an idea may be gathered of the usual state of convents.

As to the fabrics themselves, full 150 cathedrals and abbey churches were lying in ruins, besides parish churches which had been destroyed in all the cities and districts where the Huguenots had had the upper hand. Not a single one was left standing at Orleans, when Henri and his Queen laid the foundation of the existing cathedral in 1601. Church building went on everywhere, mostly in the semi-classical style of the period, and adapted to those large structures over the Host which had not been provided for in the Gothic times.

A great force was put on Henri to make him consent to recall the Jesuits, but they had been condemned by the Sorbonne, and the Parliament of Paris, Catholic as it was, protested against them, and so did most of his ministers, so that he could not at once perform his promise to the Pope that he would rescind their sentence of banishment. At last, however, a Huguenot synod held at Gap, in its irritation at the numerous conversions that thinned their ranks, made it an article of faith that the Pope was Antichrist, and to pacify Paul V., Henri permitted the return of the Order, keeping one of their number, Father Cotton, at his Court as a sort of hostage for the rest. He told Sully that, as things stood, he had only the choice of receiving them and making them his friends, or of being a mark for their plots and conspiracies. Indeed there is no doubt that their tactics had undergone a great change, and that Rome had learnt that violence and assassination did not serve her cause effectually.

Great efforts were being made to reconvert the Huguenots. One of the foremost in the matter was Jean Davy du Perron. He belonged to a Norman family, which in the first days of persecution had fled into Switzerland, and he had been born at Geneva, but as he grew up, Calvinist doctrine did not satisfy him, and after much study of the Fathers and schoolmen, he had joined the Church. He was at first a Leaguer, but afterwards took part with Henri IV., and contributed much to his conversion. Afterwards he was the chief antagonist at that conference in which Duplessis Mornay broke down so entirely. One of

the lookers on said Duplessis was the Pope himself, for he was going to give a red hat to Perron, and so it proved, for, as a reward for his victory, the hat arrived from Rome, and Perron became a Cardinal, as well as Archbishop of Sens and Grand Almoner of France.

He was held to be especially effective in convincing educated men. One person who was influenced by him was Isaac Casaubon, a noted Swiss scholar, who was present at the conference, and gave his judgment against Duplessis Mornay. Further study so unsettled Casaubon, that not being able to accept Romanism, he went to England, and was much favoured by James I., who made him a canon of Westminster, though he was never entirely liked or trusted by the English clergy. Of his two sons, one returned to France, and with his blessing became a Capuchin; the other was an English clergyman, but with enough of the Calvinist about him to be a friend of Cromwell. Among the ecclesiastics who were most earnest in the work of restoration of all kinds, was François de Sales, the second son of the Count de Boisy, a Savoyard, and one of those saintly and gentle characters whose whole course is one of innocence and zeal. While quite a young man, he and another priest went on a mission into Chablais, where the inhabitants were almost all Calvinists, and very rude and violent. The two priests were often in great danger during the first year, and endured great hardships, but their gentleness and patience won the people's hearts, and finally whole parishes and districts were reconciled to the Church; severe measures had been adopted in vain by the Dukes of Savoy, but François' gentleness succeeded. François was made Coadjutor Bishop of Geneva, and afterwards succeeded to the see, but there was little or no opportunity of exercising his pastorate on the city itself, and he chiefly lived at Annecy, in Savoy, where he had a devoted flock, and was near the home of his parents. He preached a course of Lent sermons at the Louvre in 1602, and Henri IV. was much impressed by them, and wished to give him preferment in France, but he would not forsake his native province. Deep piety, clear good sense, and a certain elegance of mind rendered his sermons and writings most attractive, and his influence was very great.

One of those who were moulded by it was a young widow, Jeanne François de Chantal. She was the daughter of Benigne Fremyot, the President of the Parliament of Dijon, a good old man, and so staunch both to loyalty and Catholicism, that the tidings that the Huguenot Henri IV. had become king caused him such distress as to turn half his hair white in one night. As a true subject, he followed the royal standard, but as a Catholic, he refused all favours until the King had joined the Church. Yet even he saw no objection, after the King's conversion, to receiving *in commendam* the great Abbey of S. Etienne and the Archbishopric of Bourges, since he was a widower and intended to

take Holy Orders. It turned out, however, that as he had had two wives, this was uncanonical, whereupon both abbey and archbishopric were made over to his son Antoine ; but the Abbey, which apparently contained no monks, became the home of the old President and his family.

His daughter, Jeanne Françoise, was married to Christophe de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, a good man himself, though with a wicked old father, with whom, however, they did not live. She spent much of her time in waiting on the poor and sick, though she was always ready to be the hospitable lady of the house. M. de Chantal had baronial jurisdiction, and we have a strange peep at the country life of those times, when we find that there were apt to be prisoners in the dungeons of the castle, lying on straw, in darkness, and that at night Madame la Baronne used to get up, give them a good meal, and a rest on a comfortable bed—acts well known to her kindly husband. She had four little children, one under a month old, when the Baron was accidentally shot by a friend in a hunting party. From this time the devout and somewhat severe spirit which had guided her whole life pervaded her every action, leading her to fierce self-reproach and self-torture, while she had much to suffer externally from old M. de Rabutin, her father-in-law, with whom she now had to reside. He was a man of evil habits, and was under influences that made him unkind and contemptuous to her and her children. Her holiday times were visits to her own father at Dijon, and here she heard a course of Lent sermons from the great Savoyard Bishop. At the very first of them, he remarked her earnest and spiritual countenance, and he asked the Archbishop of Bourges, her brother, who the lady was. He became the intimate friend of the Fremyot family, and the director and guide through whom Madame de Chantal was led into the way of peace, not through ‘bodily exercise’ and inward and outward self-torture, but through heavenly love.

The great vision of François de Sales was to establish an order of nuns, who might be the tender mothers and nurses of the poor and sick. He intended them to begin their work at Annecy, under his own eye and for his own flock. He saw in Jeanne Françoise de Chantal the very woman to carry out his views, since she was at once full of the love of God and man, an excellent nurse, accustomed to the poor, and likewise a member of a high-born family, able to transact business. Her children were the chief difficulty in the way, and for the mother’s conduct in the matter, blame has been cast on her ; but when the matter is examined into, it was really the best thing she could do for them, to take them out of reach of their paternal grandfather. The youngest child died ; the eldest, Marie Aymée, was married at fourteen to the youngest brother of the Bishop of Geneva. She was to live at Annecy close under her mother’s eye ; the other sister,

Françoise, could be educated in the convent ; and the only boy, Celse Benigne, would be removed from the evil influences of M. de Rabutin and educated at Dijon, under the care of his other good grandfather. The lad was vehement, and passionately fond of his mother, and when the time for her departure came, some stories assert that he threw himself across the threshold and declared that she should only leave the house over his body !

It was in 1610 that Madame de Chantal and three more ladies, all hitherto unknown to her, but selected by the Bishop, met in a little house at Annecy, and began what in time became the Order of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, and numbered multitudes of the noblest ladies in France. The name was chosen by François in allusion to his intention that they should visit the poor at their houses, but as soon as the work began to spread, and further sanction was required for it, there was a general outcry against having an order of uncloistered sisters, and François's Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Lyons, remonstrated so strongly, that out of canonical submission and obedience, the intention was given up, and the Visitation merely became an educational order of nuns, and did such work as could be effected within the cloister.

The Carmelite sisters, founded by S. Theresa, likewise began at this time to have houses in France ; and there was certainly a great spirit of quickened devotion everywhere, though as the devout usually betook themselves to the cloister, the world was but little leavened by their religion. The King himself encouraged good works, listened to sermons, and was far from being an unbeliever ; but he really seemed to think immorality no sin at all, and his example was a constant source of evil.

The Queen had outbursts of ill-temper, but as Henri never failed in courtesy and good-humour, he came off the best in their encounters, and on the whole she had accommodated herself to the habits which seemed ingrained in his nature, so as to show no displeasure at his continual passion for one lady after another. There were six children, and Henri was their playmate. An ambassador found him on all-fours with the Dauphin on his back.

‘Are you a father !’ said the King.

‘Yes, sire.’

‘Then we will finish our game.’

He was fifty-six, grey-headed and grey-bearded, but lithe and active as ever, and youthful in all his tastes, and unhappy in his passions, for age and habit seemed only to have entirely removed all sense of shame. Early in 1609 there came to Court a daughter of the Montmorency family, Charlotte Marguerite, a lovely girl of sixteen, with beautiful blonde tresses, so that the courtiers declared nothing so perfect in grace or beauty had been seen. She had been promised to

the diplomatist, Marshal de la Bassompierre, but the King said to him—'I am furiously in love with her. I shall hate you if you marry her. Give her up. I'll find you a match, and I'll give her to my young cousin of Condé, who cares for nothing but hunting.' Bassompierre says in his memoirs that he was overwhelmed, and could neither eat nor sleep for some days, but he knew that he should have no peace or prosperity unless he yielded up his betrothed, so he submitted; and Charlotte was given to the Prince of Condé, a dull youth of twenty-one, so poor that the King thought he could do as he pleased with him. But Henri found himself mistaken. The Prince carried his beautiful bride off to Moret, and kept a careful watch over her, while the King actually put on disguises and eluded the vigilance of her guardians that he might exchange a few words with her.

'How mad he is!' cried the girl, laughing, and [treating all as a game of hide-and-seek. At last, one November morning at five o'clock, the Prince put her on horseback behind a servant, her maid behind another, mounted a third horse himself, and with two gentlemen galloped off towards Landrécies, the nearest city in the Netherlands!

Henri was furious at the tidings. In vain did Sully try to make him perceive that his anger was simply disgusting to all reasonable people. He actually sent to inform the Archduke Albert that he should regard it an act of hostility to give any shelter to his runaway subject, and in the strong desire of the Netherlandish government to remain at peace, the Prince was advised not to come to Brussels, though the Infanta Archduchess Isabel received the Princess kindly and placed her under the charge of her aunt, the Princess of Orange, who was daughter to Henri, the second Condé, and wife of him who had so long been a prisoner in Spain, while the Prince betook himself to Lombardy, and was received honourably by the Count of Fuentes. Henri really was like one mad in this matter! One can hardly believe that a man of such undoubted ability should have been willing to make himself so ridiculous. He corresponded with the lady through his ambassador's wife, and the fair Charlotte, who seems to have been a silly, vain, childish creature, with her head somewhat turned by his violent admiration and by the commotion her charms had caused, found his letters a pleasing amusement in her dull life with the grave and serious Princess of Orange and the decorous Spanish Infanta. Then the King desired Annibal d'Estrées, the brother of Gabrielle, to steal her from her aunt's house, and this plan would have succeeded had not Henri actually boasted of it to his own wife, who warned the Spanish ambassador in time to despatch a courier to the Archduke.

This disgraceful affair made Henri resolve on war with the protectors of the fugitives. A cause was not wanting. The last Duke of Cleves had died, imbecile and childless, in March, 1609. He had

left several sisters, whose families claimed his inheritance, but Leopold of Austria, the Bishop of Strasburg, interposed, declaring that as a male fief it lapsed to the empire.

Cleves was a Protestant country, and the heirs of the two sisters, the Elector of Brandenburg and the Count Palatine of Neuburg, were Protestant. The German Lutherans were very anxious that the lands should not fall into the power of the House of Austria, as they would open a way from the Netherlands into the midst of their principalities. They considered Henri IV. and James I. their protectors, but James would not concern himself about them, and Henri had appeared willing to settle the matter by negotiation, until the protection afforded to the Princess of Condé by the regents of the Netherlands filled him with such fury that he resolved on taking up arms, broke off all treaty as to Cleves, and began his preparations for a campaign.

He placed 6,000 hired Swiss infantry under the Duke of Rohan, a grand train of artillery was under Sully's son, the Marquis de Rosny, 30,000 other troops were being levied, and Maurice of Nassau and the Dutch were quite ready to begin another war for the sake of Cleves and Juliers.

It was to be a foreign expedition, led by the King in person, and therefore a regency was necessary, and the Queen was the obvious regent. Marie de Medicis, however, declared that she could not act as regent unless she were solemnly crowned. She had good reason to insist, for there had been wild talk, in which even the Montmorencys had joined, of her being divorced in order to make a Queen of the beautiful Charlotte. Henri had divorced one wife, to marry her, and who could tell what decrees he might obtain from Rome? So she insisted on her coronation in order to obtain public recognition.

Henri had a great dislike to the idea, partly because it involved a public ceremony in Paris, where the embers of the fanaticism of the League were still smouldering, and he never felt his life secure. He came to the Arsenal, where he always liked to visit Sully, who lived there as Master General of the Ordnance, and began—

'*Hé mon ami*, how I hate this coronation! I cannot tell what it is, but my heart foretells some disaster.'

Then sitting down in a low chair, which had been made on purpose for him, musing and tapping his spectacle-case with his finger, he suddenly started up, and clapping his hands on his thighs, said—

'I shall die in this town and never leave it. They will kill me, for they have no remedy save my death. Ah! cursed coronation, you will be the cause of my death. For to hide nothing from you, I have been told that I shall be killed on the first great occasion of magnificence, and that I shall die in a coach. That is what makes me so much afraid.'

'You never told me so before,' said Sully; 'and I have often

wondered to hear you cry out in a coach as if afraid of the slightest peril, after having seen you so often fearless amidst cannons, muskets, lances, pikes, and swords. But since you have this notion, and you are so much distressed by it, if I were you, I would go away to-morrow; let them manage the coronation without you, or put it off to some other time, and I would neither enter Paris nor get into a carriage. If you like, I will send to S. Denys and Notre Dame to stop the workmen.'

'I should be very willing,' said the King, 'but what would my wife say? She is wonderfully set on this coronation.'

'She may say what she will,' returned the Duke; 'but I cannot believe that she will insist when she knows what you expect.'

Marie de Medicis did however insist, and after three days of disputing the workmen continued, and the day was fixed for the 13th of May, the state entrance into Paris for the 16th. Sully fell ill from the effects of an old wound; the Count of Soissons took offence and retired into the country, because the Queen's mantle was embroidered with *fleurs de lys*—a distinction which he said belonged only to princes of the blood, and almost all the King's oldest friends were absent.

The coronation was performed by the Cardinal de Joyeuse, the same who had become a priest in his grief for the loss of his young wife. Henri himself did not appear publicly, but looked on from a private chapel. He was very cheerful during the greater part of the day, but at the height of the splendid ceremonial he shuddered, and whispered to the friend beside him—

'How would all this appear if this were the Last Day, and the Judge were suddenly to show Himself?'

It was remarked by some that the Gospel for the day, which had been suppressed by that for the coronation service, was the 19th chapter of S. Matthew, verse 3, 'Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?'

Henri was not quite himself the next day, and said to the Duke of Guise and to Bassompierre—

'When I am dead you will know what I am worth.'

Bassompierre asked how he could so speak in full health and power, with everything imaginable to enjoy?

'Friend, I must leave it all,' he answered.

A woman with some difficulty forced her way to the Queen and warned her that a man was come out of the Duke of Epemon's country to kill the King, but Marie did not understand her, and said she was a wicked woman who accused everybody.

Sully was still confined to his room at the Arsenal, and the King wanted to see him after dinner, but was in two minds about going, saying to the Queen—

'*Ma mie*, shall I go? shall I not?' He even came back several times to the room, saying, again, 'Shall I go?' and the last time he kissed the Queen several times, saying, 'Adieu;' but adding, 'I shall only go and come. I shall be back again instantly.'

At the bottom of the steps, where the carriage awaited him, he found Praslin, the captain of his guard, ready to attend him, but he dismissed him, saying he wanted no one.

The carriage had all the windows open. By his side was the Duke of Epernon, opposite the Marquis of Mirabeau, and Liancourt his equerry. In the wings which projected at the doors sat four more gentlemen. On coming to the Croix du Tiroir, he was asked where he would go. He said to S. Innocent, near the end of the Rue S. Honoré. A waggon was in the way, and the horses had to draw nearer the ironmongers' shops, and to slacken their pace, but without stopping. Close to a shop whose sign, curiously enough, was a crowned heart pierced by an arrow, a man darted out, and sprang on the wheel. The King had his left arm raised, his hand on M. de Montbazou's shoulder, and with the other arm was leaning on M. d'Epernon, to whom he was speaking. The man thus was able to strike him two blows with a short knife. The first glanced off, but the second penetrated between the fifth and sixth ribs, and going downwards, pierced a great artery. The King gave a little cry, at the first blow—

'I am wounded!'

M. de Montbazou asked—

'What is it, sire?'

'Nothing,' he replied, and these were the only words he spoke.

Some of the gentlemen sprang after the murderer, and seized him. Epérnon spread his cloak over the King, the coach was closed and turned. At the foot of the steps of the Louvre, wine was poured down Henri's throat, and when his head was raised, he moved his eyes but closed them. He was carried into the palace, and laid on the nearest bed. One of his councillors laid the cross of his order on his mouth, and spoke of God. The physician stood weeping, his surgeons were about to seek for the wound, but he gave a slight sigh, and the physician exclaimed—

'It is over!'

Instantly the Chancellor Sillery and two others ran into the Queen's apartment. She had heard of the wound, and cried—

'*Hélas*, the King is dead.'

'Madame, you are mistaken,' said Sillery, 'the King of France never dies.'

She had not cared for her husband enough to be prostrated with grief, and there was a moment of alarm lest a Spanish plot should have caused the murder, and the days of the League were to begin. Sully, on the first tidings, had mounted with forty more, and was riding to

the Louvre when he met Guise and Bassompierre who told him the King had expired.

'Messieurs,' he cried, 'if your duty you vowed to the King is as strong in you as it should be in all good Frenchmen, swear to show the same fidelity to his son, and to shed your blood to avenge his death.'

'Monsieur,' returned Bassompierre, 'we are making others take the oath. We need not be exhorted.'

Sully, however, shut himself up in the Bastille, collected bread from the bakers and markets, and sent orders to his son-in-law, the Duke de Rohan, to bring 6,000 Swiss troops to the neighbourhood of Paris. The crown, however, was in no danger. The assassin denied that he had any accomplices. Everybody paid ready homage to the little eight-year-old Louis XIII. Sully came to the Louvre, and the Queen told her boy that here was one of his father's most faithful servants, and on the next day, she herself took the child to the Parliament, and was confirmed by it in the regency. The Princes of the blood royal, who should have shared it with her, were absent, and Marie de Medicis, with her Italian favourites, Concini and his wife, became the rulers of France.

The murderer was a fanatic schoolmaster, named François Ravallac, who had come from Angoulême, driven on by hallucinations to hinder the King from the war, which he considered to be against the Holy Father the Pope, and to summon him to force the heretics back into the Church. His visions finally led him on from designs of expostulation to an impulse of murder.

No torture availed to draw from him any admissions that he had been instigated by any one. When he was brought out for execution on a hurdle to the Place de la Grève, there was such a shout of execration as seemed to bring Heaven and earth together, and this was the only thing that seemed to shake the firmness of the wretched man, who had fancied the people would have been with him. For two hours the executioners tore out pieces of his flesh with red-hot pincers, but all the time he repeated—

'I alone did it.' At last, as horses were being fastened to his limbs to wrench them asunder, he murmured an entreaty that a '*Salve Regina*' might be said for his soul; but there was a savage roar in reply—

'Let him perish like Judas!'

The book defending tyrannicide, was ordered, by the Parliament of Paris, to be burnt by the hangman, while Father Cotton declared it to have been long since disavowed and condemned by the Jesuits. Yet no doubt, whatever they might now feel, the deaths of Henri III. and IV., and the designs on Elizabeth and James I., sprang from the past policy which had used murder against William the Silent.

And thus, in Henri IV., passes away one of the most attractive figures in history. His ready kindness, his buoyant spirits, his unfailing good-humour, and the generous sweetness with which he forgave his enemies, his genuine love for his people, endear him so much that it is true of him even outwardly that his charity covers a multitude of sins. Yet those very charms made the effect of his example more mischievous. His shameless licentiousness might have done less harm had he not been so great a man. In truth, the Court of France under Catherine de Medicis had been such a school of every sort of vice, that no one could emerge from it untainted, and perhaps the only marvel was that Henri preserved his sense of Christian honour and mercy intact while his morality was so utterly destroyed. He had not, by any means, lost the sense of religion, and was no hypocrite when he joined the Roman Catholic Church; but his conscience had been seared in the seething caldron of vice to which he had been exposed in early youth.

Called before his Judge in his full career, without an hour to turn to Him and ask for pardon, we can only hope that one who had always been ready to show mercy and to forgive others, found mercy in his turn.

Even now, at this distance of time, there is something so lovable about him that we can feel how his Roman Catholic subjects must have prayed that the soul, 'unhouselled, disappointed, unannealed,' might find forgiveness for the sins not yet, alas! discarded nor repented.

THE GOSPEL SONGS.

I.—MAGNIFICAT.

EARTH's noise God's music supersedes,
Sin's discord it excludes,
It tells us of a Lamb that bleeds,
And of a Dove that broods.

It tells us of a Child Who brings
The help that sets us free ;
The song His Maiden-Mother sings
Of saved Humanity.

The Mother's and the Sister's part
She plays ; she leads the choir
Of those whose purity of heart
Is passionate desire.

Above the blood-encrimsoned sea,
Dispelling doubt and fear
With her celestial minstrelsy,
Our Miriam doth cheer.

The men whose homeward-going hearts
Are loyal to their king ;
When all from her have learnt their parts
Then shall creation sing !

The sweetest of the Gospel-songs,
To all the Saints so dear,
To every eventide belongs
Throughout the changeful year.

It sanctifies the vesper hour
When summer smiles serene ;
It is a joy-constraining power
When winter blasts are keen.

'My soul doth magnify the Lord'—
Ecstatic is the voice
That sings of Paradise restored—
'My spirit doth rejoice !'

ALFRED GURNEY.

Spider Subjects.

On the Archbishop who conferred the greatest benefits on the Church of England, March Hare chooses Cranmer; Nightingale and Vogelein, Laud; A Bee, Theodore; a new Spider, who was somewhat late, Matthew Parker, an excellent choice, but Theodore, as the Bee shows, should stand foremost.

The Church-accommodation question in the January number was inserted by an oversight, the same having been proposed a few years ago. It has been answered by A Christmas Carol, who appears not to have seen the printed solution. Her answer is very nearly correct, only one figure out of twenty-four in the answer being wrong. As it happens that this figure is the seventh to the right of the decimal point, the error is of no importance; but that is by a mere chance. The answer, so far as it is right, is 1246·429996. From this and other instances may be drawn the following

MORAL.—When you are getting near the end of a tiresome task, do not let elation at the prospect of soon finishing make you careless.

The second question should have been stated thus, to suit the year: "It is twenty minutes past ten by a sun-dial in west longitude 1° 20' on October 9. Find the Greenwich solar and mean solar times. *N.B.*—The equation of time for that day is given in the *Churchman's Almanack*."

No answer has been received. **ARACHNE** hopes that some of the Spiders will do their best at it. As they have probably all learnt geography, they may be expected to know what degrees and minutes of longitude mean. It may be well to explain that 'the equation of time' means the quantity by which the clock should be before or after the sun. A very little arithmetic is all that is required for the question.

WRITE THE HISTORY OF THE ARCHBISHOP WHOM YOU CONSIDER TO HAVE HAD THE GREATEST INFLUENCE UPON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Among the long list of the Archbishops of Canterbury, there are of course several names which stand out conspicuously from the others as having in special ways influenced the Church or State, but, placed as they each were in different ages and circumstances, it is difficult to decide to whom we owe the most. Augustine, the first Archbishop, the noble missionary to the Saxons, though succeeding in his noble work, failed in obtaining influence over the British Bishops, but his failure in this respect certainly did not hurt the Church of England, as it rather induced her to maintain her link with the more ancient Asiatic ritual.

Anselm, the sainted, kindly man who unwillingly bore the Archbishopal dignity, had to go through many struggles with the King and Bishops before he gained his point, but succeeded rather by sheer force of will and character than by bringing them to agree with him.

Thomas à Becket's endeavours to influence the King only brought about his own death, and even Langton, champion as he was of the

Magna Charta, would scarcely have succeeded but for his siding with the barons against the King.

The trying times of Henry VIII. make it difficult to judge rightly of Cranmer, who undoubtedly did much for the Church, but his own mind appears to have been too uncertain to have given him much power of influencing others, a power more probably enjoyed by Parker, who did so much towards consolidating our present Liturgy and Ritual.

One to whom the Church owes a great deal was Theodore of Tarsus, who, coming as he did, a foreigner elected by the Pope with no reference to England, ordained only when appointed Archbishop, learning the language on the way, arriving alone to find the whole Church and State disorganised, and by his own efforts reducing everything to order on a different system from any the people had been accustomed to, must have possessed an enormous power of influence, especially as we find so much of his system still at work in our Church.

Theodore was born A.D. 602, at Tarsus in Cilicia; he studied at Athens, where he became a proficient in Latin, Greek, and many sciences. He entered a Roman monastery, where he remained till he was sixty-six, and acquired a great reputation for holiness.

On the death of Deusdedit, Archbishop of Canterbury, there being great dissensions between the Saxon and British clergy, the two kings of Kent and Northumbria agreed to send their nominee Wighard to Rome for consecration by the Pope. However, on his arrival at Rome he was seized with the plague and died, whereupon Vitalien, the Pope, embraced the opportunity to elect an Archbishop himself, though hitherto the appointments had always been made at home. He chose first an African abbot of Niridan, near Naples, but he refused, proposing in his stead his friend Theodore, whom accordingly Vitalien nominated. Theodore was only persuaded to allow himself to be consecrated by the promise of Adrian to accompany him to England.

He then received the three orders at once, not having been ordained before, and set forth on his journey to England, accompanied by Adrian and Benedict Biscop, an Englishman who was at Rome, and was requested by the Pope to become their interpreter. They passed the winter at Paris with Agilbert, who had been translated to that see from Winchester, and there Theodore learnt the English language and made himself as familiar as he could with English customs. Adrian was detained at Paris by the Mayor of the Palace upon some unfounded suspicions, therefore Theodore went alone with Biscop, and was installed at Canterbury in May, A.D. 668.

Though fears were entertained that he would not be favourably received on account of his being a foreigner, the many quarrels between the princes and churches had become so wearisome that he was rather hailed as an umpire between the disputants. The first question put before him was the case of Wilfrid, who had been appointed Bishop of York, but declining consecration at Canterbury he went to Agilbert, where he remained so long that King Oswi of Northumbria appointed Chad in his place, who was ordained by Wini of Winchester and two British Bishops. Wilfrid complained of being thus superseded, and Theodore adjudged that the consecration of Chad was uncanonical on account of its having been performed by the British Bishops, who were not considered to be in full communion with the Saxon Church. Chad

retired without disputing the sentence, and Wilfrid was restored to his bishopric.

Theodore and Adrian, having brought many valuable books to England, did all they could to promote learning, acting themselves as professors in the schools at Canterbury. Theodore visited all the different churches in his see, and introduced Gregorian chants in the church music. In 672 he presided at a council held at Hertford, and a set of canon laws proposed by the Archbishop was agreed upon, one of them being the fixing the time for observing Easter, hitherto a vexed question.

Theodore exercised his archiepiscopal power somewhat arbitrarily ; he dismissed Winfrid, Bishop of Murcia, for some insubordination, and proceeded to divide the see of York into three bishoprics without the consent of Wilfrid, though with the concurrence of the King. Wilfrid therefore went to Rome to appeal ; and the Pope, jealous, perhaps, of Theodore's independence, sided with Wilfrid, and gave him a letter to show in England strongly condemning the acts of the Archbishop as uncanonical. The English, however, would not brook any interference from Rome, and, upon Wilfrid's return, threw him into prison, where he remained for a year. After his liberation he withdrew to Sussex, which still remained pagan, and there he did a good work, for he Christianised the people, founding a bishopric (afterwards Chichester), and establishing the same religion in the Isle of Wight.

In 680 Theodore convened a council at Hatfield to consider the subject of the then prevailing heresies of the Monothelites, which were unanimously condemned, and the first five Councils were solemnly approved by the assembly.

Although Theodore had succeeded in establishing himself as Primate over all England—an authority which had hitherto been divided—and had brought the people into more conformity with the Roman ritual, his natural independence of mind, and the fact of his being a Greek, induced the Pope to keep a spy upon his proceedings, first in the person of his friend Adrian, and at his death the office was filled by one John the Precentor, a foreigner brought over by Biscop to teach the monks of Wearmouth Latin and church music. This man seems to have been a moving spirit at the council of Hatfield, for to him was given a report of the proceedings to be taken to the Pope, but he died before fulfilling his mission.

Near the close of his life Theodore, seeing what a good work Wilfrid had been doing as missionary in Sussex, recalled him, made friends with him, and, humbly asking his pardon for any seeming harshness in his treatment of him, sent him back to his Northumbrian see, giving him a letter of recommendation to the King, who thereupon restored him to favour, though Wilfrid's haughty temper did not long permit him to enjoy his restitution.

Theodore died at the age of eighty-eight in the year A.D. 690, having been Archbishop twenty-two years. Although chosen by the Pope, and bringing the Church more into conformity, Theodore evidently considered himself as thoroughly independent of Rome, as is seen by his treatment of Wilfrid ; and in his writings he takes a distinctly different line, especially when he states confession to God alone to be sufficient for personal safety.

The Church owes to him the establishment of a parochial clergy, for,

during his many journeys in his see, he encouraged the rich to build churches, the patronage of which was to belong to them. He also subdivided the large dioceses, consecrating in Northumbria bishops for Hexham, Lindsey, Lindisfarn, and Whithern on the borders of the Picts; and in Murcia, Chester, Worcester, Sidnacheater, and Dorchester or Hereford were added to the single bishopric of Lichfield.

Besides his actual church work, Theodore founded a school at Canterbury, where he personally gave instruction; and he also found time to compile a 'Penitential,' a code of penances to be observed for various offences, according to their magnitude. This book was preserved entire in manuscript at St. Bennet College, Cambridge, but now there is but a fragment of it to be seen in the British Museum.

When we consider the many difficulties in Theodore's way, the jealousy of the Anglo-Saxon and British churches, and also that of the Papal see, the divided state of the kingdom over the whole of which he became the acknowledged spiritual head, and notice the improvement he worked in the Church, lasting, in many respects, even to our own day, one cannot but recognise the very extraordinary power of influence for which he stood preeminent.

A BEE.

In choosing distinguished blind men, A Bee has, curiously enough, overlooked the very man who ought to have come first on her list,—Huber, author of *Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles*, born in 1750, and who became blind at the age of fifteen. He selected the bee as his special study in natural history, which he loved, and wrote the above work. He died in 1831. Also should not the present Postmaster-General be mentioned as an instance of the great influence a blind man may exercise on society? All honour be to Mr. Fawcett.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

What are the advantages and dangers of discipline?

Write the history of Saladin.

Unfortunately the answers to Knot VIII. of the Tangled Tale reached us so late that we cannot put them in till April at length. We can only say that there is no class-list for the first problem.

For Balbus' Essay.

CLASS-LIST.

I.

OLD KING COLE.

VINDEX.

The Garden.

CLASS-LIST.

I.

VINDEX.

II.

ALUMNUS ETONÆ.

OLD KING COLE.

III.

DINAH MITE.

MAGPIE.

JANET.

TAFFY.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

Can any one tell *The Muffin-Man* who is the author of the following lines, and whether there are more verses? She thanks *S. M.* for her kind answer to another quotation.

‘Go, be sure of my love, by that treason forgiven;
Of my prayers, by the blessings they bring thee from Heaven;
Of my grief, judge the length of the sword by the sheath;
By the *silence* of life, more pathetic than death.’

By whom are the two following poems, and in what paper were they published:—‘Beautiful Snow,’ and ‘Blue and Grey’? I believe they are both American, and the last refers to the Civil War. I should also be much obliged if any one could tell me the answer to the following riddle:—

‘A handless man a letter did write,
A dumb repeated it, word for word;
The man who read it had lost his sight,
And deaf was he who listened and heard.’

—Donald.

Grannie.—We believe that the reason that ‘very tired’ and ‘very pleased’ grate on the ear is that *very* is primarily an adjective meaning true (*verus*), verily being its adverb. Though use has led to its being parsed as an adverb, it still retains enough of its former character to sound amiss when used to heighten a participle, without adding *much*. It can only be properly used before an adjective, or before *much*.

W. C. D. asks information respecting a person called Cheverus. We suspect that he was a French man of letters, whose name was Chevreau, and who lived from 1613 to 1701. He wrote a *Histoire du Monde*, and is probably to be found in the *Biographie Universelle*.

If *F. W.* will try at Edmonton and Douglas’s, Edinburgh, perhaps a copy of a *Life of Sir R. Abercromby* may be procured. I have one published in 1861; it is by Lord Dunfermline.—*Thomas Rooke, Teckenhams Vicarage, Redditch.*

Does *G.* mean the much-to-be-admired

‘One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, never wished to be richer’?

because that can be found in a book of poems by the Misses Taylor.—*The Muffin-Man.*

G. J. H. has found the song inquired for by *G.* in the February *Monthly Packet*, in an old music-book, and will be glad to copy it for her if she wishes for it. *G.’s* address must be sent in order that this may be done.

Annie would be glad to know the name of the author of the song ‘Sweet Miss Llynn.’

R. S. H. will be greatly obliged if the Editor or readers of the *Monthly Packet* will tell him how to write in full the following abbreviations:—16mo., 18mo., 24mo., 32mo., and 48mo. He knows

that 4to., 8vo., and 12mo., mean respectively quarto, octavo, duodecimo. What are the others called? Is there 36mo. or 64mo.?

Mrs. R. F. De Salis will be obliged if the Editor will tell her where the quotation 'Pouring oil on the troubled waters' is to be found. [We always understood that it was a fact, not a quotation.]

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* inform *E. J. W.* who made a calculation how many languages could be learned in a lifetime by studying five minutes a day? *E. J. W.* has an impression it was Southey or Coleridge. [We should think a good deal depended on the length of life and the aptitude for languages]

ANSWERS.

S. H. O. in answer to *A. D.*—

'A sacred burden is the life ye bear'—

is in a poem by Fanny Kemble, beginning—

'Life is before ye—from the fatal road
Ye cannot turn, then take ye up the load,' &c.

S. H. O. in answer to *Meek Mouse*—

'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,
No traveller ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars on his road.
For He, who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
Not hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls His grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go spend them in the vale of tears!"
O! balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
O! salutary streams that murmur there!
These flowing from the fount of grace above,
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil, indeed, their feet annoys;
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys,
An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own.
And many a pang experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated, innate sin;
But ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And every moment's calm that soothes the breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.'

COWPER.

G. says, in answer to *Fincastle*, that the lines—

'Still the child all power possessing,' &c.

is from the carol

'Come ye lofty, come ye lowly,'

to be found in *Carols Old and New*, published by Novello.

Mrs. Wheatley begs to inform *Greta* that—

'Go when the morning shineth,'

which she inquired about in the December number of the *Monthly Packet*, is by Mrs. Follen. *Greta* will find the rest of the verses set to music in the *Service of Praise* edited by the Rev. T. H. Wilson. (Nelson and Son). [We give this answer, wondering whether any real certainty can be come to as to this poem.]

A. D.—The lines beginning—

‘I stood alone in a mountain land,’

are from a volume of poems by J. J. Britton, entitled *Carella*, published by Bennett, London, 1867. There was a cheaper edition published by Provost, London, in 1870. The rest of the poem is rather too long to copy out.—*M. M. G.*

The lines asked for by *M. W. H.* are by Faber. They are the second and third verses of the poem called ‘The Agony,’ beginning—

‘O soul of Jesus, sick to death.’

—*K. E. Daley.*

Rose Emma is thanked for 2s. (stamps) for the Daisy Chain Cot.

Cottage Home for Chronic Invalids, Alexandra House, Bohemia Road, S. Leonards-on-Sea.—A small home has been opened for chronic invalids at a weekly payment to be settled in accordance with the means of each patient, 7s. being the lowest charge. Honorary chaplain, Rev. E. S. Ebsworth; honorary secretary, the Lady Mary Marsham; honorary treasurer, Miss Hutchinson; honorary surgeon, E. Kaye Smith, Esq. Subscriptions, donations, and any gifts (in kind) earnestly requested. This small home is started to meet (as far as funds allow) the very sad want of a refuge for those ineligible to remain in other hospitals or homes—their health gone, and unable for themselves to provide the nursing and care they sorely need, and yet so respectable that the workhouse infirmary can only be a very bitter trial to them as perhaps their lastly earthly home. May He, Who cared so for the sick, touch the hearts of those able to help this attempt to provide a quiet home for such, where a very kind chaplain, doctor, and good nurse will do their best to alleviate their trial.

To the Editor of the Monthly Packet.

January 25th, 1883.

MADAM,—Having read an interesting paper on lending libraries in a recent number of the *Monthly Packet*, will you allow me to state the experience of my daughters and myself in a village in the east of England? We have for many years conducted a lending library, and we find that the labourers and their wives give decided preference to books of a serious nature, such as those by Oxenden in particular, and also by Bourdillon and Walsham Howe. For children and young people we lend books by Mrs. Cary Brock (*Margaret's Secret* being an especial favourite), also by A. L. O. E., and some by Austin Clare; also, *Copeley Annals*, *Old Looking Glass*, *Broken Looking Glass*, and others. *The Watchers on the Long Ships* is much liked, and we lend books of adventure to the boys; but surely in a library the object of which is to raise the tastes of the lower classes, and to influence their lives by the examples and precepts of true religion, fairy tales and novels are out of place. *Burnt Out*, *Pilgrim Street*, *Nest of Sparrows*, *My Little Corner*, and many other books (notably those of Hesba Stretton are popular), and the dear old *Pilgrim's Progress*, should always find a place in every library. The people gladly pay for various cheap periodicals, such as *The Gospeller*, *Banner of Faith*, *Cottager and Artizan*, *Children's Friend*, and look eagerly for their arrival each month.—*H. A. K.*

[Are you sure that a good sensible novel is not useful? Or do no novels convey examples and precepts of true religion? There is nothing on which the ideas of young women need so much to be elevated as on that of marriage, and a few ideal examples are a great help in raising their standard. It is well too that the children should know the real old fairy tales that are constantly alluded to in literature. It is of no use to starve the imagination.]

MADAM,—Can you make known through the *Monthly Packet*, or in any other way you may think fit, that a lady at Eastbourne, Mrs. Usill, offers to children (preferably those of the clergy) a temporary home at the nominal charge of 5s. per week. A medical certificate, stating that sea air would be beneficial, is all that is needed. I am sure so many people would be thankful to know of this opportunity of giving their children change of air after illness that I venture to trouble you, being aware that your magazine circulates largely among the families of the clergy, whom Mrs. Usill is anxious to benefit. The home has been advertised once or twice in the *Guardian*, in November. I was then in great difficulty about my daughter, who was recovering from pleurisy in London, where she is at the Church of England High School. I answered the advertisement, and took my daughter to Eastbourne, remaining with her for three days, which was all I could spare from pressing home work. She stayed for three weeks, and came back to London wonderfully better. She was well cared for and well fed, and the lady whom Mrs. Usill has placed in charge of the home, Miss Dalton, is most kind and considerate. My daughter is sixteen, but any child old enough to dress itself would be received. I trouble you with these details that you may see that I know the place and speak from experience. The address is *Miss Dalton, Tramore, Grange Terrace, Eastbourne*.

I am, Madam, yours faithfully,

CONSTANCE D. BOURLAY.

FRANKLEY RECTORY, BIRMINGHAM, Jan. 12, 1883.

Will you allow me space to fill up an omission in Miss Gordon Cumming's interesting letter on Chinese missions? She speaks of the 'Church of England Zenana Mission' as though it alone worked for the Christian training of women in heathen countries; but there is besides—and I think before it—another society, 'The Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Female Education among the Heathen in the Missions of the S.P.G.' This association is in its seventeenth year of active work in Africa, in India, in Madagascar, in Japan. Our work increases yearly; we have ladies willing and ready to go out and work; we have entreaties for help from very many quarters; we desire nothing better than to supplement each S.P.G. Mission with our aid to the women's branch thereof; nothing but scanty means holds us back. We lay out all our income (though we are not in debt); we could lay out ten times more. Further particulars about us may be learnt from our magazine, *The Grain of Mustard Seed* (Wells Gardner), and from our Hon. Secretary at 19, *Delahay Street*; but we had thought our existence, at least, was known.

Yours faithfully,

L. PHILLIMORE.

The Monthly Packet.

APRIL, 1883.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

SISTERS AND BROTHER.

'With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below.'

—DRYDEN.

HETTY wondered, on Monday morning, that Herbert was not struck by the manner of both his sisters. Gertrude was cold and rough and careless. Evidently, if there had been opportunity, she would have treated the young guest with absolute rudeness. Margaret was silent and profoundly grave. But Herbert was not a man given to noticing other people's humours, except when they affected him personally. The coffee was good, and Hetty was near him; looking rather pale and shy it was true, but very pretty. He took her out into the garden directly after breakfast, and an hour or two later drove her back to the Villa, quite unobservant of cold farewells.

He told Hetty on the way that he could not stay to luncheon if he was asked, having another engagement. But he was not asked. Conny had described the scene with Gertrude to Mrs. Bell, who was extremely angry, and remarked that the Ethelstons were really too much for her. She added that Conny could of course do as she pleased when her mother came back, but while she was under her care she should not go to Alding Place again.

By the time Hetty came back, Mrs. Bell and Conny had talked themselves into great indignation, and had almost arrived at thinking that if the engagement came to nothing, there would not be much

cause for regret. However, they were both very glad when Hetty and Mr. Ethelston drove up to the door together.

As soon as Herbert was gone, Conny was eager to hear her cousin's adventures.

'Well, Het, did they say anything to you? Which of them was it?'

Hetty gave her a glance, slightly reproachful, for Conny was on the edge of laughter.

'Margaret asked me about it,' she said.

'I hope she didn't rave at you as Gertrude did at me.'

'I am very sorry.'

'Oh, my dear, don't apologise. One must pay for being intimate with such well-bred people. And I suppose you did not tell her anything more than you told me. If you did, I shall be offended.'

'Certainly I did not,' Hetty answered. 'But don't make a joke of it, Conny, please.'

'It can't be so very serious, as you are all right with him.'

'He has not heard.'

'Oh! but he will. Margaret will tell him.'

'I don't know. Don't ask me any questions. And don't let Mrs. Bell speak to me about it. I want to forget it as much as I can.'

Constance was disappointed. She would have liked Hetty to be more frank with her, to talk over all the possibilities, to make her feel justified in standing up for her, and taking her part against everybody. She forgot that this line of conduct would be difficult for Hetty, who had already declined to tell her the explanation of the whole thing, and therefore could hardly talk quite freely with her of the consequences.

Hetty's own feeling was that she had nothing to do but to sit still. If Margaret kept her word, then would come the trial of Herbert's love, and though she might tell herself, over and over again, that she was sure of him, there was still a haunting uneasiness, a faint realising of those great powers that might drag him away from her.

All that day and the next the people at the Villa moved about under a kind of restraint. Mrs. Bell was awake and fidgetty. Conny put on an appearance of high spirits, laughed unnaturally, and went about singing in a loud, shrill voice. Now and then she allowed herself a private scowl at Lily Wade, who stole about like a mouse, looking dreadfully frightened, and avoiding every one as much as she could, especially Hetty. This centre of all the mystery also showed a wish to be alone. The Villa, always so cheery and peaceful, seemed to be in the shadow of a thundercloud.

By the last post on Tuesday Lily Wade had a letter telling her of her mother's illness, and asking if Mrs. Bell would spare her for a week. Mrs. Bell grumbled a little at first, but then consented, telling Conny that, as she could not be left alone, Mrs. Lydiard must be

satisfied, when she came back, with Hetty's company. Conny made no objection. She liked the laziness and luxury of Mrs. Bell's establishment, and if she did not care very much for Charley's aunt personally, it was pleasant to be with any one who talked about him so willingly. So Lily went off by the first train on Wednesday morning. She was glad to go, but her bad little conscience, one would think, could not be an agreeable companion.

Herbert Ethelston went to town on Tuesday, and came back that evening in time for dinner. He was in particularly good spirits. He had met the friend who had promised to lend him that house with the pheasant-shooting, where he was to take his bride in October. He had also seen the tenant of a house belonging to Margaret, about seven miles from Alding, where she and Gertrude were to retire after the wedding. The tenant was to give it up before then.

Talking with these different people had stirred up Herbert on the subject of his marriage. The day must be fixed; the arrangements must be made. He did not know what they were all thinking of, to be so lazy. When was Mrs. Lydiard coming back? Must she be consulted about the day? What was the use of putting things off? Would a lot of new furniture be wanted?

At this Gertrude looked scornful, and Herbert could not fail to see that neither of his sisters shared this sudden impatience of his. He put down their coldness to a natural unwillingness to leave Alding.

'For my part, you know,' he said, 'I don't see why you should go away. Watson does not really want to get rid of Longlands—or if he did, Colonel Page's nephew would take it. There is room for us all here. Don't you think so, Margaret?'

'No,' said Margaret. 'We are not people to live in Continental fashion. Nothing would induce Gertrude and me to stay here, if—when you marry, I mean.'

'Well, I suppose you are right, but it seems a pity,' said Herbert.

He had followed them into the drawing-room after dinner, full of his plans. Now he stepped out of the window and strolled along the terrace. Gertrude looked after him with a bitter sort of smile.

'If he holds to his precious Hetty, we shall only be two old bores,' she said. 'We are almost that now. Margaret, how long are you going to put off telling him?'

'I must wait till to-morrow,' Margaret said. 'He is so happy this evening—I can't take his sleep away. To-morrow—before he has made any of these arrangements.'

'He won't thank you for a false peace,' said Gertrude, but she did not insist.

Half an hour passed, and Herbert came in again, looking flushed and angry. He threw himself into a chair, frowning. When he went out, he had been quite boyishly happy and eager; his careless, confident smile had touched Margaret's heart, reminding her of long-

past days of cricketing triumphs. But all that was gone now. Gertrude looked up, with a sort of contemptuous curiosity; Margaret with pain and fear.

'Conceive old Slater's impudence!' said Herbert, after a minute. 'I was talking to him just now, and said something about my marriage. I had never mentioned it to any of them before—but I thought, now that it was so near, and he such an old servant—— The old rascal looks up in my face and says, "Eh, then it is to be, sir, after all!" I asked him what he meant. He looked uncommonly foolish, and said there had been a talk that it was all off. He said it was all over the parish on Sunday, only they didn't know what to think when they saw us at church in the evening. I told him he had better not help to spread lies, and then I came away and left him. Did you ever hear anything so insolent? These Alding people are so well off, and so lazy, they have nothing to do but gossip. But a gratuitous invention like that! What on earth can have been the origin of it? Mrs. Landor, I shouldn't wonder! I know she thinks Hetty too good for me,' Herbert ended with a laugh. 'After all, you'll say it is absurd to mind these village gossips. But imagine the thing—and old Slater being such a fool, too!'

There was silence. Gertrude appeared to be buried in a book. Margaret, flushed and nervous, and quite losing her presence of mind for once, clasped her hands and looked out of the window.

'Why don't you speak? Had you heard anything—Margaret? Is there anything I don't know?' said Herbert, quickly.

'Hetty will explain it to you, I hope—I think so,' said Margaret, agitated. 'I can only tell you just the facts, and how they reached us. It certainly is strange, but if she will only be quite open with you, I think——'

'Whatever it is, did you all mean to hide it from me altogether?' said Herbert.

He had never before spoken to Margaret in such a tone. She felt it, and shrank a little. Gertrude lifted her head and stared at him. After a moment Margaret recovered herself.

'You will forgive me, Herbert, when you know all,' she said, quietly. 'Perhaps you would rather hear it from Henrietta herself—and I hope she will tell you more than she told me. No: it was not my wish to hide anything from you.'

'Whose was it then? Hetty's? You are talking nonsense. She tells me everything. I suspect you are making some awful fuss about nothing. Go on. I want to know what it all means.'

Margaret began, and told him the whole history, as far as she knew. It was not a very terrible history in itself, certainly. A meeting on the road, without any attempt at concealment, for all Eastmarsh and Alding might have been passing at the time, seemed scarcely enough to rouse passions and upset households. It was the

background of mystery, it was Hetty's confession that she had gone out on purpose to meet Mr. Harvey, it was the weight on her spirits, her obstinate silence, her letting out that there was a secret between them, and that she meant to keep it,—it was all this that made the thing serious.

But, strange to say, Herbert was not so much impressed as his sisters expected. They could hardly tell how he felt it, as he sat gravely listening, with his hand over his mouth.

'In my opinion,' he said at last, 'the person to be blamed is that old idiot Martin. What business had she to pry into Hetty's doings, and to concoct stories with Miss Wade, who I have always thought an utter little fool!'

'Martin thought it was her duty,' said Margaret.

'Then she made a mistake. She is a servant, not a spy. I wonder you did not tell her so. James had nothing to do, then—there was no appointment, I understand. He would not be such a fool.'

'No. Henrietta said there was no appointment. She knew he would be on the road—how, she would not tell me. She went out because she wished to speak to him. So far she was quite candid.'

'I beg your pardon, Margaret,' said Herbert after a few minutes; 'but I really don't know why you should have expected Hetty to tell you everything. You had no right to ask it. The thing for you to do would have been—not to plague Hetty—but to knock Martin on the head and put an instant stop to all that absurd gossip.'

'I am sorry you are displeased,' said Margaret, meekly. 'I did what I thought best for you. It was painful enough to me.'

'I knew Hetty had something on her mind,' Herbert went on. 'But I know how to manage her, and you don't. I bet you that by this time to-morrow I shall have heard everything that passed that morning, and that Hetty will come out of it without a flaw or a shadow. I don't say that you two will ever be any wiser than you are now.'

'And suppose she will tell you nothing!' said Gertrude.

'Suppose we are not engaged. Suppose we don't know each other pretty well by this time. Suppose you talk of what you understand, Miss Gertrude,' said Herbert, with a laugh.

Gertrude was very angry. She got up, looking at him with considerable scorn.

'Certainly, Margaret,' she said, 'we need not have troubled ourselves to save our brother's dignity. The girl he means to marry may meet anybody, anywhere she chooses, and may make him and herself the talk of the county. He does not care, so of course we need not!'

'You should not say those things to him, Gertrude,' said Margaret, as Herbert started up and left the room. 'If he is right about Hetty,

we can only be too glad. And I think he is. I think she will tell him everything.'

'Well, I don't know,' said Gertrude. 'It is very sublime, I dare say, that sort of blind confidence, but I must confess that it provokes me. She is not half good enough for him, or she could not have done it. You see that, don't you?'

'If she tells him, I shall forget and forgive everything,' said Margaret.

'I shall not. But I am sorry I was cross with him. Only it is hard that that girl should make him rude to *me*.'

'I think we hardly knew how much he cared for her,' said Margaret, half to herself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DISMAL VICTORY.

'Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust.'

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HETTY was in the garden on Wednesday morning, gathering flowers for the drawing-room, when she knew suddenly that 'some one stood behind.' He had come quietly over the grass, and now he drew her face back and kissed her, and said good morning just as usual. Yet Hetty was aware that there was something new in his eyes, a question that she could not answer. She felt a little faint and sick. The first thought was, 'Margaret has kept her word'; but the second was comforting—'He is not angry with me.'

'Leave your flowers. I want to talk to you,' said Herbert.

He made her sit down with him under a tree, in a place where they had spent more than one happy hour since she came to the Villa, hidden from the house by a thicket of laurel and roses.

'Hetty,' he said, 'I want to have our day fixed. When is it to be?'

'I don't know. I must see what my aunt says. She is coming back to-morrow.'

'There can be no reason for putting it off. In the meanwhile I want you to tell me something. You might have told me all about it on Sunday. Why didn't you?'

His voice was as tender and gentle as it could be.

'I wish I had!' said Hetty.

'So do I. We ought not to hear things about ourselves from other people, don't you know? *That*, of course, was on your mind when you came down in the evening. Why didn't you tell me then?'

'I thought it would be so difficult—you would ask so many questions.'

'I'm not at all curious, generally,' said Herbert. 'Confess—you were a little bit afraid. Mind, I don't wonder. It was an awkward thing to explain. But you must never be afraid to tell me things, Hetty.'

'Did Margaret tell you?' Hetty murmured.

With an arm round her, and a hand holding both hers, escape seemed likely to be difficult. But it seemed, too, that in such a position she need not expect any serious anger.

'You knew she would, didn't you?' said Herbert. "You might as well have saved her the trouble, and me the annoyance of telling her to mind her own business. It was rather a shock to find that you had been talking literally after all.'

'Did you, Herbert—tell her to——'

'Of course. I knew you expected it of me.'

'Was Margaret angry with you?'

'No. She has too much sense.'

'Then you know all about it!' said Hetty, with a long sigh.

'I know all that other people can tell me.'

'That is all.'

'Is it?' said Herbert. 'Is it?'

If he did not use many words, his cross-examination was as hard as looks could make it; and Hetty was too anxious, too gentle and conscientious, to bear it successfully. She looked down on the grass, blushing, and could not find any spirit to stand up for herself. At last, as he did not speak, she looked up at him again with tears in her eyes.

'Don't cry, whatever you do!' exclaimed Herbert, horrified. 'I asked you a plain question—Do I know all about it? I want a plain answer. But if you are going to cry, and make a fuss about it——'

'I am not going to cry,' said Hetty, recovering herself. 'You know all that anybody can know.'

'Except you and James Harvey. Look here, darling, I am the most reasonable fellow in the world—and I don't like to bother you, even about this—but I must know as much as James Harvey. That is perfectly clear, isn't it? Of course I could never insult you and myself by writing to him. You will tell me everything. Now begin.'

Hetty did not begin. She was leaning back, with dreamy eyes fixed on the ground.

'Well, there is no hurry,' said Herbert, patiently. 'I'll wait as long as you please.'

But this patient waiting did not last more than a minute.

'Look here,' he said, 'shall I make a catechism of it? For what just cause or reason did you meet my friend in the road? On what

subject did you and my friend converse in the road? Why did not my friend announce, when he came in to breakfast, that he had met you in the road? Is there any true impediment to my knowing what passed in the road? Hang it! I know. You talked about me. That villain was telling you something against me! Out with it, Hetty! What did he say?

Hetty could not laugh.

'No, no, nonsense!' she said. 'We did not mention your name at all.'

'You did not? And yet I was the only subject that could have made the thing excusable. You were talking about *somebody*, of course. Women always talk about people, and have secrets. Who was it? I'll go over all the names of people about here. I shall hit upon him in two minutes. Come, was it Landon?'

'No, no,' said Hetty, with a slight impatience.

Herbert's joking seemed heavy and stupid. In fact, it was rather a laboured affair, and seeing that it had failed, he became at once serious.

'After all, you know, it is not a joke,' he said. 'I hate secrets. They are things we never deal in at home. It is impossible you can really mean to keep this nonsense a secret from me.'

'If it is nonsense, surely you don't care to hear it,' said Hetty.

'Not a straw, for itself. But you don't seem to see how the land lies, Hetty. You were seen that morning—naturally, you did not wish to avoid it. But it is always unfortunate to give people any grounds for talking, especially in a place like this. If you were not yourself, I should have a good deal more to say. As it is, of course I trust you. But that does not make it less impossible that you should keep this thing a secret from me. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Margaret told me all that,' said Hetty, wearily.

'Margaret was right. Come, pluck up your courage and tell me. It must be done, sooner or later. You will be happier afterwards. Don't you suppose I see how dismal it makes you? Don't be afraid, dear.'

'Oh, Herbert, you are very good,' said Hetty in a low voice; 'but I wish you would be a little more good still. If Margaret won't trust me, surely you will. I made a mistake, but indeed I was meaning to do right, and I did not think of all these dreadful consequences. I never will have another secret, as long as I live; but I am bound in honour to keep this one.'

'Not from me?'

'Yes. From you, dear, and everybody else. I did go to meet Mr. Harvey, to talk to him about another person; but I cannot tell who it was, or what we said. We agreed to keep that to ourselves. It would be doing her harm. Now I have almost said too much,' said Hetty, half frightened. 'But you will be satisfied, won't you?'

'My dear girl,' said Herbert, gravely, 'when I say a thing, I mean it, and I keep to it. My wife will have no secrets from me. Even if I was to let you off now, you would have to tell me after we are married.'

Hetty hesitated. The temptation came to her to put off the evil day, to leave him under the impression that in two months' time he would know all. Conny would most likely have taken this course, but to Hetty's honest mind it was only a passing thought.

'If I can't tell you now, I can't tell you then,' she said quietly.

Herbert laughed.

'Indeed!' he said. 'You seem to have very little notion of what is before you. There is such a word as "obey." I'm sorry to remind you of it, but it does exist.'

'Not when it would be wrong!'

'Yes, I assure you. A woman has to obey her husband's orders, whether they are right or wrong. So you see—am I disagreeable? I don't mean it, darling.'

And now came the hardest part of Hetty's trial. Her lover gave up insisting, he gave up reasoning, but he began a course of begging and persuading, which was all the harder to stand against, because it did not come naturally to so proud and peremptory a person. Lily Wade's credit was never in greater danger than during those minutes while Herbert appealed, in pretended doubt, to Hetty's love for him. It was unbelievable that this gentle girl should oppose him so strongly and successfully.

Hetty herself could have better borne any sternness than this tender pleading, which was indeed almost passionate, for Herbert had never in his life been more in earnest. It was like the old fable of the Wind and the Sun, but Hetty was stronger than the man in the fable, and kept her cloak wrapped round her, though it was nearly unbearable. For herself took part against herself, whispering—

'After all, what harm can there be in telling him? The story will be safe with him, and I shall be happy.' 'No!' said that brave, fierce, troublesome conscience of hers; 'I am bound in honour. I have told him so; and he ought to trust me and be satisfied.'

So she remained firm, and Herbert soon began to lose his patience, which indeed had lasted wonderfully long for a spoilt man like him. He began to suspect that Hetty was not the amiable girl she had always seemed to be. His obstinacy, which he called resolution, rose up indignantly against her. It would never do for him to be successfully resisted, to go back to his sisters with the confession that Hetty had foiled him. Gertrude would laugh, and not without reason.

He got up, and began walking up and down the lawn in front of Hetty, staring on the ground and not saying much, while she watched him with wistful eyes. How was this painful interview to end?

She did not know. She could think of nothing. Her whole mind was bent in a sort of blind earnestness on two strong efforts, to keep the secret, and to keep her faith in Herbert's generosity.

Suddenly they were interrupted. A young, handsome man, in a rough sailor's dress, crossed the end of the lawn, stopped on seeing them, and walked up to Herbert with a bold air of attack. His hands were clenched, but with a glance at Hetty he thrust them into his pockets.

'Can I speak to you, Mr. Ethelston?' he said.

Herbert looked at him from head to foot. He was much the taller and the more powerful of the two, yet the sailor did not look insignificant standing before him. Herbert scowled. He could not have been addressed at a worse moment, but the new comer, if he perceived this, did not seem to care at all. He had nothing pleasant to say.

'You have no business here. I can't speak to you now,' said Herbert. 'You had better go away.'

'No, sir. I've been to your house, and I've followed you here, and you will please to listen to me. You're a magistrate, and I want a little bit of justice from you.'

'Did you hear me tell you to go away?' said Herbert, angrily, for the man's manner was worse than his words. 'You are a Dane, I know. I have nothing to say to you. Go away, fellow.'

'Fellow though I may be, I've more respect for a lady's presence than you, sir. My name is Albert Dane, and I'm proud of it,' said the young man with a theatrical air, which suddenly suggested to Herbert that he was making a fool of himself by bullying such a fool.

He shrugged his shoulders sulkily.

'Well, go on. What do you want?'

'I suppose you think as how all our grievances were wiped out by my uncle being let off clean that day,' said Albert, rather pale, and looking him in the face. 'Look here; you're mistaken. I come home from sea and find my sweetheart in her grave. The very evening I left her, your brutes of keepers come and frighten her to death. A poor weak lass she was, and I don't say for certain she'd have lived to see me again; but she might ha' done. Mrs. Landor up there said she might ha' done, if it hadn't been for them ruffians pulling the house about her ears that night.'

'Has Mrs. Landor told you that searching the house caused the girl's death?' asked Herbert, stiffly.

'I've not asked her,' Albert answered. 'It was the night I went. When I bid Annie good-bye, she said there might be hopes of meeting again. And that very night they come and scared her so as she died. There can't be nothing plainer than that.'

'Mrs. Landor did not know how ill she was, probably,' said Herbert. 'It is all nonsense about her death being hastened. I don't believe

a word of it. I am sorry for you, but I advise you not to run off with mad notions like that.'

'Ah—and if it had been your own sweetheart?'

'Hold your tongue, please! Is that all? Can't you go away now?'

'No, sir. I haven't got to my business yet. We're not friendless, we Danes, though it seems as if you thought so; leastways we can stand together in trouble, and I'm not alone in what I've got to say to you. Look here, squire. We'll give you three months, and if by that time old Slater hasn't got the sack, and hasn't made a clean sweep of himself out o' this country-side, we'll make you pay somehow for Annie's death. 'Cause it's your fault after all, for keeping such a brute about the place; but if you'll send him off, we'll say no more about it.'

'Are you threatening me, you fool?' said Herbert. 'Send off Slater at the bidding of a gang of rascally poaching fellows, with an ass like you at the head of them! That's rather too good a joke. Get away, will you! I don't know why I have listened to your rubbish for so long. I let you off this once, because I believe you are too great an ass to know that using threats is illegal; but it is only this once, remember.'

'I won't answer you, because there is a lady present, and I'm sorry to have said so much before her,' said Albert, bowing to Hetty. 'I hope you'll use your influence, miss.'

'Do you want me to take you out of this garden, or will you go?' said Herbert, walking fiercely up to him.

Albert stared, turned round, and walked off without another word.

'What shall you do, Herbert?' said Hetty, anxiously.

He did not answer her for a moment. Then he looked at her gloomily.

'Do! why, take no notice, of course,' he said; and then he added, in a cold, constrained manner, 'I am sorry you have been annoyed. I must go now. I have business; you will hear from me soon.'

He went away without any further farewell, leaving her there in the garden. Her heart felt cold and sinking. She went back to her place under the tree, and sat alone for a long time, hardly conscious of anything but fear and loneliness, and the chill, slow advance of a great cloud, which seemed already to be overtaking her, and blotting out all the sweet, warm sunshine of her life. Even the approval of conscience was not strong enough to make a light in the dark place now.

CHAPTER XXV.

HERBERT'S LETTER.

'My wind is turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before ;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er ;
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dank autumnal floor ;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.'

—A. H. CLOUGH.

MRS. LYDIARD arrived from Yorkshire on Thursday afternoon. Her aunt was better, and her head was full of dresses for the archery meeting. She had stopped one night in London to buy some extra finery, feeling that she and her girls would be among the most distinguished of the guests. They were both at Eastmarsh to receive her, though Conny was to go back to the Villa that night. Mrs. Lydiard would not have liked this arrangement at all, if it had been made by anybody but Mrs. Bell. As it was, she submitted like a wise woman, and talked very fast to Conny while she had her.

'What is the matter with Hetty? Have they quarrelled? If they have, it's the fault of those sisters,' she said, as soon as she and Conny were alone together.

'How sharp you are!' said Conny. 'No, I don't think they have actually quarrelled yet, but it will come to that, no doubt. And I must say it will be Hetty's own fault.'

'Dear me! what a bore! Tell me all about it,' said Mrs. Lydiard, instantly throwing aside her millinery, and sitting down to listen seriously.

When she had heard all that Conny could tell her, she gave her decided opinion that Hetty was a dreadful goose and quite wrong.

'At the same time,' she said, 'I see through it all. I know who they were talking about. Gertrude Ethelston, of course. Have you all been so stupid as not to think of that? Doesn't that explain the whole thing?'

'Well, it does,' said Conny, slightly amazed at this discovery.

'Of course Hetty thought she could not tell him Mr. Harvey's remarks on his sister. But if he insists on hearing everything, serve him right for being so curious. It is not worth risking a quarrel about. I never heard anything so ridiculous. I shall tell Mr. Ethelston myself, if she won't. I am not going to have her sacrificed to that stuck-up Gertrude.'

'Be sure that you are right, first,' said Conny admiringly, but with a shade of doubt and caution.

'Oh, certainly. I shall have it out with Hetty. I shall put it all straight, never fear.'

'I wish you had been here all the time.'

'I wish I had, but it is not too late, I hope. However, if I had been here, Hetty would never have made such a fool of herself in the first instance. Enough to make the whole neighbourhood talk. I don't wonder at Herbert Ethelston's being angry, you know.'

While they were sitting at dinner, a letter was brought to Hetty, and she was told that Mr. Ethelston's groom was waiting for an answer. Her aunt and cousin watched her anxiously as she read the letter. She had been very pale all day, and the only change in her face was a faint flush, while her lips set themselves into an expression of intense unhappiness. But there were no tears, no tremblings. She did not even linger over the letter, but read it once, straight through, and then went quickly to the writing-table in the window, and sat down to write her answer. Mrs. Lydiard looked at Conny, frowned, made faces, and then forced herself to speak.

'Any bad news, Hetty? May we know what that letter is about?'

'I will tell you presently, Aunt Eva,' Hetty answered, in a low, gentle voice.

This was very baffling. Mrs. Lydiard felt that she must not be put off so.

'Conny has told me something,' she said. 'It is a foolish affair, but it will all come right. Only don't do anything rash, Hetty. What are you writing there?'

'Only a few lines that I must write. No waiting can do any good.'

There was something in the girl's manner that checked her companions effectually. Mrs. Lydiard felt most uncomfortable, and conscious that she was behaving weakly and wrongly, but she could and did say nothing more. She allowed Hetty to ring the bell, and give her note to the maid who answered it. Not till the note was gone did she say—'Hetty, you must tell me what you are doing. It is something foolish, I am sure.'

'It is simply nothing. There are not two ways any longer, thank Heaven,' said Hetty. 'You may read this if you like, and Conny too.'

Mrs. Lydiard took the letter. Conny came and looked over her shoulder; and Hetty sat down in an armchair, and stared at the opposite wall, with a painful contraction of her brows, as if something dazzled her.

'MY DEAR HETTY,' wrote Mr. Ethelston, 'I have been thinking over our last talk with much trouble of mind. I was greatly shocked and disappointed to find your views of the confidence there should be between us, and of the perfect openness I had a right to claim from

you, so widely different from my own. The discovery makes me doubt whether a woman who can submit for some mysterious reason to be compromised in the eyes of the world, without caring even to clear herself to me, or considering me at all in the matter, is one who would make me happy, or even be happy herself, as my wife. There seems to me only one way of preventing a fatal mistake, and that is, to break off our engagement. I write this with pain, but I do not think it will hurt you as much as it does me, because I fancy you must have been mistaken as to your feelings towards me. Therefore I think this suggestion may be a relief to you. I make it in justice to myself, and you have only to let me know that you accept it. I will not reproach you in thought or word. At the same time, if you will even now change your mind, and send me the full explanation that I have asked for, with a promise of perfect openness in future, I shall be only too glad to receive it, and will be always

‘Yours most truly and faithfully,

‘H. ETHELSTON.’

‘In justice to himself! Immense consideration for his lordship’s self! What a composition!’ muttered Mrs. Lydiard, while Conny breathed the word ‘Prig’ into her mother’s ear; but Hetty heard nothing till her aunt addressed her.

‘What have you said to him, Hetty?’

‘I said that I agreed with him. That is all. It doesn’t matter.’

‘Doesn’t it!’ said Mrs. Lydiard. ‘I think you are two of the most foolish young people! It passes my comprehension why you should make him and yourself miserable, simply out of consideration for that woman, who is quite capable of taking care of herself.’

‘What woman?’ said Hetty vaguely, but the next moment she turned round and looked at her aunt with such startled eyes that Mrs. Lydiard felt sure she was right.

‘Gertrude Ethelston, of course. I am not so stupid as all these people. I guessed at once that you and Mr. Harvey were talking about her. I always thought he was only flirting with her. She is not quite so attractive as she thinks herself. Very well, Hetty. If you won’t tell Mr. Ethelston, I shall. I am not going to let you quarrel about nothing.’

‘Oh, but you are quite mistaken,’ said Hetty, wearily. ‘We were not talking about Gertrude; we never mentioned her. And please don’t say anything; you can do no good.’

‘Do you think I am going to stand by calmly and see you jilted? Why, you are like my own child. I shall certainly let Mr. Ethelston know what I think of him. And who was it then, if not Gertrude?’

‘That’s just the point,’ muttered Conny.

Hetty shook her head. ‘I can’t tell you,’ she said. ‘Never mind. Let us be quiet and say nothing—not such horrid words, please.’

There was evidently nothing more to be done with Hetty, and Mrs. Lydiard dropped the subject for that evening—in Hetty's presence, that is, for she and Conny talked of nothing else when they were alone together.

At half-past nine [the carriage came to fetch Conny to the Villa. Her mother followed her out of the room, and ordered her not to tell Mrs. Bell.

'As you like—but every one will know soon,' said Conny.

'Oh, it will be made up,' said Mrs. Lydiard. 'Hetty is too fond of him not to give in. I shall talk to her.'

Conny felt doubtful, but hoped her mother was right; 'at least,' she said, 'if you really think the breaking off is a pity. To me those Ethelstons are unbearable.'

'I dislike them too, but it is a capital match—and besides, being jilted is such a horrid thing for a girl. I won't call it that again to Hetty, but it is that, you know. Plenty of people will think that the stupid fellow had right on his side, and our poor Hetty will be gossiped about all over the place.'

'By the bye, she won't go to the archery meeting,' said Constance.

'Don't put that into her head. She must and shall go. If she stays away, it will look as if she was ashamed of herself. Whatever happens, I shall insist on her going.'

'Very well, mamma. Don't torment the poor creature. She looks as if she was in a dream, but I believe she is very unhappy.'

'Of course she is. I know her; I shall manage her. Good-night. Bring Aunt Bell down to-morrow, to see all my pretty things.'

That letter of Herbert Ethelston's had been written the night before, and was the outcome of a long talk with Margaret—or rather a long lecture from Margaret, to which Herbert listened, agreeing half unwillingly in all that she laid down. He had confessed to her, following his old habit of loading her with all his burdens, that Hetty was unmanageable, and that he did not know what to do. He was thoroughly out of conceit with Hetty, and Margaret understood, though he did not say so, that he rather thought he had made a fool of himself in the engagement. Hetty was too provoking with her secret; there was something so horribly vulgar in a secret.

Margaret was now quite sure that the engagement had been a mistake from the beginning. The girl had never been, never could be, her brother's equal. Of course she was pretty, and amiable, and attractive, but in an affair like this her true nature showed itself, and Margaret had regretfully to confess that it was second-rate. Her duty to her brother was plain. She must advise him to be firm in his resolution, to put an end to the engagement, and to have no more to do with these people, who had crossed his path so unfortunately.

Yes, it had been a mistake all along; and now that Herbert was

disenchanted, Margaret found herself ready to forget the existence of such a girl as Henrietta Stewart. She had liked and admired her, it was true; but always with a doubt, a scrutiny, a sort of mental reservation; and now her opinion on the subject was so clear, that she was even sorry for the loophole Herbert gave at the end of his letter. She feared that sooner than lose him, Hetty would give in, and she felt that she could never tolerate her any more.

Herbert wandered about all day on Thursday in a dark and moody humour. The letter was not sent till Margaret remonstrated, saying that it was cruel to keep Henrietta in suspense. The immediate answer was a little surprise to them both.

'There, Margaret!' said Herbert, highly offended, as he threw Hetty's note into her lap. 'That is cool enough. Fortunate for me that I took your advice. I believe she is glad to be released.'

Margaret read the note in silence.

'What, did you expect her to cry for mercy?' said Gertrude. 'You were unjust to her; she has more spirit than that.'

Gossip flies apace in most country neighbourhoods, yet perhaps Eastmarsh was rather exceptional in that way. Mrs. Lydiard, who was a talkative, sociable woman, and knew everybody, was quite shocked and frightened by all the exaggerations that came to her ears during the next few days. Everybody knew that Hetty's engagement was broken off; everybody had a different version of the reason why. Even Mrs. Bell, careless and indulgent as she was, could not be brought to say that Hetty was blameless. The truth itself was such a very queer truth. Mrs. Bell of course did not believe all the stories she heard—that Hetty and Mr. Harvey had been in the habit of writing to each other, that they had often met before, that Mr. Ethelston had suspected something for a long time, that Gertrude had been engaged to Mr. Harvey, and had broken off with him because of his flirtation with Miss Stewart, all the time engaged to her brother. Altogether Hetty was supposed to have behaved so badly, that Mr. Ethelston had been quite justified in giving her up. Mrs. Lydiard of course denied all this very positively, but could not get rid of the foundation of fact—'But she *did* go out to meet him. She was seen, you know.'

Mrs. Lydiard was angry enough with these gossips, but she was still more angry with Hetty, who listened unmoved to all that was repeated to her. After the one great blow had fallen, these malicious slanders were hardly to be felt. She could not understand how any one could believe them, but if they did, what did it matter? She only faintly knew that her aunt was unexpectedly unkind.

Mrs. Lydiard soon gave up the idea of any reconciliation with Herbert. But, not unnaturally, she racked her brains for the best means of contradicting all that was said against her niece, and Hetty's own indifference was most irritating.

'Don't you see,' she said to Hetty, at the end of a long string of arguments, 'if people are to believe these horrid things, they blame me, they blame Conny, whom you have always lived with, almost as much as you. And they will believe them, as long as you behave in this absurd way.'

'What way? What can I do?' said Hetty.

'Why, shutting yourself up in your room, as if you felt guilty and ashamed. I don't believe, myself, that you have done anything to be ashamed of, but if I was not your aunt, I should believe it in a moment. I should say, "That girl doesn't dare to show her face." Now you don't want to go to this archery on Monday. If you had any proper pride, any self-respect, you would go without a moment's hesitation.'

'But you forget——'

'No, I don't forget. I know who will be there as well as you do. Very well; what will people say? "She must have been in the wrong, she doesn't like to appear." And he will think you are so unhappy and downcast that you can't run the risk of meeting him. Every one will despise you—and they will look askance at Conny, and spoil her pleasure. Of course I detest them all, and him especially,' said Mrs. Lydiard, with energy. 'I think his behaviour has been neither manly nor gentlemanly, and so do you. But this is not the way to show that you are injured—to sneak in a hole while all the neighbourhood are enjoying themselves. In fact, Hetty, I won't have it. I insist on your going on Monday, and showing all these wretches that you don't care for them.'

'Very well, I will go, if you like,' said Hetty at last. 'I hope nobody will speak to me, or ask me to dance. I shall not dance, Aunt Eva, if I go.'

She blushed and shivered as she spoke. Mrs. Lydiard no doubt understood that the dancing was a painful subject, and she was pleased at having conquered so far.

'That is a good, brave child,' she said. 'If I am cross, Hetty, it is all for your good. When you are there, I dare say you will behave like other people—but the mere sight of you will silence those venomous tongues.'

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS.

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE NEW MAID OF ORLEANS.

(Margaret's Narrative.)

I WAS summoned to the Luxembourg Palace on the Tuesday in Holy Week, the 25th of March. My dear brother was then apparently much better, and gaining ground after the attack of hæmorrhage caused by his exertions to save M. Darpent from the violence of his assailants.

He did not appear to need me, since he could not venture to talk more than a few words at a time; and, besides, my year's absence had left me in such arrears of waiting that I could not ask for leave of absence without weighty grounds. My mother was greatly displeased with me for not having cut short the interview between Darpent and Annora, although it seemed to have served her purpose by embroiling them effectually; but she could not overlook so great an impropriety, and I confess that I was not sorry to avoid her continual entreaties to me to give up all intercourse alike with the Darpents and Ommanneys, and all our English friends. I had satisfied myself that M. Darpent was in no danger, and I was willing to let the matter blow over, since Lady Ommaney, though imprudent, had, from the English point of view, only done a good-natured thing.

I found my Princess in great excitement. Cardinal Mazarin had rejoined the King and Queen, and they were at the head of one army; the Prince of Condé was at the head of another. The Parliament viewed both Cardinal and Prince as rebels, and had set a price upon the Cardinal's head. On the whole, the Prince was the less hated of the two, yet there were scruples on being in direct opposition to the King. The Cardinal de Retz was trying to stir the Duke of Orleans to take what was really his proper place as the young King's uncle, and at the head of the Parliament, to mediate between the parties, stop the civil war, convoke the States-General, and redress grievances. But to move Monsieur was a mere impossibility; he liked to hear of his own power, but whenever anything was to be done that alarmed him, he always was bled or took physic, so as to have an excuse for not interfering.

And now the royal army was approaching Orleans, and Monsieur could not brook that the city, his own appanage, should be taken from

him. Yet not only was he unwilling to risk himself, but the coadjutor and he were alike of opinion that he ought not to leave Paris and the Parliament. So he had made up his mind to send his daughter, who was only too much charmed to be going anywhere or doing anything exciting, especially if it could be made to turn to the advantage of the Prince of Condé, whom she still dreamt of marrying.

I found her in a state of great importance and delight, exclaiming, 'My dear Gildippe, I could not do without you! We shall be in your element. His Royal Highness and M. le Cardinal de Retz have both been breaking my head with instructions, but I remember none of them! I trust to my native wit on the occasion.'

We all got into our carriages, a long train of them, at the Luxembourg, with Monsieur looking from the window and waving his farewell to his daughter, and the people called down benedictions on her, though I hardly know what benefit they expected from her enterprise. We had only two officers, six guards, and six Swiss to escort us; but Mademoiselle was always popular, and we were quite safe.

We slept at Chartres, and there met the Duke of Beaufort, who rode by the carriage window; and by and by, at Etampes we found 500 light horse of Monsieur's regiment, who all saluted. Mademoiselle was in ecstasies; she insisted on leaving her carriage and riding at their head, with all the ladies who could sit on horseback, and thus we came to Toury, where were the Duke de Nemours and others of the Prince's party.

My heart was heavy, I hardly knew why, with forebodings about what might be passing at home, or I should have enjoyed the comedy of Mademoiselle's extreme delight in her own importance, and the councils of war held before her, while the Dukes flattered her to the top of her bent, laughed in their sleeve, and went their own way. She made us all get up at break of day to throw ourselves into Orleans, and we actually set out, but we had to move at a foot's pace because M. de Beaufort had, by accident or design, forgotten to command the escort to be in attendance.

By and by a message was brought by some gentlemen, who told Mademoiselle that the citizens of Orleans had closed their gates and were resolved to admit nobody; that the Keeper of the Seals was on the further side, demanding entrance for the royal troops; and they were afraid of the disorderly behaviour of the soldiers. They were in a strait between the King and their Duke's daughter, and they proposed to her to go to some neighbouring house and pretend illness until the royal forces should have passed by, when they would gladly admit her.

Mademoiselle was not at all charmed by this proposal, and she answered with spirit, 'I shall go straight to Orleans. If they shut the gates, I shall not be discouraged. Perseverance will gain the day. If I enter the town, my presence will restore the courage of all who

are well affected to his Royal Highness. When persons of my rank expose themselves, the people are terribly animated, and they will not yield to people of small resolution.'

So into the carriage she got, taking me with her, and laughing at all who showed any alarm. Message upon message met us, supplicating her not to come on, as she would not be admitted; but her head only went higher and higher, all the more when she heard that the Keeper of the Seals was actually at the gates, demanding entrance in the name of the King.

About eleven o'clock we reached the *Porte Bannière*, and found it closed and barricaded. The guards were called on to open to *Mademoiselle d'Orléans Montpensier*, the daughter of their lord, but all in vain, though she had not a soldier with her, and promised not to bring in either of the Dukes of Nemours or Beaufort.

We waited three hours. *Mademoiselle* became tired of sitting in the carriage, and we went to a little inn, where we had something to eat, and, to our great amusement, the poor, perplexed Governor of the town sent her some sweetmeats, by way I suppose of showing his helpless goodwill. We then began to walk about the suburbs, and I thought of the Battle of the Herrings and the Maid of Orleans, and wondered which was the gate by which she entered. One of the gentlemen immediately complimented *Mademoiselle* on being a second Maid of Orleans, and pointed out the gate called *Le Port de Salut*, as connected with the rescue of the place. We saw the Marquis d'Allins looking out at the window of the guard-room, and *Mademoiselle* made signs to him to bring her the keys, and let her in, but he replied by his gestures that he could not. The situation was a very strange one. *Mademoiselle*, with her little suite of ladies, parading along the edge of the moat, vainly trying to obtain admission, while the women, children, and idlers of Orleans were peeping over the ramparts at us, shouting '*Vive le Roi! Vivent les Princesses! Point de Mazarin!*' and *Mademoiselle* was calling back, 'Go to the town hall, call the magistrates, and fetch the keys!' Nobody stirred, and at last we came to another gate, when the guard presented arms, and again *Mademoiselle* called to the captain to open. With a low bow and a shrug, he replied, 'I have no keys.'

'Break it down then,' she cried. 'You owe more obedience to your master's daughter than to the magistrates.'

He bowed.

The scene became more and more absurd; *Mademoiselle* began to threaten the poor man with arrest.

He bowed.

He should be degraded.

He bowed.

He should be drummed out of the service.

He bowed.

He should be shot.

He bowed.

We were choking with laughter, and trying to persuade her that threats were unworthy; but she said that kindness had no effect and that she must now use threats, and that she knew she should succeed, for an astrologer had told her that everything she did between this Wednesday and Friday should prosper—she had the prediction in her pocket. By this time we had coasted along the moat till we came to the Loire, where a whole swarm of boatmen, honest fellows in red caps and striped shirts, came up, shouting 'Vive Monsieur!' 'Vive Mademoiselle!' and declaring that it was a shame to lock her out of her father's own town.

She asked them to row her to the water-gate of La Faux, but they answered that there was an old wooden door close by which they could more easily break down. She gave them money and bade them do so, and to encourage them, climbed up a steep mound of earth close by all over bushes and briars, while poor Madame de Breauté stood shrieking below, and I scrambled after.

The door was nearly burst in, but it was on the other side of the moat. The water was very low, so two boats were dragged up to serve as a bridge, but they were so much below the top of the ditch that a ladder was put down into one, up which Mademoiselle dauntlessly mounted, unheeding that one step was broken, and I came after her. This was our escalade of Orleans.

She ordered her guards to return to the place where the carriages had been left, that she might show how fearless she was. The boatmen managed at last to cut out two boards from the lower part of the door. There were two great iron bars above them, but the hole was just big enough to squeeze through, and Mademoiselle was dragged between the splinters by M. de Grammont and a footman. As soon as her head appeared inside the gate the drums beat, there were loud *vivats*, a wooden arm-chair was brought, and Mademoiselle was hoisted on the men's shoulders in it and carried along the street; but she soon had enough of this, caused herself to be set down, and we all joined her, very dirty, rather frightened, and very merry. Drums beat before us, and we arrived at the Hotel de Ville, where the polite bows and the embarrassed faces of the Governor and the magistrates were a sight worth seeing.

However, Mademoiselle took the command, and they all made their excuses and applied themselves to entertaining her and her suite, as carriages were not admitted, for we were in a manner besieged by the Keeper of the Seals; and in the early morning, at seven o'clock, Mademoiselle had to rise and go through the streets encouraging the magistrates to keep him out.

She was a sort of queen at Orleans, and we formed a little Court. I really think this was the happiest time in her life, while she had a

correspondence with the Prince of Condé on the one hand, and her father on the other; and assisted at councils of war outside the gates as she kept her promise, and admitted none of the leaders of the belligerent parties into the city.

They were stormy councils. At one of these the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours had a dispute, drew their swords, and were going to attack one another, when Mademoiselle, by entreaties and commands, forced them to lay down their arms.

All this time I had no news from my family. We were in a strange condition. Here was I following Mademoiselle, who represented her father and the neutral party, but was really devoted to the Prince; my son was in attendance on the King, whom we were keeping out of his own city; my mother, brother, and sister were in Paris, which held for the Parliament. My half-brother, Solivet, had repaired to M. de Turenne's army, which was fighting for the King, and my brother-in-law, d'Aubépine, was on the staff of the Prince.

There was scarcely any family that was not divided and broken up in the same way, and it was hard to say why there was all this war and misery, except that there was irreconcilable hatred between the Prince and the Cardinal, and the Queen was determined to cling to the latter.

I knew nothing of what was passing at home till a day or two after Easter Sunday when one of the gentlemen of the household of the Duke of Orleans, who had come with letters for Mademoiselle, seemed surprised to see me, and on my pressing him for intelligence, he told me that my dear brother was at the point of death. He was quite sure of it, for he had spoken with M. de Poligny, who told him that M. de Ribaumont was daily visited by the Abbé Montagu, was in the best possible disposition, and would receive the last sacraments of our Church.

I knew not what to believe. All I was sure of was that I must be wanted, and that it would break my heart not to see my dear brother again. Mademoiselle was a kind mistress, and she consented to my leaving her, and there was no danger in ladies travelling, though a good deal of difficulty in getting horses.

At last however I found myself at my own door, and in one moment satisfied myself that my brother was living, and better. My mother was in the *salon*, in conversation with M. de Poligny, who had the good judgment to withdraw.

'Ah! my dear,' she said, 'we have had frightful scenes! I had almost gained my dear son's soul, but alas! it might have been at the cost of his life, and I could not but be weak enough to rejoice when your sister's obstinacy snatched him from me. After all, one is a mother! and the good Abbé says a pure life and invincible ignorance will merit acceptance! Besides, the Duke of Gloucester did him the honour to sit an hour by him every day.'

I asked for my sister and heard that she was with him. For though my mother said poor Annora's ungovernable impetuosity had done him so much harm, nay, nearly killed him, he was now never so tranquil as when she was in his sight, and Dr. Mayerne, who had been sent by the King himself, declared that his life still depended on his being kept free from all agitation.

'Otherwise,' said my mother, 'I could bring about the marriage with the little Chevalier. Annora has renounced her disobedient folly, and would make no more resistance; but M. de Poligny of course cannot proceed further till your brother is in condition to settle the property on her.'

I asked in wonder whether my sister had consented, but my mother seemed to think that the break with Darpent had settled that matter for ever.

And when I saw my poor Annora, she was altered indeed. The bright colour had left her cheeks, her eyes looked dim and colourless, her voice had lost its fresh, defiant ring; she was gentle, submissive, listless, as if all she cared for in life had gone from her except the power of watching Eustace.

He looked less ill than I had dreaded to see him. I think he felt at rest after the struggle he had undergone to preserve the faith he really loved. He had never relaxed his ground for a single moment till the Duke of Gloucester had come, fearing that if he ceased his vigilance, that might be done which we felt to be mercy, but which he could not submit to. He always had a calmly resolute will, and he knew now that he must avoid all agitation until he was able to bear it; so he would not ask any questions. He only showed me that he was glad of my return, pointed to Nan, saying, 'She has been sorely tried. Take care of her,' and asked me if I could find out how it fared with Darpent.

It was too late to do anything that evening, and I went to mass as early as I could in the morning, that the streets might be quiet; and when I rose from my knees, I was accosted by a Sister of Charity who told me that there was terrible need at the Hôtel Dieu. Men were continually brought in, shockingly injured in the street frays that were constantly taking place, and by the violences of the band of robbers and braves with whom the Duke of Orleans surrounded his carriage, and there was exceedingly little help and nursing for them owing to the absence of the Queen and of so many of the great ladies who sometimes lavished provisions, comforts and attendance, on the patients.

I had three hours to spare before any one would be up, so I went home, got together all the old linen and provisions I could muster, told my sister where I was going, and caused my chairmen to carry me to the hospital. The streets were perfectly quiet then, only the bakers' boys running about with their ells of bread, the water-carriers and the faggot-men astir, and round the churches, a few women hurrying to their prayers, looking about as if half dreading a tumult.

Poor people! I had never seen the hospital so full, or in so sad a condition. The Sisters and the priests of S. Lazare were doing their utmost, and with them a very few ladies. It was just as I felt as if I must be needed at home that I saw another lady coming to take my place, and recognised Madame Darpent. We met with more eagerness than the good old devout dame usually allowed herself to show, for each accepted the appearance of the other as a token of the improvement of our patients at home. She said her son was nearly well in health, but that his arm was still unserviceable, having been cruelly twisted by the miscreants who had attacked him; and when I told her that my brother was likewise recovering, she exclaimed—

‘Ah! madame, I dare not ask it; but if Madame la Vicomtesse could kindly leave word of the good news as she passes our house, it would be a true charity to my poor son. We have heard sad accounts of the illness of M. de Ribaumont. The servants at the Hotel de Nidemerle confirmed them, and my son, knowing that M. le Baron was hurt in his behalf, has been devoured with misery. If madame could let him know at once it would spare him four or five hours of distress, ere I can leave these poor creatures.’

‘Perhaps he would like to see me,’ I said, and the old lady was ready to embrace me. She would not have dared to ask it; but I knew how glad Eustace would be to have a personal account of him.

It was still early, and I met with no obstruction. My message was taken in to ask whether M. Darpent would see me, and he came down himself to lead me up stairs, looking very pale and worn, and was obliged to give me his left hand, as in a broken voice he made polite speeches on the honour I had done him.

‘At least, madame,’ he said, trembling so that he was obliged to lean on the chair he was setting for me, ‘let me hear that you are come to tell me no bad news.’

I assured him of the contrary, and made him sit down, while I told him of my brother’s improvement, and of his anxiety respecting himself.

‘I may tell him that you are a convalescent, and able to employ yourself in deep studies?’ I said, glancing at a big black book open on the table beside the arm-chair where he had been sitting.

‘It is *S. Augustine*,’ he said. ‘I have been profiting by my leisure. I have almost come to the conclusion that there is nothing to be done for this unhappy France of ours but to pray for her. I had some hopes of the young King, but did madame hear what he did when our deputies presented their petition for the States-General? He simply tore the paper, and said, “Retire, messieurs.” He deems despotism his right and duty, and will crush all resistance. Men, like the Garde des Sceaux, have done their best, but we have no strength without the nobility, who simply use us as tools to gratify their animosity against one another.’

'Only too true!' I said. 'There is not even permission given to us nobles to do good among our own peasants.'

'There is permission for nothing but to be vicious sycophants,' cried he bitterly. 'At least, save for the soldier, who thinks only of the enemies of France. Ah! my mother is right! All we can do to keep our hands unstained is to retire from the world and pray and toil, like the recluses of Port Royal.'

'Are you thinking of becoming one of them?' I exclaimed.

'I know not. Not while aught remains to be done for my country. Even that seems closed to me,' he answered sadly. 'I am an unfortunate man, madame,' he added; 'I have convictions, and I cannot crush them as I see others, better than I, can do—by appealing to simple authority and custom.'

'They kept you from your Counsellor's seat, I know,' said I.

'And made every one, except M. le Premier President, mistrust me for a conceited fellow. Well, and now they must keep me from casting in my lot with the recluses who labour and pray at Port Royal des Champs, unless I can satisfy myself on scruples that perhaps my Huguenot breeding, perhaps my conversations with M. *votre frère* have awakened in me. And—and—though I have the leisure, I know my head and heart are far from cool enough to decide on points of theology,' he added, covering his face for a moment with his hand.

'You a recluse of Port Royal! I cannot believe in it,' I said. 'Tell me, monsieur, is your motive despair? For I know what your hopes have been.'

'Ah, madame, then you also know what their overthrow has been, though you can never know what it has cost me. Those eyes, as clear-sighted as they are beautiful, saw only too plainly the folly of expecting anything in the service I was ready to adopt, and scorned my hopes of thus satisfying her family. I deserved it. May she find happiness in the connection she has accepted.'

'Stay, sir,' I said. 'What has she accepted? What have you heard?'

He answered with a paler look and strange smile, that his clerk had been desired by M. de Poligny's notary to let him see the parchments of the Ribaumont estate preparatory to drawing up the contract of marriage, to be ready to be signed in a week's time.

'Ah, sir,' I said, 'you are a lawyer, and should know how to trust to such evidence. The contract is impossible without my brother, who is too ill to hear of it, and my sister has uttered no word of consent, nor will she, even though she should remain unmarried for life.'

'Will she forgive me?' he exclaimed, as though ready to throw himself at my feet.

I told him that he must find out for himself, and he told me in return that I was an angel from heaven. On the whole, I felt more like a weak and talkative woman, a traitress to my mother; but then,

as I looked at him, there was such depth of wounded affection, such worth and superiority to all the men I was in the habit of seeing, that it was impossible not to feel that if Annora had any right to choose at all she had chosen worthily.

But I thought of my mother, and would not commit myself further, and I rose to leave him. I had however waited too long. The mob were surging along the streets, as they always did when the magistrates came home from the Parliament, howling, bellowing, and yelling round the unpopular ones.

'Death to the Big Beard!' was the cry, by which they meant good old Mathieu Molé, who had incurred their hatred for his loyalty; and then they halted opposite to the Maison Darpent to shout, 'Death to the Big Beard and his jackal!'

'Do not fear, madame, it will soon pass by,' said Darpent. 'It is a little amusement in which they daily indulge. The torrent will soon pass by, and then I will do myself the honour of escorting you home.'

I thought I was much safer than he, and would have forbidden him, but he smiled and said I must not deny him the pleasure of walking as far as the door of the Hôtel de Nidemerle.

'But why do they thus assail you and the Garde des Sceaux?' I asked.

'Because so few in this unfortunate country can distinguish between persons and causes,' he said. 'Hatred to Mazarin, and to the Queen as his supporter, is the only motive that sways them. If he can only be kept out they are willing to throw themselves under the feet of the Prince that he may trample them to dust. Once, as you know, we hoped that there was public spirit enough in the *noblesse* and clergy, led by the Coadjutor, to join with us in procuring the assembling of the States-General, and thus constitutionally have taken the old safeguards of the people. They deceived us, and only made use of us for their own ends. The Duke of Orleans, who might have stood by us, is a broken reed, and now in the furious clash of parties we stand by, waiting till the conqueror shall complete our destruction and oppression, and in the meantime holding to the only duty that is clear to us, of loyalty to the King, let that involve what it may.'

'And because it involves the Cardinal you are vituperated,' I said. 'The Court ought to reward your faithfulness.'

'So I thought once, but it is more likely to reward our resistance in its own fashion if its triumph be once secured,' he answered. 'Ah, madame, are visions of hope for one's country mere madness!'

And certainly I felt that even when peace was made between him and my sister, as it certainly soon would be, the future looked very black before them, unless he were too obscure for the royal thunderbolts to reach.

However, the mob had passed by, to shriek round the Hôtel de Ville.

Food and wine were dealt out to them by those who used them as their tools, and they were in a frightful state of demoralisation ; but the way was clear for the present, and Clément Darpent would not be denied walking by my chair, though he could hardly have guarded me, but he took me through some bye streets, which avoided the haunts of the mob ; and though he came no further than our door, the few words I ventured to bring home reassured Eustace and made Annora look like another being.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PORTE S. ANTOINE.

(Margaret's Narrative continued.)

WHEN I try to look back on the time that followed, all is confusion. I cannot unravel the thread of events clearly in my own mind, and can only describe a few scenes that detach themselves as it were from a background of reports, true and false, of alarms, of messages to and fro, and a horrible mob surging backwards and forwards, so that when Mademoiselle returned to Paris and recalled me, I could only pass to and fro between the Louvre and the Hôtel de Nidemerle after the servants had carefully reconnoitred to see that the streets were safe, and this although I belonged to the Orleans establishment, which was in favour with the mob. Their white scarves were as much respected as the tawny colours of Condé, which every one else wore who wished to be secured from insult.

I longed the more to be at home because my very dear brother, now convalescent, was preparing everything for his journey to the Hague. He had an interview with M. de Poligny, and convinced him that it was hopeless to endeavour to gain Annora's consent to the match with his son, and perhaps the good gentleman was not sorry to withdraw with honour, and thus the suit waited till the Parliament should be at leisure to attend to private affairs.

My mother was greatly disappointed, above all when my brother, in his gentle but authoritative manner, requested her to withdraw her opposition to my sister's marriage with Darpent, explaining that he had consented, as knowing what his father's feeling would have been towards so good a man. She wept and said that it certainly would not have been so bad in England, but under the nose of all her friends—bah! and she was sure that Solivet would kill the fellow rather than see *canaille* admitted into the family. However, if the wedding took place at the Hague, where no one would hear of it, and Annora chose to come back and live *en bourgeoisie*, and not injure the establishment of the Marquis de Nidemerle, she would not withhold her blessing. So Annora was to go with Eustace, who indeed had not intended to leave her behind him, never being sure what coercion might be put on her.

In the meantime it was not possible for any peaceful person, especially one in my brother's state of health, to leave Paris. The city was between two armies, if not three. On the one side was that of the Princes, on the other that of M. le Maréchal de Turenne, with the Court in its rear, and at one time the Duke of Lorraine advanced, and though he took no one's part, he filled the roads with horrible marauders trained in the Thirty Years' War. The two armies of Condé and Turenne skirmished in the suburbs, and it may be imagined what contradictory reports were always tearing us to pieces. Meantime Paris was strong enough to keep out either army, and that was the one thing that the municipality and the Parliament were resolved to do. They let single officers of the Prince's army, himself, the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, the Count d'Aubépine, and the rest come in and out, but they were absolutely determined not to be garrisoned by forces in direct rebellion to the King. They would not stand a siege on their behalf, endure their military licence, and then the horrors of an assault. The Duke of Orleans professed to be of the same mind, but he was a mere nonentity, and merely acted as a drag on his daughter, who was altogether devoted to the Prince of Condé. Cardinal de Retz vainly tried to persuade him to take the manly part of mediation that would have been possible to him at the head of the magistracy and municipality of Paris.

The Prince—Heaven forgive him—and the Duke of Beaufort hoped to terrify the magistracy into subservience by raising the populace against them. Foolish people! as if their magistrates were not guarding them from horrible miseries. In fact, however, the mobs who raved up and down the streets, yelling round the Hôtel de Ville, hunting the magistrates like a pack of wolves, shouting and dancing round Monsieur's carriage, or Beaufort's horse—these wretches were not the peaceable workpeople, but bandits, ruffians, disbanded soldiers, criminals, excited by distributions of wine and money in the cabarets that they might terrify all who upheld law and order. If the hotels of the nobles and magistrates had not been constructed like little fortresses, no doubt these wretches would have carried their violence further. It seems to me when I look back at that time, that even in the Louvre or the Luxembourg, one's ears were never free from the sound of howls and yells, more or less distant.

Clément Darpent, who had been separated from his secretaryship by his injury, and had not resumed it, was, so far as I could learn, doing his best as a deputy at the Hôtel de Ville to work on those whom he could influence to stand firm to their purpose of not admitting the King's enemies, but on the other hand of not opening their gates to the royal army itself till the summons to the States-General should be actually issued, and the right of Parliament to refuse registration acknowledged. His friends among the younger advocates and the better educated of the *bourgeois* had rallied round him, and in the

general anarchy, made it their business to protect the persons whom the mob placed in danger. My mother, in these days of terror, had recurred to her former reliance on him, and admitted him once more. I heard there had been no formal reconciliation with Annora, but they had met as if nothing had happened; and it was an understood thing that he should follow her to the Hague so soon as there should be an interval of peace, but he had a deep affection for his country and his city, and could not hear of quitting them, even for Annora's sake, in this crisis of fate, while he had still some vision of being of use, and at any rate could often save lives. Whenever any part of the mob was composed of real poor who had experienced his mother's charities, he could deal with them; and when they were the mere savage bandits of the partisans, he and his friends scrupled not to use force. For instance—this I saw myself: The Duke of Orleans had summoned the *Prévôt des Marchands* and two of the *échevins* to the Luxembourg, to consult about supplies. The mob followed them all the way down the street, reviling them as men sold to Mazarin, and insisting that they should open the gates to the Prince. When they were admitted, the wretches stood outside yelling at them like wolves waiting for their prey. I could not help appealing to Mademoiselle's kindness of heart, and asking if they could not be sheltered in the palace till the *canaille* grew tired of waiting. She shrugged her shoulders, and called them miserable Mazarinities, but I think she would have permitted them to remain within, if her father had not actually conducted them out, saying 'I will not have them fallen upon *in here*,' which was like throwing them to the beasts. We ladies were full of anxiety, and all hurried up to the roof to see their fate.

Like hungry hounds the mob hunted and pelted these respectable magistrates down the Rue de Condé, their robes getting torn as they fled and stumbled along, and the officers, standing on the steps of the hotel of M. le Prince, among whom alas! was d'Aubépine, waved their yellow scarves, laughed at the terror and flight of the unhappy magistrates, and hounded on the mob with 'Ha! Tâcre! At him! Well thrown!'

Suddenly a darker line appeared, advancing in order; there was a moment's flash of rapiers, a loud trumpet call of 'Back, ye cowards!' The row of men, mostly in black hats, with white collars, opened, took in among them the bleeding, staggering, cruelly-handled fugitives, and with a firm front turned back the vile pursuers. I could distinguish Clément Darpent's figure as he stood in front, and I could catch a tone of his voice, though I could not make out his words as he reproached the populace for endeavouring to murder their best friends. I felt that my sister's choice had been a grand one, but my heart sank as I heard the sneer behind me: '*Hein!* the conceited lawyers are ruffling it finely. They shall pay for it!'

There was a really terrible fight on the steps of the Parliament

House, when the mob forced the door of the great chamber and twenty-five people were killed, but Darpent and his little party helped out a great many more of the counsellors, and the town guard coming up, the mob were driven off. That evening I saw the Cardinal de Retz. He was in bad odour with Monsieur and Mademoiselle, because he was strongly against the Prince, and would fain have stirred the Duke of Orleans to interfere effectively at the head of the Parliament and city of Paris; but a man of his rank could not but appear at times at the Duke's palace, and on this fine May evening, when all had gone out after supper into the alleys of the garden of the Luxembourg, he found me out. How young, keen, and lively he still looked in spite of his scarlet! How far from one's notions of an Eminence.'

'That was a grand exploit of our legal friend, madame,' he said, 'but I am afraid he will burn his fingers. One is not honest with impunity unless one can blindly hang on to a party. Some friend should warn him to get out of the way when the crash comes and a victim has to be sacrificed as a peace-offering. Too obscure, did madame say? Ah! that is the very reason! He has secured no protector. He has opposed the Court and the Prince alike, and the magistrates themselves regard him as a dangerous man, with those notions *à lui* about venality, and his power of winning men to follow him! He saved them, madame says? That goes for nothing. He has shown his power and individuality, and therefore is factious, and when the Court demands a *frondeur*, there will be no one except perhaps old Molé to cry out in his defence, and Molé is himself too much overpowered. Some friend should give him a hint to take care of himself.'

I told my brother as soon as I could, and he ardently wished to take Darpent away with him when it should be possible to quit Paris; but at that moment Clément and his young lawyers still nourished some wild hope that the Parliament, holding the balance between the parties, might yet undeceive the young King and save the country.

The climax came at last on the second of July. M. le Prince was outside the walls, with the Portes S. Antoine, S. Honoré, and St. Denis behind him. M. de Turenne was pressing him very hard, endeavouring to cut him off from taking up a position on the other side of the army, at the confluence of the Seine and the Marne. The Prince had entreated permission to pass his baggage through the city, but the magistrates were resolved not to permit this, not knowing what would come after. Some entrenchments had been thrown up round the Porte S. Antoine when the Lorrainers had threatened us, and here the Prince took up his position outside the walls. There, as you remember, the three streets of Charenton, S. Antoine, and Charonne all meet in one great open space, which the Prince occupied, heaping up his baggage behind him, and barricading the three streets—M. de Nemours guarded one, Vallon and Tavannes the other two. The Prince, with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and fifty more brave

gentlemen, waited ready to carry succour wherever it should be needed. Within, the Bastille frowned over all.

We were waiting in the utmost anxiety. A message came to Mademoiselle, at the Louvre, from the Prince, entreating her not to abandon him, or he would be crushed between the royal forces and the walls of Paris. Monsieur had, for a week, professed to be ill, but, on driving through the streets, lined with anxious people, and coming to the Luxembourg, we found him on the steps.

'I thought you were in bed,' said his daughter.

'I am not ill enough to be there,' he answered, 'but I am not well enough to go out.'

Mademoiselle entreated him, in her vehement way, either to mount his horse and go to help M. le Prince, or, at least, to go to bed and act the invalid—for very shame; but he stood irresolute, whistling and tapping on the window, too anxious to undress, and too timid to go out. Annora would have been ready to beat him; I think his daughter longed to do so. She tried frightening him.

'Unless you have a treaty from the Court in your pocket, I cannot think how you can be so quiet. Pray, have you undertaken to sacrifice M. le Prince to Cardinal Mazarin?'

He whistled on without answering, but she persevered, with alternate taunts and threats, till at last she extracted from him a letter to the magistrates at the Hôtel de Ville, telling them that she would inform them of his intentions. Off, then, we went again, having with us Madame de Nemours, who was in an agony about her husband, and presently we were at the Hôtel de Ville, where we were received by the *Prevôt des Marchands*, the *échevins* and Marshal de l'Hôpital, Governor of Paris—all in the most intense anxiety. She was brought into the great hall, but she would not sit down—giving them her father's letter, and then desiring that the town guard should take up arms in all the quarters. This was already done. Then they were to send the Prince 2,000 men, and to put 400 men under her orders in the Place Royale. To all this they agreed; but when she asked them to give the Prince's troops a passage through the city, they demurred, lest they should bring on themselves the horrors of war.

Again she commanded, she insisted, she raved, telling them that if they let the Prince's army be destroyed, those of M. de Turenne would assuredly come in and sack the city for its rebellion.

Marshal de l'Hôpital said that but for Mademoiselle's friends, the royal army would never have come thither at all, and Madame de Nemours began to dispute with him, but Mademoiselle interfered, saying, 'Recollect, while you are discussing useless questions the Prince is in the utmost danger;' and, as we heard the cries of the people, and, beyond them, the sharp rattle of musketry, she threatened them with appealing to the people.

She was really dignified in her strong determination, and she prevailed. Evil as the whole conduct of the Prince had been, no doubt the magistrates felt that it would be a frightful reproach to let the flower of the gentlemen of France be massacred at their gates. So, again, we went off towards the Porte S. Antoine, hearing the firing and the shouts louder every minute. At the entrance of Rue S. Antoine, we met M. Guitaut on horseback, supported by another man, bare-headed, all unbuttoned, and pale as death. 'Shalt thou die?' screamed out Mademoiselle, as we passed the poor man, and he shook his head, though he had a great musket ball in his body. Next came M. de Vallon, carried in a chair, but not too much hurt to call out, 'Alas, my good mistress, we are all lost.'

'No, no,' she answered, 'I have orders to open a retreat.'

'You give me life,' he said.

More and more wounded, some riding, some on foot, some carried on ladders, boards, doors, mattresses. I saw an open door. It was that of Monsieur Verdon, Clément's brother-in-law. I saw Clément assisting to carry in a wounded man whose blood flowed so fast, that it made a stream along the pavement before the door. Mademoiselle insisted on knowing who it was, and there was only too much time, for, in spite of our impatience and the deadly need, we could only move at a foot's pace through the ghastly procession we were meeting. The answer came back—'It is the Count d'Aubépine. He would bleed to death before he could be carried home, so M. Darpent has had him carried into his house.'

My heart was sick for poor Cécile. 'My brother-in-law!' I said. 'Oh, Mademoiselle, I entreat of you to let me go to his aid.'

'Your amiable brother-in-law, who wanted to have you *enlevée*! No, no, my dear, you cannot be uneasy about him. The Generalissime of Paris cannot spare her Gildippe.'

So I was carried on, consoling myself with the thought that Madame Verdon, who was as kind as her mother, would take care of him. When we came near the gate, Mademoiselle sent orders by M. de Rohan to the captain of the gate to let her people in and out, and, at the same time, sent a message to the Prince, while she went into the nearest house, that of M. de Croix, close to the Bastille.

Scarcely were we in its *salon*, when in came the Prince. He was in a terrible state, and dropped into a chair out of breath, before he could speak. His face was all over dust, his hair tangled, his collar and shirt bloody, his cuirass dented all over with blows, and he held his bloody sword in his hand, having lost the scabbard.

'You see a man in despair,' he gasped out. 'I have lost all my friends. Nemours, de la Rochefoucauld, Clinchamp, Aubépine are

mortally wounded ;' and, throwing down his sword, he began tearing his hair with his hands, and moving his feet up and down in an agony of grief.

It was impossible not to feel for him at such a moment, and Mademoiselle came kindly up to him, took his hand, and was able to assure him that things were better than he thought, and that M. de Clinchamp was only two doors off, and in no danger.

He composed himself a little, thanked her passionately, swallowed down some wine, begged her to remain at hand, then rushed off again to endeavour to save his friends, now that the retreat was opened to them. Indeed, we heard that M. de Turenne said it seemed to him that he did not meet one, but twelve Princes of Condé in that battle, for it seemed as if he were everywhere at once.

We could only see into the street from the house where we were, and having received some civil messages from the governor of the Bastille, Mademoiselle decided on going thither. The governor turned out the guard to salute Mademoiselle, and at her request conducted us up stone stair after stone stair in the massive walls and towers. Now and then we walked along a gallery, with narrow doors opening into it here and there ; and then we squeezed up a spiral stone stair, never made for ladies, and lighted by narrow loopholes. In spite of all the present anxiety I could not help shuddering at that place of terror, and wondering who might be pining within those heavy doors. At last we came out on the battlements, a broad walk on the top of the great square tower, with cannon looking through the embrasures, and piles of balls behind them, gunners waiting beside each. It was extremely hot, but we could not think of that. And what a sight it was in the full glare of the summer sun. Mademoiselle had a spy-glass, but even without one, we could see a great deal, when we were not too much dazzled. There was the open space beneath us, with the moat and ditch between, crowded with baggage and artillery near the walls, with gentlemen on foot and horseback, their shorn plumes and soiled looks telling of the deadly strife—messengers rushing up every moment with tidings, and carrying orders from the group which contained the Prince, and wounded men being carried or helped out at the openings of the three chief suburban streets, whose irregular high-roofed houses and trees, the grey walls and cloisters of the abbey, hid the actual fight, only the curls of smoke were rising continually ; and now and then we saw the flash of the firearms, while the noise was indescribable—of shots, shrieks, cries to come on, and yells of pain. My brother told me afterwards that in all the battles put together he had seen in England he did not think he had heard half the noise that came to him in that one afternoon on the top of the Hôtel de Nidemerle. The Cavaliers gave a view halloo, and cried, 'God save the King !' the Ironsides sang a psalm, and then they set their teeth and fought in silence, and hardly any one cried out when

he was hurt—while here the shots were lost in the cries, and oh! how terrible with rage, and piteous with pain they were!

Beyond the houses and gardens, where lie the heights of Charonne, were to be seen, moving about like ants, a number of troops on foot and on horseback, and with colours among them. Mademoiselle distinguished carriages among them. 'The King is there, no doubt,' she said; and as I exclaimed, 'Ah! yes, and my son,' she handed me the glass, by which I could make out what looked very like the royal carriages; but the King was on horseback, and so was my dear boy, almost wild with the fancy that his mother was besieged, and scarcely withheld from galloping down by assurances that no lady was in the slightest danger.

Below, in the hollow, towards where Bagnolet rose white among the fields and vineyards, the main body of Turenne's troops were drawn up in their regiments, looking firm and steady, in dark lines, flashing now and then in that scorching July sunshine, their colours flying, and their plumes waving. A very large proportion of them were cavalry, and the generals were plainly to be made out by the staff which surrounded each, and their gestures of command.

We presently saw that the generals were dividing their horse, sending one portion towards Pincourt, the other towards Neuilly. Mademoiselle, who really had the eye of a general, instantly divined that they were going to advance along the banks of the moat, which looked so shining and so quiet in the midst of all the hurly burly, so as to cut off the retreat of the Prince's forces by interposing between the faubourg and the moat, and thus preventing them from availing themselves of the retreat through Paris. M. le Prince was, as we could perceive, on the belfry of the Abbey of S. Antoine, but there he could not see as we could, and Mademoiselle instantly despatched a page to warn him, and at the same time she gave orders to the artillerymen to fire on the advancing troops as soon as they came within range. This was the most terrible part to me of all. We were no longer looking on to save life, but firing on the loyal and on the army where my son was. Suppose the brave boy had broken away and ridden on! I was foolish enough to feel as if they were aiming at his heart, when the fire and smoke burst from the mouths of those old brass guns, and the massive tower seemed to rock under our feet, and the roar was in our ears, and Madame de Fiesque and the other ladies screamed in chorus, and when the smoke rolled away from before our eyes we could see that the foremost ranks were broken, that all had halted, and that dead and wounded were being picked up.

In very truth that prompt decision of Mademoiselle's saved the Prince's army. Turenne could not send on his troops in the face of the fire of the Bastille, and, for aught he knew, of the resistance of all the town guard of Paris; and the Prince was able to draw off all his army through the Porte S. Antoine, without the loss of one

wounded man or a single gun. Mademoiselle, having seen the effect of her cannon, came down again to provide for wine and food being sent to the exhausted soldiers, who had been fighting all day in such scorching heat that we heard that at the first moment of respite M. le Prince hurried into an orchard, took off every fragment of clothing, and rolled about on the grass under the trees to cool himself after the intolerable heat.

Just as I emerged from the court of the Bastille, some one touched me, and said, 'Pardon me, madame,' and, looking round, I saw M. Darpent, with his hat in his hand. 'Madame,' he intreated, 'is it possible to you to come to poor Madame d'Aubépine. I have fetched her to her husband, but there will be piteous work when his wound is visited, and she will need all the support that can be given to her. My mother would do all in her power, but she has so many other patients on her hands.'

I hurried to my Princess, and with some difficulty obtained a hearing. She called up M. Darpent, and made him tell her the names of all the five sufferers that his sister and her husband had received into their house, and how they were wounded, for Condé's followers being almost all noble, she knew who every one was. Two were only slightly wounded, but two were evidently dying, and as none of their friends were within reach, Madame Darpent and her daughter were forced to devote themselves chiefly to them, though fortunately they had not been brought in till her son had piloted Madame d'Aubépine through the crowded streets—poor little Cécile! who had hardly ever set foot on the pavement before. Her Count was in a terrible state, his right leg having been torn off by a cannon ball below the knee, and he would have bled to death long before reaching home had not Clément Darpent observed his condition and taken him into his sister's house, where madame had enough of the hereditary surgical skill acquired in the civil wars to check the bleeding, and put a temporary dressing on the wounds until a doctor could be obtained, for alas! they were only too busy on that dreadful day.

Mademoiselle consented to part with me when she had heard all, suddenly observing, however, as she looked at Darpent, 'But, monsieur, are you not the great *frondeur* with ideas of your own? Did not this same Aubépine beat you soundly? Hein! How is it that you are taking him in——? Your enemy, is he not?'

'So please your royal highness, we know no enemies in wounded men,' replied Darpent, bowing.

Her attention was called off, and she said no more, as Clément and I hastened away as fast as we could through a bystreet to avoid the march of the troops of Condé, who were choking the Rue S. Antoine, going, however, in good order. He told me on the way that Madame d'Aubépine had shown great courage and calmness after the first shock, and after a few questions, and had hung on his arm through

the streets, not uttering a word, though he felt her trembling all over, and she had instantly assumed the whole care of her husband with all the instinct of affection. But as he and his mother felt certain that amputation would be necessary, he had come to fetch me to take care of her.

Fortunately for us, we had not to cross the Rue S. Antoine to enter the Maison Verdon, but Clément opened a small door into the court with his own key and took me in, presently knocking at a door and leading me in. Armand d'Aubépine had been the first patient admitted, so his was the chief guest-chamber—a vast room, at the other end of which was a great bed, beside which stood my poor Cécile, seeing nothing but her husband, looking up for a moment between hope and terror in case it should be the surgeon, but scarcely taking in that it was I, till I put my arms round her and kissed her; and then she put her finger to her lips, cherishing a hope that because the poor sufferer had closed his eyes and lay still in exhaustion, he might sleep. There he lay, all tinge of colour gone from his face, and his damp, dark hair lying about his face. Cécile, with my arm round her waist, stood watching till he opened his eyes with a start and moan of pain, and cried, as his eye fell on me, 'Madame! Ah! Is Bellaise safe?' Then, recollecting himself, 'Ah! no. I forgot! But is he safe—the Prince?'

I told him that the Prince and his army were saved, feeling infinitely touched that his first word should have been of my Philippe, whom he seemed to have forgotten; but indeed it was not so. His next cry was, 'Oh! madame, madame, would that this were Freiburg! Would that I could die as Philippe died! Oh! help me.'

Cécile threw herself forward, exclaiming in broken words that he must not say so; he would not die.

'You too,' he said, 'you too—the best wife in the world—whom I have misused— Ah! that I could begin all over again!'

'You will—you will, my most dear!' she cried. 'Oh! the wound will cure.'

And, strange mixture that he was, he moaned that he should only be a poor maimed wretch.

Darpen now brought in a priest, fresh from giving the last Sacraments to the two mortally wounded men. The wife looked at him in terror, but both he and Clément gently assured her that he was not come for that purpose to M. le Comte, but to set his mind at rest by giving him absolution before the dressing of the wound. Of course it was a precaution lest he should sink under the operation; and as we led her from the bedside, Clément bade me not let her return as yet.

But that little, fragile creature was more entirely the soul of love than any other being I have known. She did indeed, when we had her in Madame Verdon's little oratory hard by, kneel before the crucifix and pray with me, but her ear caught, before mine, the de-

parting steps of the priest and the entering ones of the surgeon. She rose up, simply did not listen to my persuasions, but walked in with quiet dignity. Madame Verdon was there, and would have intreated her to retire, but she said, 'This is a wife's place.' And as she took his hands, she met a look in his eyes which I verily believe more than compensated to her for all the years of weary pining in neglect. The doctor would have ordered her off, but she only said, 'I shall not cry, I shall not faint.' And they let her keep his hand, though Clément had to hold him. I waited, setting our hostess free to attend to one of her dying charges, from whom she could ill be spared. Monsieur Verdon was also laid up with the gout from vexation at the turn affairs had taken. He was a good, generous-hearted man at the bottom, and he had freely allowed Clément to bring in the sufferers, but he could not contain himself entirely, and did not like to have his wife called away from him.

And Cécile kept her word, though it was a terrible time, for there was no endurance in poor Armand's shallow nature, and his cries and struggles were piteous. He could dare, but not suffer, and had not both she and Clément been resolute and tranquil, the doctor owned that he could not have succeeded.

'But Madame la Comtesse is a true heroine,' he said, when our patient was laid down finally, tranquil and exhausted, to be watched over through the night.

The time that followed was altogether the happiest of all my poor sister-in-law's married life. Her husband could hardly bear to lose sight of her for a moment, or to take anything from any hand save hers. If Madame Darpent had not absolutely taken the command of both, she would never have had any rest, for she never seemed sensible of fatigue; indeed, to sit with his hand in hers really refreshed her more than sleep. When she looked forward to his recovery, her only regret was at her own wickedness in the joy that *would* spring up when she thought of her poor cripple being wholly dependent on her, and never wanting to leave her again. I had been obliged to leave her after the first night, but I spent much of every day in trying to help her, and she was always in a tearful state of blissful hope, as she would whisper to me his promises for the future and his affectionate words—the fretful ones, of which she had her full share, were all forgotten, except by Clément Darpent, who shrugged his shoulders at them, and thought when he had a wife——

Poor Armand, would he have been able, even as a maimed man, to keep his word? We never knew, for, after seeming for a fortnight to be on the way to recovery, he took a turn for the worse, and after a few days of suffering, which he bore much better than the first, there came that cessation of pain which the doctors declared to mean that death was beginning its work. He was much changed by these weeks of illness. He seemed to have passed out of that foolish worldly dream

that had enchanted him all his poor young life—he was scarcely twenty-seven—and to have ceased from that idol-worship of the Prince which had led him to sacrifice on that shrine the wife whom he had only just learnt to love and prize. ‘Ah! sister,’ he said to me, ‘I see now what Philippe would have made me.’

He asked my pardon most touchingly for his share in trying to abduct me, and Clément Darpent’s also for the attack on him, though, as he said, Darpent had long before shown his forgiveness. His little children were brought to him, making large eyes with fright at his deathlike looks, and clinging to their mother, too much terrified to cry, when he kissed them, blessed them, and bade Maurice consider his mother and obey her above all things, and to regard me as next to her.

‘Ah! if I had had such a loving mother I should never have become so brutally selfish,’ he said; and indeed the sight of her sweet, tender, patient face seemed to make him grieve for what he had made her suffer more than for all the sins of his dissipated life. His confessor declared that he was in the most pious disposition of penitence. And thus one summer evening, with his wife, Madame Darpent, and myself watching and praying round him, Armand d’Aubépine passed away from the temptations that beset a French noble.

I took my poor Cécile home in the beginning of a severe illness, which I thought for many days would be her death. All her old terror of Madame Croquelebois returned, and for many nights and days, Madame Darpent or I had to be constantly with her, though we had outside troubles enough of our own. Those two sick rooms seem to swallow up my recollections.

(To be continued.)

PHILIP: A FAILURE.

V.

PLANNING AND SCHEMING.

SOME of Mrs. Ashe's happiest moments were those in which she could secure her son's company in her daily drive. His presence did not often lighten the tedium of that compulsory airing which fashion dictated; the young man had haunts and companions of his own, and showed some undisguised weariness of his mother's over-eager attempts to detain and amuse him. On the day of his visit to Belle Barbour, however, he was in an excellent humour, and submitted with a charming grace to be driven round the park, and to have Lady B. and the Countess C. pointed out to him with an accompanying biographical sketch.

'If the new edition of the *Peerage* should happen to get destroyed, you will be able to supply its place, mother,' he said, good-humouredly, as they alighted at their own door. He followed her into the drawing-room. 'So Lady Mary ran away with the curate after refusing the earl! Well, I should hope there are not many women who would show equally bad taste.'

'My dear boy, there's no saying what a woman will do in the way of marrying,' said Mrs. Ashe, flattered by his attention. 'If she wanted to make a sensation, she has suffered for it. They do say he beats her, poor creature! and drags her about by the hair—and such beautiful hair as she had, as fair as yours, and long enough to sit on when it was let down!'

'We must have her here; she would look very well in this room,' Oliver said, musingly, looking about him critically. 'Did you notice her walk, mother?'

'Have her here? Oh, Oliver, I couldn't think of such a thing! Why everybody has dropped her. What else could you expect with such a husband!'

'A husband!' Oliver roused himself. 'Whom are you talking of? I mean Belle, of course. You haven't decided on a *parti* for her yet, have you?'

'Oh! your cousin.' Mrs. Ashe looked rather crestfallen. 'Of course she must come here often; I am delighted to find she is so pretty and ladylike.'

'Pretty! She is not in the least pretty.' Oliver began to pace the room impatiently. 'You women have only one word for the whole gamut of beauty. She is charming, interesting, fascinating, distinguished—but pretty!'

'Well, it comes to much the same thing, doesn't it?' said Mrs.

Ashe, easily. 'I am glad she pleases you so well. Oliver, do ring for tea; I always feel so tired after a visit to your Aunt Burnside—she talks so much. But I am glad I went; she has given me a new recipe for the anchovy butter which will put cook in a good humour. I really don't know where Jane picks up her recipes, or what she does with them. Good cooking would be quite wasted on Philip.'

'There are more precious things than anchovy butter wasted on Philip,' said Oliver, with a smile. 'What possessed my grandfather to imprison Belle there, I wonder? She is utterly out of her element. That Aunt Burnside is utterly incapable of appreciating her goes without saying. And as, for Phil—good old Phil!' he smiled good-humouredly, 'the dirtiest child out of the gutter would have far more interest for him.'

'I don't know,' said Mrs. Ashe, sipping her tea. 'I shouldn't wonder if Belle took a fancy to him. Philip is a good-looking young man, if he were not so careless in his dress; and those philanthropical notions of his have a wonderful attraction for some women. It must have been that that tempted poor Lady Mary to——'

'Nonsense!' said Oliver, stemming this tide of reminiscence as he paused before a long mirror, and took a cool survey of the reflection. 'Why, I'm a handsome fellow myself, mother, if it comes to that, though I don't pretend to Philip's inches. Do you suppose any woman in her senses would prefer grinding poverty to ease and plenty, if other things were equal? Look at me, and tell me if you think I am incapable of making a conquest.'

She looked as she was bid at the handsome face with the light of laughter in it. There was no need to assure him that he would be successful in almost anything he chose to undertake: he was very carelessly aware of it himself.

'You have your father's fine features,' she said. 'I am glad you are not like my side of the house; it would have vexed me if you had had your Aunt Burnside's nose.'

'Yes; the Roman noses had it all their own way in history. Let me see, there was Cæsar, Wallace, Bruce, Pitt, Wellington—all the conquerors of the world on my side. Don't tell me I'm not a fascinating fellow, mother!'

Her face melted into admiring, motherly love and pride as her eyes rested on the blue ones; but there was some covert anxiety in her tone as she said—

'Do you really mean this, Oliver? Are you—have you——'

'Have I fallen in love with my cousin? How does a man behave himself when he is in love? I found it possible to tear myself away from Westminster to-day, and I am aware of a healthy appetite for dinner. These are not hopeful signs, are they? Seriously, little mother, I don't see any better way of settling our conflicting claims. It would be the best possible way of getting over the difficulty.'

'But, Oliver!' Mrs. Ashe looked at him with growing anxiety, 'there is nothing to settle. Your grandfather always said you were to be his heir ever since you were a little fellow, and your frank, pretty ways pleased him. I remember so well the first time he hinted at it; your dear father was living then, and it made him so proud. "Money makes money," he used to say, "and Oliver will be one of the richest men in London." My dear boy, you haven't done anything to displease your grandfather, have you?'

She rose, and put her two hands on his arm, looking up at him with a sudden dread crossing her face.

'No, of course not,' he said, a little petulantly. 'I'm not so certain of my grandfather's good intentions as you are, that is all. He is quite capable of acting a very grim joke at my expense. If I were convinced of my heirship, do you think I'd go day after day to that dull old hole and dance to his piping? Upon my word it's a sorry part for a fellow to play. I've a mind to cut the whole thing. My grandfather would respect me the more for it, I believe, and I'd have a chance of respecting myself. We have enough as it is for all our wants.'

Mrs. Ashe smothered a sigh, and prepared herself to do battle. She was a valiant little woman where Oliver's interests were touched, and it was for his own profound interest that his little outburst of impatient rebellion should be gently restrained, and himself soothed back to submission.

'Not so very much, dear,' she said, gently; 'you know you like things nice, and it takes every penny to meet our expenses. I am often vexed that you haven't a better income; I am sure you are very good to spend as little as you do.'

'Oh, come, mother, I do pretty well,' he answered, constrained to laugh, and drawing her hand within his arm. 'Of course I won't pretend that I couldn't do with more.'

'Yes, dear; and that is just why I want you to be patient with grandpapa. He is a very old man, and everything will be yours one day if you are only patient. I know it doesn't sound nice my saying so, but your grandfather never was very much to his children. I don't think he wanted our love; he was proud of David, Belle's poor father, because he was his first child, but he never showed much affection for the rest of us; and yet it was my boy that he chose out of all the others to be his heir! So you see, dear, you must be careful. If I thought that Philip Burnside——'

'Don't say anything against old Phil.' Oliver laid his hand on hers. 'He is incapable of anything mean. He manages to make a mess of his own affairs, but he is the last man to stand in any other person's light. Nothing will shake my faith in him.'

'He may be very proud of such a friend.' She looked up with a soft red flush on her faded cheeks. 'As for Belle, grandpapa will

probably never see her ; you know how he dislikes strangers. He has provided for her, and very likely he will forget all about her now.'

'I don't mean to let him have the chance,' said Oliver, with a smile. 'If grandfather only sees her it will be all right. I've told Phil he must manage the thing somehow.'

'But he will fall in love with her too, if she is so very charming.'

'That's just what I mean him to do,' said Oliver gaily, 'but I mean to fall in love with her first myself ; it won't be so very difficult to do. Don't you see through my tremendous plot !'

'I see that Philip Burnside has no place in it,' Mrs. Ashe said with her ready smile, 'and that is enough for me. Your aunt makes such a ridiculous fuss about Philip—as if he were one of the family. But Philip sees her every day, dear, and girls are so romantic.'

'I'm not afraid.' Oliver straightened himself. 'Phil has no room for love in his scheme of things. Besides he is not the man to take a charming woman's fancy. He is too good ; women always like a man with a spice of wickedness in him. Don't you now, mother ! You know you are rather proud of me yourself, though I don't set up for a saint.'

'I have never wished you different from what you are, my own dear son,' said Mrs. Ashe, taking his careless kiss as if it were a matter of royal gratitude. 'If that sweet girl will make you happy, I shall be content.'

'Suppose she declines to minister to my happiness !' Oliver turned a bright, comical face to her as he left the room.

Declines ! Mrs. Ashe met the supposition with a smile. The mother-love in her rose up in arms at the bare thought that any one could deny to her boy that on which he had set his heart. Had he not always had his own way ever since he could lisp the first wish which everybody hastened to obey ! And he was a good boy with it all, and rarely reached out to grasp at anything that gave her pain. In this matter of his cousin she had been unwilling at first, but it was her way to yield readily, and as she grew used to the thought she began to consider what a comfort it would be to have a sweet, girlish presence always near her—a daughter on whose companionship she might safely count. For this foolish, frivolous little woman had chosen to make her life lonely. In stepping above the old level where Mrs. Burnside lingered contentedly, she had not reached the magic world of her dreams. The Lady Marys and Lady Carolines who formed the substance of her talk were for the most part phantom figures with whom she had no living contact. Their names and their family histories extracted from the *Peerage*, their new bonnets or mantles seen as they rolled past in their luxurious carriages underneath her windows, made the sum of her acquaintance with them. The house at Princess Place was a corner one, and commanded an aristocratic neighbourhood, with windows looking this way and that down streets

given over to the great and rich of the earth. There was something at once comic and pathetic in the way this faded, eager little woman sat at her post in one of those flower-decked recesses looking down on the fashionable tide, herself stranded and unvisited by its waves. The drawing-room—like most rooms that are much inhabited—was characteristic of its owner. It was decorated according to the dictates of the ‘spurious second renaissance’ that is starving true art out of existence; but the old gold of the walls and brocade of the curtains, the Japanese lacquered furniture, the little cabinets, buffets and *bric-à-brac* were not there because Mrs. Ashe admired them; in her secret heart she thought the old flock papers and full-toned colours a great deal prettier; they belonged to her new social rank, and were a sign of her emancipation from the Westminster early dinners and meat teas in which Aunt Burnside delighted.

To rescue Belle from this lot soon grew into a strong wish. As she sat in her twilight solitude, she began to picture Belle in the low chair opposite, sharing her interests and procuring her the rare delight of an unimpatient listener. Belle looked gentle, and already Mrs. Ashe had clothed her with every good quality; since she pleased Oliver, must she not be very nearly perfect?

Oliver laughed when he sat with his mother after dinner, and heard her generous plans for Belle’s comfort. She should have the bedroom with the little morning-room off it, and there was a set of emeralds which Mrs. Ashe never wore—she must have them reset. Didn’t Oliver think emeralds would become Belle?

‘Not so fast, not so fast, mother,’ he said, ‘never mind about the jewels now. I have a fancy that Cousin Belle despises ornaments, and I like her the better for it. The rooms will do of course, if you can get her to occupy them, but have you considered what opposition you will have to face? Aunt Burnside will be up in arms, and Belle herself, who knows? And most of all my grandfather.’

‘You must manage him, dear.’ Mrs. Ashe looked at Oliver with a comfortable conviction that no one could resist him. ‘The rest will be easy if you can persuade your grandfather, and of course he will do anything you wish.’

‘Or rather anything that Phil wishes,’ said Oliver carelessly, ‘and it comes to much the same thing after all, since Phil would cut his head off for me if I asked him. Here’s success to our plans, mater. It’s only claret; yes, you must drink it.’

Belle, in her cold isolation shutting herself in her pretty room where everything spoke to her of the happy past, did not know what love was scheming for her; she had thought of her aunt with kindly tenderness as of a silly little woman for whom the world might prove too strong;—of Oliver she had hardly thought at all. Her mind was bent on other matters; her easy sense of security and peace had been rudely shaken; she had to adjust her life on a new plan, and to save,

if possible, some crumbs of happiness out of the wreck. There must be some way of over-mastering trouble. Others found it possible; why did she alone find it so hard?

She asked herself this question, hiding her face from the light in her outspread hands, but the darkness brought her no answer.

VI.

‘Wenn du wurdest von der Bahn gerissen
Die dein Geist sich liebend hat gewählt,
Kann ein andrer Pfad sich gleich erschliessen
Der, wie jener, von der Lust erhellt?’

BELLE sat in her own room writing to Mrs. Cass. She had delayed this duty as long as she could, and now her pen lingered over the words. To think of the life she had shared with her friend was a vivid pain; to give her a truthful picture of her surroundings, a difficulty. She dismissed her Aunt Burnside and her home in a few words.

‘You must not pity me in this ugly London; I have a charming room of my very own, with all my pretty things shrined in it. It is my little Rome; I have never cared to step outside of it; the Abbey bells make all the music there is likely to be in my life. As for interests, the chief study of my days at present is Philip Burnside. You have no Philips in Rome; he is a product of this strange England. He is my grandfather’s clerk, and his friends are all people in the lowest ranks—people you and I never thought of except collectively as “the masses.” Last night he sat up with a drunken workman who has fallen ill of fever; his friends sent for Philip as if it were a matter of course that he should come, and equally of course he went. He will go again to-night, I suppose, and the strange thing is that he looks as if it were a pleasure to him to pass long hours in a close, dingy room with a querulous, dissolute man who thinks he is honouring Philip by letting him serve him. Philip is a puzzle to me; I don’t understand him. I have not told you anything about my cousin, Oliver Ashe. There is no difficulty in understanding him. Think of George Barnet or Pearson Lascelles, or any of your habitual male visitors, and you have Oliver. Almost any one of them might sit for Oliver’s portrait and be sufficiently correct. But you have no Philips. Sometimes I wonder——’ She let her pen drop; what was she going to say? She hardly knew. She smiled to herself as she pictured the effect of her letter on her friends in Rome. What a flutter and clamour of indignation there would be; what an outcry against her for forgetting her old order. And yet she had forgotten nothing; she hid her face as certain bitter memories confronted her, ashamed even in her solitude. She felt as some transmigrated soul might feel looking back on an ended stage of existence—as some banished soul casting lingering glances towards a

forbidden paradise. Life might have been so easy, and instead it was hard, and she had no heroism with which to meet the hardness.

She was roused from her brooding by a step and a knock. It was Philip come home. He did not often seek her in her own sitting-room ; she was annoyed with herself that she should suddenly feel glad to know that he was there. It troubled her that she was obliged, in spite of herself, to think so much of Philip ; to picture what he would do or say, to imagine his attitude towards everything that interested her. She tore her letter into little pieces, and then she rose and opened the door.

‘ May I come in ? ’ he asked.

She stood aside to let him pass, with a smile.

‘ I haven’t so many visitors that I can afford to deny one. Yes, come and sit with me. You are not going to your patient to-night ! ’

‘ Yes, later. I come with a message from your grandfather. He is ready now to see you, Miss Barbour. ’

Belle raised her eyebrows.

‘ Does that mean that I have his august permission to wait upon him ? ’

‘ Exactly, ’ said Philip, with his merry laugh. ‘ I am afraid he expects you to go to him. He goes nowhere. ’

‘ Why does he want to see me ? ’ she said unwillingly. ‘ I don’t think I want to see him. I am not an affectionate person, I suppose ; I feel as if I had no room for any more relations. ’

‘ He is a very old man, and your father was his eldest child. ’

‘ Then that was grandfather’s romantic marriage ? It is something to belong to the bit of his life that had some love in it. I never could understand how he allowed himself the extravagance of three wives. Well, I must go, I suppose. Don’t let us talk of it any more. Tell me about this man—is he better ? ’

‘ He will recover, I think, and hope. ’

‘ You look as if you were glad, ’ she said involuntarily. ‘ What is it about these people that interests you ? Your mother tells me that this man has been a perpetual disgrace to everybody connected with him, and yet you spend your time and strength in saving a life that isn’t worth saving. ’

‘ Not worth saving ! ’ Philip’s blue eyes flashed. ‘ Who told you souls were so cheap as that ? This man isn’t fit to die. Isn’t that a reason why he should be kept in life ? He has flung away every chance he had. Would you grudge him one more—the one more that may be the making of him ? ’

‘ Don’t be so vehement. ’ She looked up with a smile. ‘ Take me with you. There are women belonging to him, some one told me—your mother, I think. ’

‘ You ? ’

He looked at her in surprise. She wore a dress of some thin black stuff, made in a different fashion from his mother's; there was lace about her delicate wrists and throat. He noticed every detail, from the crown of bright hair about her head to the tip of her little shoe.

'I cannot take you,' he said at last. 'You would not like it; it is an ugly sight.'

'You think I am too frivolous,' she said, low, but bitterly. 'And yet I am a woman too; and your mother goes. Do you think we know nothing of trouble—that all the pain and suffering is left to the poor?'

He rose and held out his hand.

'Forgive me,' he said. 'Will you come now?'

She rose too, and put on a large cloak that covered her dress, and went down stairs with him without a word. The door of the parlour stood half open, and they had a vision of Mrs. Burnside slumbering peacefully in the easy chair near the window, her cap awry, and her hands placidly folded.

Belle held up her finger to her lips, and they went out noiselessly. It was one of those English nights in spring which are perfect because so rare. Under the diffused evening lights there was a strange hush and calm, the more apparent and restful because of the unrest of that undertoned murmur of never-ending traffic not far distant.

They turned towards the river, placid and still, their backs to the Gothic mass of the Parliament Houses and the square Abbey towers lifted up against the sky; their faces set to the crowded, irregular houses on the other side of the Thames. They crossed Lambeth Bridge almost in silence; the night laid its spell on them. The business of the day was over, and there was the peace of resting homes everywhere. The great barges were drawn up on the banks; the factories had fallen into a silence as deep as that which lay on the old church with the graveyard clinging to it, that faced them as they reached the other shore.

Philip turned into a court but a stone's throw from the great gate of the Palace, and passing through it reached a narrow street beyond. No beauty had reached this quarter; the spring had shrunk from entering here.

'You won't like it,' he turned and said, half as if he repented having brought her.

'I don't expect to like it,' she answered.

'There is no danger, or I should not have brought you. This sort of fever is not infectious.'

'I am not in the least afraid.'

He knocked and then opened the door. It gave entrance to a sitting-room or kitchen, squalid, dirty, and intolerably close, in spite of the broken window, roughly patched with newspaper. There were two women present, slipshod and low-browed, and several children half

naked and unwashed, were disputing in a corner over some fragments of food. Growing a little used to the dim haze, Belle presently recognised the young workman who had spoken to her on the day of her aunt's first visit. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, smoking, but he removed his pipe when Philip entered. A silence suddenly fell on the company, and all eyes were turned on Belle.

'I've brought a lady to see you, Jenny,' said Philip, to a woman who had an infant in her arms. 'Can you find her a seat?'

The woman thus addressed deposed a child from the one rickety chair the room contained, and, dusting it with her apron, handed it to Belle.

'How is he to-night?' said Philip, turning to the young workman.

'He'll do now, I think. He's been off his head all day, the missus tells me, but the fever's most gone now. It'll be easy work sitting with him to-night.'

'You go home and get a sound sleep, George.' Philip laid his hand on the other's shoulder. 'I'll manage alone, never fear.'

'I'll stop with you. He'll maybe take a bad turn again.'

'No fear,' said Philip, cheerfully. 'You go home to Mary and the children; you've them to work for, and you can't want your sleep.'

'You're a rare good one,' said the man, prompted by some unusual feeling, and holding out his hand; 'me and my mate won't forget it.'

Philip grasped the horny hand heartily.

'You'll do as much for me, George, when I am in the same need,' he said. 'Now go; there are far too many here already. Jenny, you've forgotten my hint about the windows.'

He picked his way across the encumbered floor; the children swarming about him stopped their wrangling to seize him by the hand; Belle sitting dumb noticed it. He had a word for this one, and a pat on the head for another; he knew them all by name; presently he sent the eldest and raggedest out for bread. Then he flung up the window sash as wide as it would go.

'See there. Why would you shut out God's clean air—it's your best friend; you'll never beat the fever if you make an enemy of it.'

The woman who sat on a box near the fire cowered closer to the red ashes on the hearth as the fresh breath reached her.

'Are you cold?' Belle asked her, making a great effort to conquer her dislike and dismay.

Philip had disappeared behind the ragged curtain where the sick man lay.

'It's the rheumatics,' the woman with the baby answered for her.

'It's damp where she lives with being so nigh the river, I suppose.'

'Where does she live?'

The woman herself looked up, and gave a kind of ghastly laugh.

'I lives in a cellar. I growed up there, and I'll die there, like enough. There's nothing better for the likes of us.'

Belle listened dumbly, finding nothing to say.

'Your baby is crying; does it suffer?' She turned to the first speaker.

'It's but poorly.' The other glanced down at the wailing bundle in her arms. She looked at Belle with her dull indifferent eyes. 'It's fair clemmed,' she said, using one of her own north-country words, 'since he was taken bad,' with a nod towards the curtain; 'we've been fair clemmed, all on us. It'll go like the rest. I've buried four of them.'

'And me three,' said the other woman emulously, not to be outdone. 'There's few of them lives to grow up here. It's a bitter, hard world; they're better a-lying in their little graves; they don't worrit you no more when they're a-lying there.'

Belle looked up shocked and startled.

'Poor little baby,' she said, holding out her arms; 'let me take it. Can nothing be done for it? Can nothing be done?' she repeated, looking down on the sickly, wasted face and the feeble limbs. She was filled with a shuddering repulsion; it looked so old, so like an old worn man, this little baby who had but newly entered life, and it wailed with such hopeless plaintiveness. 'Take it away, take it away,' she said, rising suddenly and unloosening her cloak with a longing for air and freedom. 'I will send a doctor—food. Oh! I cannot stay here any longer!'

She turned to Philip, who had come back to the group by the fire.

He took up his hat. 'I will go with you.'

'No—no; let me go alone. I want to go alone. I know the way; I ask you not to come.'

He stood aside gravely and let her pass, holding open the door for her, but he motioned to the woman who sat by the fire to follow her and guide her if she missed her way. At his signal she drew her ragged shawl about her and rose without a word.

Belle picked her way as fast as she could down the narrow street, past slovenly degraded figures leaning against walls, between shrill-voiced women hanging out of the low windows or sitting on doorsteps calling to each other, with squalid children everywhere about her feet. At last she reached the broad walk by the river once more, where it was clean and still with the largeness of heaven and the broadness of the water, with lights dancing on it and falling across it redly. She crossed the bridge half way, and leaning on the parapet threw back her cloak and drew once more a free breath. There was the hush of night on the reach of river beneath her; behind her great London burned with a thousand points of light—great London that held so many breaking hearts. She stood so a long time, hardly thinking, half-unconsciously watching the motion of the restless river, and then she turned and saw the woman standing near, dull and indifferent.

'Why do you come? I don't want you.'

'He told me to come.'

'Do you always do what he tells you?'

'He helps us,' she looked about her with vacant eyes, 'and there's none too many to help. There ain't another soul that cares whether we lives or drowns here.' There was a pause and then she turned sharply. 'You'll give me something for showing you the way.' There was a hungry light in her eyes as she spoke. 'You'll give me some money. You're rich; you'll never miss it.'

'What will you do with it? tell me.' Belle held out some silver.

'I'll drink it,' said the woman, clutching it eagerly. 'I'll get a drop of something warm at the "Cock and Bull" to take away the shivers. It's warm there, with a good fire and rare company. You'd do the same if you was me. You'd be glad to forget you was ever born. What with the rheumatics and fever-n-agur and hunger a following you everywhere, life's not worth the keeping.'

She turned at the sight of Belle's hand stretched out as if to reclaim the gift, and sped away swiftly, her rags fluttering behind her.

Belle, left alone, looked out once more river-wards. The shadows were let loose now, and came trooping out phantom-wise and the lights leaped up brighter and redder, quivering and dancing on the water.

As she turned and went home there came to her a vision of the soft Roman spring night, the moonlight falling on the solemn grandeur of the Colosseum and whitening the deserted chambers of great Cæsar's Palace. There had been blood and wrong and cruel misery there too once, and these—seen through long mists of centuries—had but heightened her interest in the old city; here, face to face with equal wretchedness, hopelessness, decay, seen hard and clear unsoftened by time, she turned aside with deep loathing.

'Why, Belle, my dear, out and alone at this time of night!' cried Aunt Burnside, opening the door at Belle's summons. 'I thought you were up stairs, and here have I been quite easy about you and never troubling my head except to feel vexed that you were sitting alone.'

'Nothing has happened to me, aunt. I have been out a little way with Philip, and I think, if you don't mind, I'll go to bed now. I am tired—and—I have been thinking of many things.'

Philip spent the long, solemn hours when even great London falls silent for a little space beside the sick man, lying in a heavy sleep on his miserable bed. The wife and the children huddled together in the outer room were sleeping now too, and even the wailing baby was hushed at last.

It was a degraded face on which Philip looked. Years of vice, intemperance and misery were stamped on it, and there was nothing of innocence, hardly any possibility of goodness left in it. And in truth, as Philip knew well, goodness had but a bare chance of thriving in the

deadly air of the narrow street ; nevertheless he had it in his mind to save this man if he could. In the darkness and silence Williams suddenly opened his dull eyes and looked out of them with some faint recognition and struggling back of the spirit to the body.

‘I said I would never touch it again, sir,’ he spoke brokenly and low. ‘It was the ague that shook me to bits and drove me to it.’

‘I know it, Williams.’ Philip laid his hand on the hot brow. ‘It is hard to bear, but, my man, the life you’ve made for yourself is harder still.’

He did not taunt him with promises made eagerly, constantly, and as constantly broken. He had an immense fund of faith and hope, this bright-eyed young fellow—a strong dislike to accept the worthlessness of human nature as any part of his creed.

‘To grow up decent in a place like this is bitter hard, bitter hard,’ said the man tremulously. ‘I’ve tried to keep straight now and again. You know, sir, that I’ve tried, but the world was all agin’ me. It ain’t no use trying, whatever I does or lets alone, it’s all one ; the world’s too hard for the likes of me.’

‘You’ll try again,’ said Philip cheerfully. ‘Wait till you’re stronger a bit and you’ll try again. It’s a battle, Williams, a tremendous battle, but you are a man ; you will fight it out, you won’t be beaten.’

‘I’m fair beaten already,’ the other answered, with something like a sob in his voice. ‘I’m as weak as a baby, and I don’t seem to have no strength left. Better let me go, sir ; it ain’t no use trying to help the likes of me. I ha’n’t forgotten what you said, and I meant to keep straight, but there—the gentlefolks they don’t have no patience, and its “turn him off” for the first stumble you makes. They don’t know what it is to have the hunger a-gnawing at their insides and to take a drop just to keep the faint feeling off like, or maybe—I don’t know—maybe they wouldn’t be so much better than us.’

‘Perhaps not. Heaven knows they may have thankful hearts to be spared such a lot,’ said Philip earnestly, ‘But, Williams, there’s no giving up on this side of time. For your wife’s sake—think of her—the young, bright country lass you brought here, think of her now, what you have helped to make her. Why, man, you have taught her nothing good ; her failures lie heavy on you. But for you she might have been what God meant her to be—strong, and clean, and pure. For her sake and the children’s you are bound to try again.’

The time and the circumstances lent themselves to seriousness, and Philip spoke earnestly, striking the only chord he knew of, that would yet faintly answer to his touch.

‘Eh, she was a pretty lass and a good one when she married me,’ said the man with a groan, ‘and I’ve heard her when the drink was in her curse the day she saw me.’

‘Give her cause to bless it yet. Be a man and fight the devil in you. I’ll give you what help one man can give another ; here’s my

hand on it. There's a stronger Hand than mine; my poor lad, if you could reach up to that you would walk safely. Get a grip of it, Williams, nothing else will save you.'

'And you'll give me a new chance?' He lifted his degraded face with some glimmer, it might be of hope, in it. 'I swear, if you'll help me once again, I'll never touch it no more so long as I live.'

'Nay, no words,' said Philip, gently. 'They lead to nothing either in you or me. It must be doing, this time, and the first step is to get well. Drink this, and then turn round and sleep before the sun is up. Who knows but the new day will find you a strong man again?'

Philip's tone was hopeful, yet there was no sign of strength, or of power to overcome, in the face which the dawn found by and by in quiet rest. Seen thus in repose it was fatally weak as well as coarse, though it wore a gentler expression, as if some old dim visions of a long-forgotten childhood, and of pure prayers lisped at a mother's knee, had visited the sleeper.

Philip rose softly, and went his way out into the grey streets, and home by the river, to throw himself on his bed and fall at once into profound, healthy sleep. But he remembered to turn the creaking latch as soundlessly as if he were a burglar, and he stopped to take off his boots before he crept past the closed doors. Not altogether to escape, however, for one was opened, and a head muffled in a large shawl was thrust out.

'Is that you, Philip? Why, what an hour of the night to come home, and stealing in for all the world like a thief. I don't know what you take me for if you suppose I could sleep with you wandering about, nobody knows where, and the door left on the latch, and everything. There's your coffee waiting for you by the parlour fire. I'll not say it's hot; but to my thinking, people that can't keep decent hours don't deserve hot suppers whenever they choose to demand them.'

All this, and more, was given in an energetic whisper.

'I'm sorry you waited up, mother,' Philip said at last. 'I've been with Williams. I don't want any supper. Hush! you'll wake Miss Barbour. Good night—well then, good morning, if you will have it so.'

'Miss Barbour, indeed!' Mrs. Burnside retired, a little mollified by his kiss. 'He never thinks of me. I've no patience with Philip, spending his life for that dirty, drunken, ungrateful set, when he might have been rich and held up his head with the best. His mother was a weak woman, that I've always said; and what the mother is, the boy will turn out, as all the world knows.'

(To be continued.)

the English Solomon, and upset them into his lap. This disgraceful scene is reported by Sir John Harrington; and the behaviour of the mock queen has been most unjustly saddled on poor Queen Anne of Denmark, who did not emerge from her sick room at Greenwich till a week later, when, on the 3rd of August, the two Kings were present at her churching, and she and her brother were judged by all the Court to be so much alike that the picture of one would almost serve for the other.

On the 10th, Queen Anne, together with her eldest son, accompanied the two Kings to an entertainment given on board the *Elizabeth Jonas*, the largest English vessel, which was then lying at Chatham, and from whence they could see the whole English navy, in which the King took great delight. The next day King Christiern returned the compliment by a banquet on board his own principal ship, when every time the royal guests pledged one another it was announced by drum and trumpet, and moreover by the ship's cannon, answered by those in all the forts on the Thames. Queen Anne must have been nearly deafened, and ready to agree with Shakespeare that this Danish fashion was 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.'

The diversions concluded with a grand display of fireworks, with a device of King Christiern's own; but unfortunately time and tide hurried his departure, so that it had to be displayed in broad August daylight, before the English King and Queen returned to Woolwich. Lord Nottingham, the High Admiral, came to hasten their departure, and in the course of the endeavour to come to an understanding with the Danish King, who comprehended as little English as the Admiral did of Danish, the Queen fell into such fits of laughter that the old lord thought she was deriding him and his young wife, Margaret Stewart, and there was a very serious quarrel in consequence. Christiern, on his departure, gave his nephew, Prince Henry, his best ship of war, which was valued at 25,000*l*.

James and Anne had fallen in love with Theobalds from their first entertainment there, and they induced Lord Salisbury to exchange it with the Queen for her dower palace of Hatfield, when it became the King's favourite hunting palace. Salisbury, by exerting a little address and flattery, had been able to make himself far more paramount at Court than his wise father, Lord Burleigh.

The father was a statesman, the son was only a placeman, but the long habit of business, and familiarity with its details, rendered him absolutely necessary to James. Another visitor was received at Court, the Prince of Vaudemont, of the House of Guise, who was feasted with great splendour.

When he departed, in November, James met his Parliament again full of a project of his own, but one for which matters were not yet ripe, namely, the union of his two kingdoms. He caused commis-

sioners to be appointed on either side, but he found both realms equally averse. Scotland could not be put first, and would not be put last. Each party hated the other, the nearest neighbours on the Borders more especially did so; and the English were already so angered by the influx of Scots that they did not wish to throw open all public offices to them on equal terms with themselves. The speeches in Parliament were far from complimentary to the Scots. One member quoted Scripture against the Union, and compared it to that between Abram and Lot, and another, Sir Christopher Pigot, declared that the difference between Englishman and Scotsman was that between judge and thief. This, James very reasonably said, was an insult to himself; he blamed Cecil for having allowed such things to pass, and rebuked and threatened so that they expelled Pigot and committed him to the Tower.

Bacon, the Solicitor-General, made one of his best speeches in favour of the union, declaring that 'it must be confessed that for the good of the mind and body they are *alteri nos* (our other selves); for to do them but right, we know in their capacities and understandings they are a people ingenious; in labour, industrious; in courage, valiant; in body, hard, active, and comely.'

However, James could only accomplish thus much. He called himself King of Great Britain on all his coins, and in 1607 the Parliament of each kingdom repealed all the former Acts passed, on the understanding that they were in a chronic state of war, such as making it treason for a Scot to tarry in England without permission from the King; and, on the other hand, an English Act against heiresses marrying 'broken Scotsmen;' while all the Border rules about the retaliation of raids and forays by which the wardens had acted irrespective of peace or war, were happily done away with, although it was not for a generation or two that Border thievery became extinct, or the good burghers of Carlisle became willing to accept an apprentice from the banks of the Tweed.

The assimilation of the religion of Scotland to that of England was another matter near James's heart. At Hampton Court he had quite made up his mind that the English Church was that by which to live and die, and that it alone made loyal subjects, and for his own good and theirs, he was resolved that his Scottish lieges should accept it. As a first step, he obtained of the Scottish Estates to pass an Act in 1606 for the restoration of Bishops to their accustomed honours, prerogatives, privileges, livings, and lands.

There was considerable opposition among the ministers to what they felt to be the first step to the overthrow of Calvinism; and when they found that the King claimed power to deal with the General Assembly of the Kirk, instead of submitting to be its minion, a stand was made by a party of which Andrew and James Melville were the heads. They convoked a general assembly at Aberdeen. The King forbade it. Most of

the ministers were prudent and stayed at home, so that only nine met the first day, and nineteen at the second session. Seditious speeches were made, and Andrew Melville called the King 'God's silly vassal.' Fourteen of the members were at once seized and sent to prison for their contempt of the royal authority; and the King wrote a letter in strong rebuke. John Welch, who had married Knox's daughter, and four others were tried before the Court of Session, and though they denied its power in such matters, they were banished from his majesty's dominions.

The Synod of Fife, in much distress, declared the plague of pestilence to be a judgment on the land for this restraint of General Assemblies, but otherwise the Kirk seems to have been little concerned. The two Melvilles and six more of the brethren were sent for to England, where the King hoped to convince them. He was very kind and affable, joking with them in his favourite fashion, causing them to hear arguments and sermons, and hoping above all to make them understand what the English Church really was, and what he hoped to introduce in Scotland, by making them attend upon the Cathedral services in the fullest ritual then practised. He has been blamed for folly in this; but he argued from the effect of such services on himself, who, though bred in the same bare Presbyterianism as themselves, had been perfectly satisfied by this ritual.

The effect, however, was very different on their prejudiced minds. Andrew Melville even wrote an irreverent but clever epigram in Latin on the most sacred service, and being handed about, it reached the King, who, shocked and angered, cited him before the Privy Council.

There, regarding himself as a confessor, Melville declared that he had been indignant to see such vanities and superstitions in a Reformed Christian Church, under a King brought up in the light of the Gospel, before idolaters, to confirm them in the same, and grieve the hearts of true worshippers. On being reproved by Archbishop Bancroft, Melville turned on him, and abused him vehemently, laying hold of the white sleeves of his rochet, shaking them and calling them Romish rags, and a part of the beast's mark.

This outrage resulted in his being committed first to the custody of the Dean of S. Paul's, and afterwards to the Tower. He was afterwards banished, and became a professor at the Calvinist university of Sedan, which belonged to the Huguenot Duke of Bouillon. His nephew was confined to within ten miles of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The King obtained from the Estates the passing of an Act restoring the Bishops to their honours and dignities; he decided on their robes and the order of precedence in which they were to ride to Parliament according to ancient rule—the Archbishops next after the marquesses, and the Bishops between the earls and the barons. At a General Assembly held at Glasgow, another step was taken, as the Scots declared through bribery, by the Earl of Dunbar. Hence it was decided that every presbytery,

in effect a diocese, should have a moderator, and that this moderator should be the Bishop. It still remained to renew the Apostolical Succession, which had been lost in Scotland, and for this purpose three of the titular prelates were invited to England, to receive the imposition of hands that they might consecrate the rest. The three selected were Spottiswood of Glasgow, Lamb of Brechin, and Hamilton of S. Andrew's. The first of these suggested that the Scots might think that they thus submitted themselves to the Church of England, but James considered that this might be obviated by letting neither Archbishop share in the consecration, which was to be performed by suffragans.

Another very serious difficulty, started by the most learned of all the English divines, Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, was that no Scottish minister of this generation had received any ordination save that of the presbytery, so that he could not reckon them as priests. However, Archbishop Bancroft pointed out instances of laymen, such as the great S. Ambrose himself, who had been at once consecrated Bishop without passing through the previous orders of the ministry, and he held that as such, the Scottishmen might be consecrated without entering into the discussion of their previous Orders, on which the Kirk was so sore, that the whole negotiation might have been overthrown, if they had been called in question.

Bishop Andrewes was satisfied, and assisted the Bishops of London, Rochester, and Worcester, in the consecration on the 21st of October, 1610, in the chapel of London House.

The Archbishop was purposely absent, and almost immediately after he fell ill, and died on the 2nd of November. He had not been a favourite, and was thought to be avaricious, so that the rhyme went about—

‘ Here lies his grace, in cold clay clad,
Who died for want of what he had.’

This seems to have been merely the murmur at his manner of living, which was plainer and less expensive than that of Whitgift, for he left no hoard of wealth behind him. He had gathered together an excellent library, which he bequeathed to Lambeth Palace, on condition that each succeeding Archbishop should undertake to hand it on without diminution to his successor. He was high-handed and censured sharply, and he may perhaps have contributed thus to the unfortunate impatience of Church discipline, which was prevailing.

Dr. Sutcliffe, the Dean of Exeter, thought to confer a benefit on the Church by building a college at Chelsea for theologians, with a provost, two Church historians, and seventeen fellows, who were to be prepared for all controversial questions, so that it might have been to the English Church what the Sorbonne was to the French; but the foundation never prospered as it might have done, had it been attached to one of the universities, and little use was ever made of it, even at the first.

The Bishops were in great hopes that their new primate would be

the most learned, pious, and able of them all, namely Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Ely, and agreed to recommend him to the King. There was however a counter influence. The Earl of Dunbar, who had worked hard to bring Episcopacy into Scotland, was very anxious for the promotion of his former chaplain, Doctor George Abbot, recently made Bishop of London, who was already well known to the King, having paid his respects to him, as Master of University College and Vice-chancellor of Oxford, when the Court was at Woodstock. And when Sprot had confessed the truth of the Gowrie conspiracy, he had written a book about it, in which he called James immaculate and unspotted, and with a character in which malice itself could find no blemish—as zealous as David, learned and wise as Solomon, religious as Josias, careful of spreading the faith as Constantine, just as Moses, undefiled as Jehoshaphat or Hezekiah, full of clemency as Theodosius. Abbot had not been alone in these compliments, which were the fashion of the age, and which the learning and religious bent of the King seemed to the clergy to deserve.

Abbot's promotion had been very rapid. He had rushed up the whole stair of dignities, and seemed to receive each benefice in turn as it became vacant. His father was a cloth-worker at Guildford, who gave a good education to his sons. Shortly before George was born, his mother had dreamt that if she could eat a pike, her child would be a great man. The next day, when she was getting water for her pitcher, a young pike was so obliging as to swim into it, and of course was eaten by her. When her son George showed good abilities at school, the story was talked of, and friends assisted in giving him an education that might help him on his way to greatness. He was a man of blameless life, a Puritan in manners and opinions, except that he accepted Episcopacy, and he had that sort of practical business ability which leads to promotion. Besides, Lord Dunbar had James's ear, and thus the saying was in England that a north wind blew Doctor Abbot over the Thames to Lambeth.

He was appointed to the Archbishopric four months after Bancroft's death in March, 1611.

It was in the midst of a prosecution for heresy, such as there had not been since the Anabaptists were burnt under Queen Elizabeth, forty years previously. The victim was an Essex man named Bartholomew Legatt, who, trusting to the Bible alone, without guidance from elsewhere, had gathered therefrom opinions resembling Arianism, which he tried to propagate. He was brought before the Privy Council, and James argued the matter in person, producing so little impression that finally the royal temper gave way, and with a contemptuous or indignant kick, he turned the man over to the Consistory Court. Legatt treated the judges there with insulting words and manner, and they declared him to deserve death, but being an ecclesiastical court, they had no power to pass sentence, and Abbot

actually wrote to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere to secure that the penalty of death should be pronounced without Coke being able to interfere, lest his opinion should lead to a contrary result.

The writ *de heretico comburendo* was again prepared, and passed the Seal. Legatt was burnt at Smithfield on the 18th of March, and another poor half-crazed wretch named Edward Wightman, was convicted of ten heresies at Lichfield, and there burnt a little later; but the horror excited by the sufferings of these men was such that the King declared that though the statute remained, the condemnation to death should never again be carried out, but the heretic should remain in solitary confinement.

Puritanism seemed everywhere dominant in the Church; though there were noted exceptions, such as Bishop Andrewes and William Laud, then President of St. John's College, Oxford, and one of the King's chaplains. Young Prince Henry was believed to be a strong Puritan, and the popular saying was—

‘ Henry VIII. pulled down abbots and cells,
Henry IX. shall pull down bishops and bells.’

This saying seems to have been founded on the boy's piety and patience in listening to the long sermons of the day, and his careful abstinence from some of the faults that looked so ugly in his father, although he was perfectly dutiful and submissive. He had a horror of profane language, was never heard to use the Holy Name indecently, and though very fond of sport, was remarkably careful never to do injury to the crops. He would not go out hunting or hawking before harvest, and if he did come to a field, where the wheat was standing, he would ride round, to set the example of sparing it. Once when he was hunting, the deer, in crossing a road, was suddenly pulled down and killed by a dog belonging to a butcher who was passing, and the attendants were ready to fall on man and dog for spoiling the sport, when the Prince called them off, saying, ‘How could the butcher help it?’ Some one said that if such a thing had happened to the King, he would have sworn terribly, and Henry answered, ‘All the pleasure in the world is not worth a single oath.’ He was perhaps too apt to contrast himself with his father, and James was somewhat jealous of his heir's ready grace and perfect correctness of demeanour, as well as of the high spirit that boyishly longed for war and distinction, enjoyed the practice of arms, took long walks in order to be prepared for marches at the head of an army, and delighted in the building and furnishing of ships of war by Phineas Pett, the noted naval architect of the day. Such aspirations in a lad in his teens do not necessarily show that he will involve the kingdom in war, but James distrusted his eldest son, and preferred Baby Charles, and there was a mutual dislike between Henry and the little beagle, Lord Salisbury. Henry regretted the old times of Elizabethan warfare with Spain,

admired Raleigh, and said he wondered how his father could keep such a bird in a cage.

The Prince was most fondly attached to his sister Elizabeth, and they could not be a few days apart without exchanging affectionate little playful notes, though it seems that he could sometimes fraternally tease her. Henry was not created Prince of Wales till he was sixteen, in 1610, and then there was a great pageant and solemn procession worthy of a coronation. There was a masque too in which Henry was represented as reviving the dying genius of chivalry, the verses being by Ben Jonson.

The Queen had another masque at Whitehall the next day, the scenery arranged by Inigo Jones, and the speeches versified by Nathanael Daniels, in which her ladies represented the nymphs of the rivers of the kingdom, and she was Tethys, the earth or mother of waters. This must have been suggested by the wedding of Tame and Isis in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and it was gracefully carried out. Elizabeth was the lady of the royal Thames, Arabella Stewart, of the Trent, Lady Arundel, of the Arun, Lady Derby, of the Derwent, Lady Anne Clifford, of the Aire, which washed her castle of Skipton, and the Lea was personated by young Frances Howard, then only fourteen, but already wedded to the boy Earl of Essex, who had immediately after been sent away on his travels.

Lady Elizabeth Gray, daughter to the Earl of Kent, was the Medway, and Lady Haddington, who came from Sussex, the Rother. These eight ladies had as many gentlemen arrayed as Tritons for partners. The Queen, as befitted a 'sea king's daughter from over the sea,' had a helmet representing a shell, ornamented with coral, and a veil of silver tissue gossamer, a bodice and train of sky blue, with patterns of white lace, and branches of gold, like sea-weeds, over her hoop.

The prettiest part of the whole was, however, the appearance of little Prince Charles as a Zephyr, in green satin and gold flowers, a garland of flowers on his head, a diamond bracelet on his right arm, and silver wings on his shoulders. Thus attired, he danced a ballet with four little girls of his own age, ten years, representing the four rivers which meet in Milford Haven—Uske, Olwy, Dulesse, and Wye. They wore pale blue satin dresses, with silver embroidery, their hair hung loose crowned with silver flowers, and they danced a ballet together, so contrived that they always surrounded the little dark-eyed, auburn-haired Zephyr, while a curtain painted with Milford Haven itself hung behind them. The dance finished, the children drew back, the scene was withdrawn, and Queen Tethys herself appeared on silver rocks, with little niches for her nymphs, except the Princess of the Thames, who sat at her feet, while dolphins formed in silver were seen amongst shells and waterfalls.

A poem, explaining all, was recited all the time by the chief Triton, who at the fit moment, put into the hands of the Zephyr a gold

trident, which he presented to his royal father on the part of the Queen, and then gave his brother a sword and a scarf of her own embroidering.

He then led the Queen from her throne, and she, with her eight nymphs and their Tritons, performed their dance of intricate changes. This was succeeded by another elaborate performance by the little Prince and his four Welsh nymphs; another dance of the elders succeeded, and lasted till the dawn of the early May morning.

Prince Charles, though still small, was beautiful in feature, and had overcome the weakness of limb, about which his brother had sometimes teased him, declaring that he should be Archbishop of Canterbury. It seems strange that the Prince of Wales at sixteen should have been entrusted with the selection of his brother's household, which was now formed, but he chose wisely and well.

This was poor Lady Arabella's last appearance in public. The King watched her jealously, as heiress of England next after his own children, and had made up his mind to keep her unmarried; but for many years past she had been in love with William Seymour, the eldest grandson of the Marquess of Hertford, and of his first wife poor Lady Katharine Gray. His father was that Lord Beauchamp who had been mentioned to Elizabeth on her death bed. Arabella was in fact at the time of the masque, already married to him. A rumour of the fact becoming known, they were summoned before the Privy Council, severely reprimanded, and placed under arrest, but not closely watched, he living as usual at his father's house, and she being under charge of a gentleman named Conyers, at Highgate. They still corresponded, and the King discovering this, gave orders for the lady's removal to Durham.

This drove them to despair, and they resolved to flee to the Continent, having made arrangements with a French ship lying in the Thames, to carry them off on the 3rd of June, 1611. Arabella set forth, with a great pair of French-fashioned hose over her petticoats, a man's doublet, a peruke with long locks, a black hat, black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side, attended by a gentleman. She walked a mile and a half to an inn, where horses were waiting for her, and though sick and faint, mounted and rode to Blackwall, where her attendants, male and female, awaited her, and by daylight the next morning, they came to Leigh, and got on board the ship, where Arabella intended to wait for her husband, but a panic seized her attendants, they insisted on weighing anchor, and carried her off out of the river.

Seymour meanwhile, disguised in a black wig and beard, had reached Leigh too late, found the French ship gone, and hired a Newcastle collier for 40*l.* to take him to Calais, whence he safely escaped to Flanders, but poor Arabella's vessel lingering about in the Downs was pursued by a pinnace despatched by the Lord Treasurer Salisbury,

and after thirteen shots had been discharged at her, surrendered, the poor lady showing herself far more anxious about her husband's escape than her own.

She was thrown into the Tower, and treated as if she had committed a heinous offence. Her aunt, Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury was also imprisoned, as well as the poor old infirm Earl of Hertford. They were examined, when Arabella showed good sense and dignity, but Lady Shrewsbury, the same who as Gilbert Talbot's wife had made so much mischief at Sheffield Castle, would only answer by 'tricks and giggles'—giggles we may suppose. Some thought the offence second only to the Gunpowder Treason, but others simply viewed it as the effort of two lovers whose patience had become despair, for the bride was thirty-five years old, and their attachment had begun before her cousin's accession, now eleven years ago. She was, however, kept closely in the Tower; till after a year or two, she spoke as if she had important revelations to make, and was again brought before the Council, but it then appeared that her brain had given way, and she knew not what she said. She was sent back to her prison, and lingered in hopeless idiocy till the September of 1615, when she died, and was buried near her hapless aunt, Mary of Scotland. She had been a woman of clear, bright intellect, who wrote charming letters, and her piteous story concludes the tragedies connected with the royal blood of Margaret and Mary Tudor.

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER VI.

DIFFICULTIES OF STUDY AT HOME.

DEAR A——, —. You ask me, do I wish you to go to one of the newly-established colleges for women, and pursue your studies there? I answer, decidedly, No. Your parents would not like it. They have spent a large sum of money on your education, and now they naturally desire to have the comfort of your love and brightness in their daily life. Study must be carried on under their roof.

But where is the time? I hear you say. Life is broken up, claims of society are innumerable. It only makes you fretful to be always trying to do what you know you can't do.

Very plausible—*almost true*, but not quite. You can't do everything, but you can do something, and it is this *something* which I want to impress upon you. First, you are strong and well, and can get up in the morning. You don't breakfast till nine o'clock; supposing you rise at seven, and take an hour and a half for dressing and devotion, you have still half an hour left, and you can fill it up as you like. Choose your subject of study, follow it up regularly for the half-hour, and you will be surprised to find what you have gained by it at the end of three months. But there are often obstacles. Breakfast is sometimes late, and you have friends with you, and there is a good deal of amusing but idle talk, which takes up time, and you really cannot set yourself to anything regular when people are staying in the house. Even so. Home duties are prior duties. Your mother needs your help socially, and you must give it. But time spent in entertaining guests need not always be frittered. English girls, and women too, very often talk nonsense because they are too shy to talk sense. We are as a rule so sadly self-conscious, so afraid of what will be said of us, that no one individual has the courage to take a single step out of the common line. We stand looking at each other, and doing nothing, because no one will be the first to move. Occasionally, however, one of the party, lingering about after breakfast, takes up a newspaper or a magazine, and makes a remark, and begins to read a few sentences. How soon others gather round, listening, thankful to escape the awkwardness of not knowing what to do next! And then perhaps some one else will open a work-basket, and her neighbour will follow the example, and at last the whole party are engaged. In such a case, in your own home, you, as the young lady

of the house, answerable for the comfort of your visitors, will be as inexpressibly relieved as they are themselves. It will have been an accidental relief, but it may be the suggestion of something permanent. You have only to make use of the tact and good sense which God has given you. Observe what topics of the day are most likely to be interesting, or take note of any book likely to be popular, and by degrees draw the attention of your guests to it, and you will find that it is quite possible to be gaining both in mental cultivation and self-discipline, whilst you are apparently only passing away a morning in rather a desultory way. It is the principle which underlies life that gives it strength and purpose, not the surface occupation of the hour. And I don't see how,—constituted as society at present is,—it is possible for you, young people, when you have left the school-room and have to share your mothers' social duties, to plan out your time so as to say that you will regularly do things at certain hours. Do what presents itself with the definite object of fulfilling the duty, whether to your eyes great or small, which God sets before you, and you will gain quite as much, both morally and mentally, by a morning spent in the drawing-room as in the study. The gain in the former case will be of a different character from that of the latter, but it will not be of less value in the end. To be able to solve a difficult mathematical problem may be a great satisfaction to yourself and a matter of pride to your relations, but I am not so sure that it will help you to be unselfish and thoughtful, or give you the tact and sympathy which will make you a trusted friend and an agreeable companion. Therefore, although I would by no means decry mathematics or the classics, I would urge you, as you have not the opportunity of studying these subjects at a college, to take up some question of interest which may be more suited for home. And after all, you may, I imagine, always—if you will—even when you are most interrupted, find a little time every day for something approaching to study. You subscribe to a library; you may choose some thoughtful book, and,—if you can steal half an hour to yourself, in the morning—read it. On no account be tempted by a novel before luncheon. It is simply destruction to the moral tone. Fiction, however good it may be, will never be study, and what you want is to work your mind. When you can gain an hour or two to yourself, which of course you will do sometimes, it will be well to take some standard book, and, as you read it, to take short notes from it, and continue it as you have the opportunity; but there is not much use in attempting this sort of thing when you have to spend a desultory morning, in which perhaps you are only able to snatch half an hour before the luncheon-bell rings. And don't think reading the only occupation worth attending to. Your guests may be musical; if so give yourself up to music. Make them play, or play to them, or with them; and then whilst you are listening, let your fingers be busy. Needlework opens unbounded

opportunities for usefulness. But let it be undertaken with a purpose ; let it be destined as a present for a friend, or work for the poor, or for missions. If your visitors see that you are employed they will take courage and employ themselves. No doubt this kind of determination to make some use of your time may be carried to exaggeration ; and there are seasons when courtesy requires that one should be (as a friend of mine once complained that I never could be) gracefully idle. But then the moment one feels that it is *right* to be a little idle, to turn over a book of prints, or saunter about in the garden, or join in light conversation, the sting of self-indulgence is taken away. To sit on a bench for an hour or two, doing nothing, may be quite as virtuous as hard work, and certainly in your case it would be likely to be more self-denying. In fact, I can only repeat what I said before, that it is the principle which underlies the outward occupation or non-occupation which has to be considered.

But then comes the afternoon ; engrossed, you will say, by social claims. Well, let it be so. Just put self in the background ; ride, or walk, or drive, or pay visits, or go to see some poor person, or some invalid, or stay at home and write letters, as it may happen. Don't always map out your afternoons ; leave them to circumstances. This is my advice from experience. It never does to draw the lines of daily life too rigidly. They are sure to be effaced by some unforeseen claims—visitors or visits. The afternoon is often a very trying time, and most excellent discipline for that very reason. There is no way of meeting its little vexations like that of snatching a few minutes either before or after luncheon for quiet thought and earnest prayer. In former days people kept *the Hours*. It may not be easy, or in many cases possible, to do so now regularly ; but the midday devotion, meaning by midday any time between twelve and three, is really invaluable. It starts us on our road of duty again, with fresh vigour, and renews that consciousness of the Blessed Presence, the all-sympathising Love, which is the one help we want to cheer us in the harassing conflict of every-day life. I do not think any one can possibly go very far wrong who has the resolution to keep to midday prayer. And when that trying afternoon time is over,—or rather the trying time before you have actually entered upon the afternoon, the time of discussing, and proposing, and changing, and contradicting, when no one feels satisfied with what any one proposes, and self comes out prominently—then, on the return from the walk or drive there comes a hope of rest, eagerly seized upon in imagination, but seldom realised, because it is so tempting to linger over the five o'clock tea. Now this is the time when I think you may, after the first half hour, very fairly and wisely leave your social duties to take care of themselves. Your friends are supposed to be tired, and to go to their own rooms to rest, and prepare for dinner. You may well do the same ; go to your room, rest if you want rest, but if you can occupy yourself, choose

some book or study which will interest without fatiguing you. It will be the quietest time of the day ; make use of it. I cannot undertake to say exactly how. You must decide that for yourself ; but as it is the only little portion of time which you can really call your own, don't let it be wasted.

'And am I never to read a novel?' I hear you say. 'Novels are the current literature of the day. If we don't read them we are not able to take part in the ordinary conversation and interests of society.' This is the best reason you can give for reading them, and I accept it. There is no doubt that 'as interesting as a novel' is the most advantageous praise that can be bestowed upon a history or biography. It may not ensure permanent reputation, but it will unquestionably attract readers. Yet, as we sometimes hear it said in praise of bread that it is quite like cake—and yet we should be idiots if we were to give up bread, and eat cake constantly—so although a good novel is very pleasant to our imagination, we make a fatal mistake when we adopt it as our staple, mental nourishment. A novel is, as a rule, intended for recreation ; let it be kept to the purpose for which it is provided. We don't begin the day with dancing and games ; neither let us begin it with novels. To read a novel early in the day is injurious to the moral tone. Let it be clever, high-toned, historical, religious, still it tends to stimulate the imagination, to produce an artificial excitement, and to substitute theoretical for practical duties. The strictest rule I would impose upon any young girl who wishes really to exercise self-discipline is, never allow yourself to read a novel before luncheon.

You will tell me that it is a very difficult rule to keep. In the London season, for instance, or even in the country, when there is much going on in the way of amusement, young people are often so tired and jaded, they really cannot give their attention to anything except a story. A novel soothes ; it distracts their thoughts, and makes life more endurable. Men and boys smoke ; girls read novels. Why should they not ?

There is a grave question behind this. Why should life, except under very peculiar circumstances, which leave us no option, ever be so arranged as to become mere endurance ? The high road to another world, the seed time which is to bear fruit for Eternity—can it ever be lawfully given up to pursuits which leave us in such a state of mental and moral incapacity ?

I would venture plainly to answer, *No*. Any course of life which plunges us necessarily into this state must be wrong. But these young people, I shall be told, have no control over their own lives ; they do simply what they are told to do, and what others do. This is their excuse. To which I would reply, in the first place—Are they really so absolutely without a voice in the arrangement of their time, or the acceptance of invitations ? Do not their parents, for the most part,

wish to please them, when they crowd their lives with afternoon parties, concerts, balls, &c. ? If the daughters were plainly to say that they desired a quieter life, would not the parents accede to it ? I think myself that many would. But supposing they would not—supposing that against their will girls are dragged into the fashionable whirlpool, still there is some power of resistance, or rather, some power of self-discipline left ; and this question of novel reading is just that which is always within reach. A little self-denial upon this one point in the morning will certainly go some way towards neutralising the effects of the over-excitement of the evening. As a rule I would say, Govern your reading, and you will insensibly govern yourself. Don't make yourself study when you are jaded and weary ; give yourself relief, but let it be by the means of fact rather than fiction. Fact sobers ; fiction excites. Let the Fact be interesting, if you will, I have no objection to that ; but let your reading bring before you something which has actually been said, or done, and which must suggest practical rather than imaginative duties.

Novel reading, when indulged at wrong times, is really intellectual dram-drinking, and its effects are no less pernicious. You must not misunderstand me, or exaggerate my meaning. I lay down a law which I believe to be useful, but I do not pretend to say that it is invariably to be obeyed. Real illness, or a fit of the toothache, may make it as desirable to read a novel in the morning as to take a sedative ; but these are exceptions, and you have sufficient good sense not to convert general advice into a strict injunction, the breaking of which burdens the conscience with a sense of sin. These secondary laws, which are really so many modes of applying the universal law of self-discipline, must be subject to the contingency of circumstances and surroundings ; but speaking generally, I have no hesitation in saying that self-denial, as regards novel reading, is one of the best moral tonics which can be taken by a young girl who has just emerged from the schoolroom, and is left to a desultory home life, or plunged into the vortex of fashionable society.

As regards the kind of novel which it is allowable to read, I hope I need not give you a warning. There are certain novelists whose names have acquired a very unenviable notoriety. Even when the plots which form the interest of their books are not absolutely wicked, the characters drawn are, for the most part, made attractive by a defiance of the ordinary rules of society. The heroines do and say things which, if done and said by girls in real life, would become a scandal, and stamp them for life as 'not to be visited.' Their language is generally slang, and their wit based on profanity. Such books are absolute poison to girls. It is impossible to give a list of them. If I could do so I should be met with the assertion that I am making a sweeping condemnation. All I would suggest to you is, as a general rule, not to ask what you may *not* read

safely, but what you may. Keep the names of books which are well recommended, and when you meet with those of which you know nothing, put them aside for the present. A few years hence your taste will be sufficiently formed to lead you to reject, without any sacrifice a novel which is coarse or immoral, or profane, whatever may be the interest of the story. At the present time you are likely to enjoy the excitement of 'supping on horrors,' and to overlook the injury which, almost insensibly, the mind receives from such nutriment.

And one thing let me add. Nothing is truer than the common saying that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. A large proportion of what, in the books I am speaking of, passes for wit, is merely the carrying out of this axiom of human nature, as it may be termed. The highest and the lowest are placed in close juxtaposition, and the incongruity becomes absurd. Because the prayers of a household form the most solemn act of the day, therefore if they are read irreverently, and a minute description of the irreverence is given, we are amused, though we would fain not be so. Because the words of the Bible are sacred, therefore, if they are quoted in some *mal-à-propos* way, we laugh, though we are ashamed of ourselves. This poor despicable species of so-called wit, I confess, offends me more than I can say. It misleads so many people. But just consider how easy such wit is. A pet dog walks into your drawing-room, and you take no notice of it. It follows its mistress up the aisle of the church, and the whole congregation is in a titter. Why? Simply from the sense of incongruity. Modern novel writers take advantage of this sense, and their books are devoured 'because they are so clever.' If the praise be just, I can only say, let no one whom I love ever be stigmatised by being called clever.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

LETTER VII.

FAMILY LIFE.

MY DEAR C——, you have been reading my letters to A——, and think that I have given her very good advice, but, unfortunately, it does not suit you. You go but little into society, you have seldom any visitors in the house, and you are not likely to know any of the temptations of a London season. So much the better. But there are temptations and trials in the country and at home, you tell me. Of course there are. Where is the home which has not trials? A large family, a limited income, a clash of tempers and wills, a mother out of health, a father worried by business matters, and constantly complaining that you are all spending more money than you ought—how are you to meet such troubles?

I say to you as I do to A——: These things are all more or less means of discipline, and I doubt if any trial will be accepted patiently until it is viewed in *that* light. Every day, as it comes, brings a lesson to be learnt—or rather, every day brings the same lesson, only it may be in some different form; and if you ask what the lesson is, I reply, the crushing of self-will. It is excellently taught, and may be very thoroughly learnt, in a large family. An only child is at a great disadvantage in this respect. The angles of the disposition are not rubbed off imperceptibly by constant friction as they may be in a large family, where each individual will is constantly coming in contact with something which opposes it.

You are really in a very favourable position for the attainment of the highest Christian sanctity. I fancy I see you smile as if half provoked at the suggestion. Your daily life seems so far removed from anything saintly. But let us look into it more closely.

I will suppose a day begun with a few minutes given to a survey of what it is likely to bring in the way of contradiction, anxiety, duty; and the survey followed by an entire surrender of yourself in *will*, made on your knees before God, with a short, simple, but most earnest prayer that He would help you to complete this surrender in *act*.

Now, of course, I know that such a surrender of self-will in intention cannot be completed in act in one day, or two, or twenty days, or even years. But the sincere desire is, we cannot for a moment doubt, acceptable in God's sight, and when you leave His immediate Presence He will surely bless the opportunities He may give you of making the effort to fulfil it. Your position is as superior to that of a petted only child, as the position of the soldier who is called to take part in active warfare, is to that of one who has to stay at home and keep watch against invasion. You are kept in practice, you cannot fall asleep. You may be led astray, but it will not be without warning; and even defeat will not be ruin, because the enemy will always be at hand to harass and rouse you.

But I will not go on with the metaphor. Metaphors are rather provoking when people are in earnest, as I know you are. You want some matter-of-fact help, and I would fain give it you, but I can only speak of the abstract principles which may be a support to you. I cannot give you advice for particular occasions, because these are so varying, and special advice is never safe unless it is the result of a full acquaintance with the special circumstances of the case in point. I want you to look upon your present life as the means—the instrument mercifully given by God, for serving Him, by serving your fellow-creatures. Thought for others—their comfort, their pleasure, their good—is to be your one great employment, your chief business. Self-pleasing is to be put completely in the background. Words so easy to write, so unspeakably difficult to act upon! For, naturally you will say, 'If I crush self to the extent you describe, I become a mere

slave to the fancies and wills of brothers, sisters, relations, friends. I have scarcely any independent action—certainly I have nothing to spare in the form of time, or thought, or money, for my own amusement, or even my own good. Life is to be, in this view of it, a continual sacrifice. Can that be what God intended ?

I was trying to think out a clear answer to this question—a practical answer, which might satisfy you, when I had occasion to turn to that most solemn and awful portion of Scripture which is appointed for the Epistle on Trinity Sunday. The concluding words, which ascribe Glory to the Living God, struck me as they have often struck me before, as containing a revelation of the ultimate or final cause of all things which exist : 'For Thy pleasure they are and were created.' They set me thinking. The Pleasure of Almighty God cannot possibly mean an arbitrary Pleasure, irrespective of the happiness of His creatures. *That* would be an idea utterly unworthy of His perfection. His Pleasure can only be found in the good of His creation. That which most conduces to the highest good of every individual being must necessarily be one with the Pleasure of the Almighty. To seek to know that Pleasure, then, and to make it our one aim, must also be to seek the good of our neighbour—to be unselfish. But that which is to be *my* object, the motive principle of *my* life, is also to be the object and motive principle of my neighbour's life. He, or she, is also called upon to make God's Pleasure the law of existence. Now if I, whilst striving to overcome selfishness in myself, manage to encourage it in my neighbour, I am not fulfilling God's Pleasure, but just the contrary. And it is quite possible to do this. It is God's Pleasure that the child should obey the parent. No law is more clear. But when the parent, thinking only of self-sacrifice, always gives up to the child, God's Pleasure is not fulfilled, for the child is made selfish.

So I went on to think whether, although the crushing of self must always be imperatively necessary, it might not be wiser and safer to regulate our actions by a higher law, which necessarily includes it, namely, the fulfilment of God's Pleasure, so far as it is made known to us. It seemed to me, that by adopting this as the rule by which to measure our duties, we should be more likely to come to a right conclusion concerning them, than by merely looking at that portion of duty which involves the subjection of self. And I went on to consider in what way the principle of crushing self, when taken as a single motive, had acted upon mankind : and it seemed to me that many of the exaggerations of asceticism and of social benevolence which give rise to the scoffs of the irreligious, and awaken the regret of the sober-minded, might be traced to the idea that the aim of a Christian should be self-sacrifice, whereas it should really be to work out the Will of 'Him who hath made all things, and for Whose Pleasure they are and were created.'

You will see it was a very deep subject which I had entered upon—one which might occupy a volume ; but I only want now to show how it applies to yourself and your daily life. I will still say, begin the day with a review of the possible trials of the day, and make an earnest resolution before God to surrender self, but let it be accompanied also with the determination to seek God's pleasure, to accept it for others as well as for yourself ; to help them to do what He wishes them to do, to become what He desires them to become. This is really a more difficult task than that of self-sacrifice, as the latter is generally understood, because it demands thought, and moral courage, and absolute sincerity of purpose. Your brothers and sisters have duties as well as yourself. You will often find it much more easy to take up their burden for them than to urge them to bear it ; and when you have persuaded them to exert themselves, you will often have a pang of self-reproach from the fear that you have been selfish.

Perhaps you will tell me selfishness is one of your besetting sins. Then, of course, the task will be still more difficult, because you cannot feel sure of your own motive, and honesty of purpose before God is at the root of all wise self-discipline—we can really do nothing without it. Still, as you do, I am sure, wish most heartily to be Christian in heart, word, and act, I feel very hopeful that you will succeed in deciding such questions better than you expect. There are certain helps given us by intercourse with our fellow creatures which I would recommend to your consideration. Family life generally brings faults to the surface, and brothers and sisters are not sparing of criticisms. Now, whatever fault you are generally accused of—even though you think the accusation unjust—you may be tolerably sure is one which you have to guard against. So again it has been said, that whatever fault we especially dislike in others we have a tendency to ourselves. I will not say that this always holds good, but it is a suggestion which may be of use. For what we really need is to know our own weak points, and to bear them in mind when, under any circumstances, we are trying to make others do their duty instead of taking it upon ourselves. If we are particularly selfish by nature, it is certainly safer, as a rule, to suspect ourselves, and occasionally undertake the work which would otherwise be neglected, so that it may be evident that selfishness is not our motive when we refuse it. But if we are unselfish, yet are wanting in moral courage, then I should say just the reverse : stand firm, bear the odium of selfishness, and let the burden fall on the right shoulder.

You see, from what I have already said, how much is implied in the effort to make God's Pleasure the ultimate object of all our actions, how much thought and watchfulness and observation. The experience thus gained from the form of moral education afforded by life in a large family will be immensely useful and important, even as an introduction to the larger field of life in the world, and how much more so when we carry our

minds on beyond, to life in the vast universe, the Infinity and Eternity upon which we have all entered.

The question of right or wrong, wise or unwise, does not, however, it must be remembered, depend upon our inclinations, or the amount of our self-sacrifice. To some minds indeed there is a pleasure in small martyrdoms. Such persons are never satisfied unless they are doing something which can give them the sense of suffering, or giving up their own pleasure for the supposed good or the pleasure of others, quite forgetting that by refusing to enjoy what is provided for them, they may be really vexing or disappointing others.

One of the most unselfish persons I ever knew kept a packet of letters unopened for a week, though she was longing to read them, because she thought it would be such a pleasure to her husband, who was absent, to have the first perusal of them.

It was a most self-sacrificing act, but her husband would far rather have spared her the trial of the week's uncertainty.

The idea of seeking out and following the indications of God's Will, whether they tell for or against our own wishes, will be a corrective of this, and of another apparently high but really unsound principle, that of crushing self, simply for the sake of crushing it.

It is the latter principle which lies at the root of monastic asceticism, and by fostering a spurious self-denial too often becomes a cloak for pride, and stands in the way of that simple acceptance of God's Will which our Blessed Lord, by His own example, puts before us as the highest object for our attainment.

We need have no fear lest such an object should not give us scope for self-denial. So to love God, or at least so to desire to serve Him, that we are prepared to move or to sit still, to speak or to be silent, to joy or to grieve, exactly as He, by the claims of our position and the events of life, shall point out, is no easy task.

With such a principle, if it were ours in perfection, we could never be really selfish, never idle, never impatient, and, what is equally important, we could never be wrong in our judgment. We could not condone evil in another, as we could not allow it in ourselves—but we should judge it mercifully, taking into consideration all the excuses which we know that God would see, and doubtless accept. The influence of such a quiet, calm, thoughtful, patient mind must always be untold. It forms the rock upon which others rest, and against which the theories of the restless human intellect will chafe in vain. It can best be nurtured by the friction of a large family, and the opposing wills, hasty tempers—rash words which are almost inseparable from such life, though they may be counterbalanced by warm affections, and quick sympathies.

And if you could only thoroughly receive this principle of acceptance of God's Will as the guide of life, you would at once give rest to your mind upon the one point which troubles you. It is His Will that

you should be a member of a large family. You may murmur against this and so make life miserable, or you may fit yourself into it (if I may so say) by every possible means—prayer, reason, unselfish action, the effort to make life easy to your parents. I might go through a long list of duties, but you know them well. I cannot doubt your choice. You are too true-hearted not to see the claim they have upon you, and in making the effort to fulfil them you will insensibly soothe your troubled mind, and be content—more than content, thankful.

Yours ever,

E. M. S.

(To be continued.)

MISSION WORK IN SOUTH HAMPSTEAD.

BY N. D'ANVERS.

SINCE my arrival in Hampstead a year ago, I have been greatly interested in what I have learnt of the eminently useful and practical results which have ensued from the opening, three years since, of the little Mission-room in Fleet Road, connected with the Church of S. Saviour's.

There are doubtless many earnest laymen in our great cities who would gladly, did they but know how to begin, join in the glorious crusade now being carried on from so many little centres of civilisation against the ignorance, want, suffering, and sin, resulting from the too rapid growth of our population ; a growth out of all proportion with the increase in our churches and clergy. For the benefit of these seekers after work, I will try and give some idea of what I have seen and heard in this neighbourhood.

Deprecating very sincerely the introduction of any personal element into what should be a purely impersonal all-round statement of fact, I feel it necessary in the interests of truth to own that I suffer from deafness, and that I have therefore been compelled to rely somewhat upon the reports of others for what I am about to relate. On account of this difficulty of hearing, I had long since given up hope of being able to follow a sermon or address, and I was quite tired of refusing to go with one friend after another to hear his or her favourite preacher. My cloud, however, was in this case to be lifted, and the unexpected coming home to me of words of healing power has helped, perhaps, to make me realise how such words must at first fall upon the ears of the spiritually deaf.

The lifting of the cloud came about in this wise. I was spending an evening with some friends, when the usual discussion came on of the various churches and preachers within walking distance. I knew, of course, the question which would presently be put to me : ' Will you come with us to hear our favourite speakers ? ' With a sigh I inquired : ' Oh, I shouldn't hear them ; but who are they ? ' The answer, ' One of them is Mr. Mackeson,' took me by surprise, and I inquired, ' A brother, I suppose, of the editor I know ? ' ' No, no—the same man.' ' But he is not a clergyman ? ' ' No, he is a lay-reader, holding a commission from the Bishop of London, and he has done wonderful good here. You would certainly hear him. We will get you a seat close to his desk.'

I had now a glimmer of hope that I might catch a little of Mr. Mackeson's address ; for in a chat I had recently had with him, I had

quite forgotten my deafness. I now hazily remembered that his name had been mentioned to me before in connection with missionary work, but I had not paid much attention, and was certainly not prepared to find that the editor of so many magazines, and other publications connected with Church work, was carrying on with voice as well as pen so close and successful a warfare with all the crying evils of the day.

I decided to go with my friends to the Mission-room on the ensuing Sunday evening, December 18th. We arrived some fifteen minutes before the service began, yet the room was already crowded. My friends, however, exchanging, as they went, many a nod and smile with members of the congregation, piloted me to the very foot of a raised platform, where a row of chairs still remained vacant. Of these chairs I was allowed to choose the one I thought best placed, and to it I clung with the earnestness of a devotee at a shrine, again and again refusing to move up to make room for others. I am bound to say that my refusal was always received with a courteous smile, though it must have appeared churlish to the uninitiated. I said the room was crowded when I entered; and by five minutes to seven it seemed to me that it could hold no more. I was mistaken; for, just before the commencement of the service, a number of boys entered from a side door leading from the platform to an ante-room, each holding aloft a chair, with which he made his way into the very narrow lane between the two rows of the congregation. Soon this lane was completely blocked up with chairs, and as the hands of the clock pointed to seven a dignified, grey-haired gentleman entered, and took his seat at the organ, which occupied about one-third of the platform. A few chords of the voluntary had been played, and I was looking for Mr. Mackeson, whom I expected to appear alone, when a long procession of boys and men in surplices, numbering some twenty-eight, filed on the platform, and before I had recovered from my surprise at their appearance they had all sunk on their knees in prayer. The congregation followed their example, and as we all rose, Mr. Mackeson, who had entered last, gave out the hymn, 'Thou art coming, O my Saviour,' every verse of which was sung with one accord by all present. Then followed the exhortation and most of the evening service, succeeded by another hymn, 'Lo He comes!' sung perhaps with a little less enthusiasm than the first.

Now came the address, and my heart gave a great throb of fear lest it should after all fall as usual with healing power on all ears but mine. No, I was not to be left out this time; and I had in a very few moments lost consciousness of everything but the words first of warning, then of hope and peace, which fell sweetly, clearly, distinctly on my ears. Just before the address began I had noticed specially sitting near me, a little lad with a roguish face, who had been playing during the singing with the fringe of the cloth of Mr.

Mackeson's desk. At the beginning of the address this boy's restless head, intervening just between me and the speaker, rather interfered with my comfort, but it soon became fixed in rapt attention; and at the end of the service I saw the child furtively wiping away his tears with the back of his hand. I need not dwell specially on the words of Mr. Mackeson's address, from the text, 'It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light' (Zech. xiv. 7). Perhaps to others, to whom a *heard* discourse was less of a rarity than to me, his words would not have seemed so eloquent as I thought them. Suffice it to say that they enthralled the audience to which they were addressed, and contained many allusions, though none which could offend the most sensitive, to the actual anxieties and troubles assailing many of those present, showing an intimate acquaintance on the part of the speaker with the daily life of each member of his little flock. To me, a stranger, there was something especially touching in a description of the death-bed of one whose life had of late been one long agony of physical pain; and when Mr. Mackeson said: 'Last Sunday at this time she was still in her suffering; now that suffering is over, and she is with the Lord she loved so well,' the words came home to me with special force, grieving as I was over the death of a dear nephew, who had been fatally injured in a street accident a fortnight before. The address closed with a solemn warning to those who had not yet put away the evil of their ways, and was succeeded by the singing of the 'Litany of the Four Last Things.' The effect upon me of the exquisite rendering by kneeling hundreds of this series of realistic pictures of life and death, each closing with the earnest cry, 'Hear us, Holy Jesu,' was almost overwhelming. The air seemed literally to throb with living sound; and when we rose at last, and my eyes met those of my friend—hers with the question in them, 'Did you hear?'—I could only bow my head in the fulness of my content. 'Surely,' I thought, 'such prayers as have gone up from this small building to-night must bring down a special blessing for all who have been present, as well as for those each one has specially remembered.' I felt that I must get out and away to be alone with my thoughts, and I was a little disappointed when I found that carol-practising was to begin. I love carols, and I should have liked to hear them at any other time; but not then, with those last words still surging in my brain.

With quick sympathy, however, my friend, guessing perhaps something of what the 'lifting of the cloud' had been to me, signed to me that we would leave; and, threading our way with some little difficulty through the crowd, we got out into the air. After pacing about for ten minutes or so, we decided to go back to the carol-practising; and as we re-entered the room, Mr. Mackeson was walking about amongst the congregation, giving a hint here and a word of encouragement there. The choir, their surplices laid aside, were again in their places

and led the singing, but every man, woman, and child present took part in it. I was now able to look about me a little more closely, and I was struck with the refinement of the few illuminated texts, &c., which adorned the walls. At distances of a couple of yards from each other hung framed crosses under glass, each one wreathed with flowers and bearing some words of the 'good tidings of great joy,' to the telling of which the little room is sacred; whilst between the crosses hung such texts as—'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'

Having made my observations on the setting of the scene before me, I next turned my attention to the people assembled, and noted gladly that the sexes were about equally divided, and that pretty well every age and class was represented. Very apt seemed the words which presently rung out, taken up first on one and then on the other side of the room:

'Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering.'

As we walked home after the practice I obtained many details of the work, of which I had seen but one small portion of one branch. It had seemed to me impossible that one man could hold all the services and organise all the entertainments Mr. Mackeson had that evening announced for the coming week, yet I now found that they were but interludes in his work, and occasions for testing the progress made in realising his ideal of a community sound alike in physical and spiritual health. I learnt that at the first service, held three years ago in the Mission-room, the choir consisted of half a dozen boys picked out from among the poor of the district, whilst the congregation numbered some twenty, chiefly women. A very few Sundays' work, however, filled the room, which holds three hundred, and is now quite inadequate for its original purpose, many being often compelled to turn away from the doors or to gather in the ante-room, where a part, at least, of the service can be followed.

The Sunday School opened in connection with the Mission has long since outgrown the bounds of the little building in Fleet Road. Four hundred students—for true students many of them are—attend week by week, and rooms in the neighbouring Board School have been hired for their accommodation. Some forty teachers work under Mr. Mackeson's efficient leadership, not confining themselves to the usual routine of Sunday School instruction, but striving to give their pupils a grasp of the working of the great laws of nature. In a word, the fortunate boys and girls of St. Saviour's Mission classes learn to recognise God in His works, and to understand how fitly His universe is framed together. Often wild, rough, and unmanageable when first admitted, they gradually learn to respect themselves as parts of the great whole, and realise that they cannot sin or do well alone, but

must influence for good or evil the rest of their fellow-creatures. In future years the results of this advanced system of tuition must tell upon the masses, and each boy or girl who goes out into the world after such training is an unconscious missionary to others.

Once a month the band of teachers, many of whom have distinguished themselves in the examinations of the Church Sunday School Institute, and all of whom are communicants, meet in the Mission-room to examine the results of past work and discuss plans for the future. Ten of these teachers belong, like their leader, to the Lay-Helpers' Association. There is a special class for communicants held by Mr. Mackeson once a month; and he also holds a largely attended Bible-class for grown-up men and women every Sunday afternoon.

Since last Advent services have been held on Friday evenings, which are generally attended in great numbers by the very poor, many adults amongst whom have been baptised, confirmed, and admitted to all the privileges of Church-membership, whilst, on an average, some forty attenders of the Mission Services (chiefly men) go down regularly, every first Sunday in the month, to the early celebration at St. Saviour's, thus realising one of the chief ambitions of the Lay-Helpers' Association—the 'winning back into full communion with the Church' those of its baptised members who have drifted away from their privileges.

Of the purely secular institutions which owe their establishment to the Mission-room is a Working Men's Club, numbering some hundred members, to which holders of all opinions are admitted: Mr. Mackeson recognising, as Livingstone did in Africa, that in the work of winning souls an important preliminary step is the making comfortable the bodies, which form their dwelling-places. A Boys' Club has also been formed for the choir-boys, meeting once a week. A music-class, with a first-rate teacher, who gives his services gratis, is in full working order, as is also a drum-and-fife band for the boys, with a paid teacher. A Penny Bank is in full operation, and the depositors are many in number. Here is also a Temperance Union in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society, the conditions of admission to which are total or partial abstinence, presided over by the vicar of the parish, with Mr. Mackeson as vice-president. This Union meets once a month in St. Saviour's Mission-room, the proceedings beginning and ending with prayer; and on the 25th January of every year a Festival Service is held, in commemoration of the foundation of the Society, which took place on that day. The Band of Hope for boys and girls of eight years and upwards, which is an offshoot of the Union, is another very efficient weapon against the vice of intemperance. It already numbers over two hundred members, and is growing daily in popularity and influence.

Charmed and astonished at such a summary of the results of the

energy and devotion of one man, I determined to attend every service or meeting at the Mission-room for which I could possibly find time. On Christmas Eve I was at the short evening service, and carol-singing which succeeded it, the most noticeable feature of which was the beautiful rendering of the carol, 'See amid the winter snow,' Mr. Mackeson's eldest son, a lad of fourteen, taking the solos. After this service I saw Mr. Mackeson and some twenty-five of the choir-men and boys start on a round of carol-singing in the neighbourhood, which I understand was not ended until two o'clock on Christmas morning.

I was unfortunately prevented from attending any of the Mission Services on Christmas Day, but I hear that the room was crowded at each. I was able, however, to go to a free entertainment given on the 27th December, at which four instruments—the organ, piano, concertina, and cornet—were brought into requisition; and there was a good deal of capital singing and reading. The people listened to all with great attention, and what 'took' best were Mr. Mackeson's reading of 'The Little Vulgar Boy' and the Vicar's singing of 'John Brown.'

On New Year's Eve, I attended a short children's service in the Mission-room, consisting of a few simple prayers and hymns, the accompaniments on the organ being played by one of the senior members of the choir. There was an address from Mr. Mackeson, characterised, like all I have heard from him, by its appropriateness to the audience. I noted specially the frequent use of some word a little beyond the children's comprehension, succeeded always by a synonym they would understand. The little people, who were, so far as I could see, for the most part unattended by any 'authorities,' listened to everything most reverently, and I was struck with their great cleanliness. I don't know which shone most—their faces from the vigorous application of soap and water, or their heads from the rather too plentiful use of grease. I especially remarked two tiny boys—neither could have been older than five—who found their own hymns and sang them out lustily. One of them got a little behind-hand with the last, the three figures (it was hymn 271) evidently puzzled him, and an older neighbour offered to help him. No, he turned aside indignantly, and, after much licking of his little thumb, looked triumphantly up into the big boy's face; he then closed the book, keeping the damp thumb in the place, and sang the rest of the hymn without once referring to it!

Before the little flock dispersed, Mr. Mackeson gave them a message for their parents and elder brothers and sisters, inviting them all to come to the midnight service, and, if they liked, to meet in the Mission-room for private prayer at 10.30. I was unable to go to this service myself, but I understand that the invitation was most eagerly responded to, and that there was not standing room to be had anywhere.

On New Year's Day I asked one of the teachers in the Sunday school

to allow me to be present during class time, and at the children's service, which I find always succeeds the teaching. I was told I should be most welcome, and duly presented myself at 10.30. I wish I could convey any idea of the work which was done in the hour and a quarter before service began. The chairs generally used by the congregation were now arranged in some thirty small circles, making it no easy matter to pilot oneself unbruised about the room. No sooner were the doors opened than the room seemed to swarm with children. Taking a place near the end, where I could see everything and be as much out of the way as possible in a room where every inch of space was wanted, I watched order and method gradually growing out of the apparent confusion. At first the scene suggested to me a tempest-tossed sea, with a group of lighthouses rising here and there from the waves; for the teachers stood steadily, rising in most cases very far above their charges, who gathered about them clinging to their coats or jackets, and raising their arms to compel attention to their special bit of the week's news. When the surging heads and arms had settled down, each class in its own circle, Mr. Mackeson opened the school by reading the short 'Liturgy for Church Sunday Schools;' and I could not help, before kneeling down myself, looking round to see how the numbers assembled would obey the order, 'Kneel.' It was accomplished with very little noise, the boys and girls tucking their feet and legs under their chairs, and leaving a central space clear for the teacher with a skill I could not emulate, for throughout both this and the succeeding service I was sorely distressed by the problem of how to kneel in the very small space which could be spared to me.

Prayers were over, and the classes about to begin, when a tall, slim lad came in, and looked about him. Some one pointed to Mr. Mackeson, who had just left the platform, and the child made his way up to him. I was close enough to catch the following colloquy: 'How old are you?' 'Nine, sir.' 'Can you read?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well?' To the last query I did not hear the answer, but it decided the child's place in the school, for Mr. Mackeson beckoned to a teacher, who received the new scholar into his class. Mr. Mackeson now left the Mission-room, and on my asking my friend amongst the teachers where he was gone, I was informed, 'He is taking a class of men in the little room; it meets to-day for the first time.' Whilst the teaching—of which of course I could hear nothing—was going on, I took up some papers lying on the platform, of which Mr. Mackeson had distributed a dozen or so to each teacher. They were: 'The New Name, a New Year's Address to Junior Scholars,' by the Rev. F. J. Chavasse; 'Members One of Another, an Address to Elder Girls,' by Mrs. Charles; another to elder boys; and 'Parenthood, an Address to Parents,' by the Rev. Gordon Calthrop. These I read with interest and some surprise, as they were all quite new to me and I thought I had a fair general knowledge of the publications of the year.

Looking up after reading these papers, I saw that the first comers who wished to be present at the children's service were already gathering about the door, and, recognising some friends amongst them, I zig-zagged down the room. After New Year's greetings, I asked, 'What has become of Miss—— and Miss——, who were certainly here when the school opened?' 'Oh, they are gone to the working men's club room; classes are going on there, and in the board school, too.'

At 11.40 school was closed with prayer, and after that Mr. Mackeson standing on the platform organised the retreat: the girls to leave with their teachers, the boys to sit. The girls at once filed out, or rather circled out; the boys remained still. The girls gone, Mr. Mackeson came down from his platform, and with the help of men and boys arranged the room for service, people pouring in at the doors all the time; old and young, rich and poor, seemed moved by one common desire to get a seat at the special service for children. I noticed two old, old women, with shaking limbs, who stood for a moment peeping in irresolutely, till Mr. Mackeson went forward, and with the words, 'Come in out of the draught,' led them to chairs near the door.

I shall never forget the service in which children of so many ages took part, though it cost me the worst headache I have had for a long time. As usual a seat was assigned to me close to the platform, and when I took it there was a distance of about two feet between me and that platform; but the pressure was so great that a bench was handed over the heads of the congregation and placed in this vacant space. The result, when it was crowded with children, was that my neighbours and I could neither sit nor stand without the greatest difficulty. Kneeling was utterly impossible. Mr. Mackeson did not give an address, but a short sermon was preached by a young clergyman. To this circumstance I and my fellow-sufferers owed release from our painful position; for during the sermon Mr. Mackeson, glancing our way, noticed how we were breaking nature's law which forbids two bodies to occupy one space, and sent some little people into the ante-room.

I have, I hope, said enough to show how great has been the success which has attended Mr. Mackeson's efforts, and those of the loyal band who second him in all his good works. I will only add that I was present at the great social gathering at the vestry hall on the 16th of January, to which I had again and again heard Mr. Mackeson invite 'all present' not only to come themselves, but to bring their relations and their friends, and to urge those relations and friends in their turn to pass on the invitation to others. Truly such 'sweet insistence,' such compelling invitations to all to come and form part of the great yearly gathering together of every class, seemed to me more likely than anything to realise the coming of God's kingdom upon earth.

To dwell on what took place at the vestry hall on the 16th January, 1882, is unnecessary, as accounts of it have been given in several

papers. I will therefore only add that it seemed to me alike a fit crowning of the social work of the past, and a worthy inauguration of that of the future. I, for one, heartily enjoyed, not myself only, but my fellow-guests, and I shall never forget two at least of the special features of the evening—the ringing cheers for Mr. Mackeson from six hundred voices whenever his name was mentioned, and the generous recognition of a fellow-labourer in his own field by the vicar of the parish, whose speech succeeded Lord Nelson's opening address, and seemed to set a seal on the union between the ordained and lay workers in the great cause of social progress, which is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. ANNE ELINOR PREVOST.

BY EUPHEMIA E. G. BUSSELL.

THE subject of this short sketch has only now departed from us. She was spared for an unusual period to be a blessing and comfort to all who knew her, and now that she is dead, her friends desire to see some record of an example which there might be more to follow if those to whom much has been given could only be led to understand wherein consists the true riches.

Anne Elinor Prevost was born at Weybridge, Surrey, on January 1st, 1795. We have often said that she was a good New Year's gift to her father. Sir George Prevost was, at one time, Governor of British North America, and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in Canada. He was created a baronet in 1805 for a gallant defence of the Island of Dominica against a superior force of the French. It was amid foreign scenes and in stirring times that our old friend passed her early youth.

Sir George Prevost died January 5th, 1816, and, in October of the same year, Lady Prevost had a severe seizure. Anne was thus left practically at the head of the household, and in charge of her sister Harriet, aged thirteen, and her brother George, the future Archdeacon of Gloucester, who was then barely twelve. Another guardian was named, but the care of the family fell almost entirely upon the good, steady, elder sister, who devoted herself to her duties, and was scarcely ever away from her mother for a night, till the year 1821, when she went to London with her brother on a visit of a very few days to some friends, during which time an express arrived to say that Lady Prevost had died after an illness of a few hours. This was a great trial to her daughter's conscientious and dutiful disposition. Yet, there was no need for her to reproach herself. Harriet, aged eighteen, had been left behind to minister to the mother, and Lady Prevost had also with her her only brother, Lieut.-General G. W. Phipps, R.E.

In less than three years another great trial fell to the lot of the subject of this memoir, in the illness and death of her sister Harriet. She had lost her companion: no wonder her health and spirits sank for a time. At her brother's marriage she went abroad for two years, returning to reside in Hampshire. For more than thirty years, however, Ilfracombe has been her home, and it is there, and at her brother's parish of Stinchcombe, that she will be most missed,

In the days of her health and strength she was a leader in Ilfracombe

society, and went to parties in the old-fashioned sedan chair. In these latter years, when her walking powers failed her, she regularly made use of a donkey-chair for her airings, and, with the one-armed driver striding at her side, and accompanied by a party of grand-nieces, who were also grand-nieces of John Keble's, and who were often staying with her, she would drive to the Cottage Hospital, founded by the late Mrs. Anne Tyrrell, where she had furnished a ward, and where she delighted, in the season, to carry the finest strawberries that were to be got; or else wandered among the Tor walks, pointing out their beauties with an admiration that never tired; or, on Saturdays, took her young people to see the plentiful display of Devonshire cream, butter, eggs, chickens, fruit, &c., of the Ilfracombe market.

Generous, kind-hearted, truthful, just, straightforward, from her earliest years, she held the means intrusted to her as a stewardship from God, frequently grudging that which was expended upon herself, while keeping her ears and heart open to the cry of the poor destitute, nor did she ever suffer an expression of impatience to escape her when, as often happened, she was interrupted in the middle of her writing by an application for help. She would rise, cheerfully investigate the case, and relieve it, returning, with unabated zest, to her occupation. She was a great letter-writer, and kept up her correspondence with all her absent friends with much diligence, throwing herself heartily into their affairs, and never sparing a journey when she thought her presence could give comfort.

For many years she was afflicted with deafness, which cut her off, in great measure, from the enjoyments of society. She would go into it, for her cheerful spirit loved the thought of communion with its fellows; but, as she herself used to say pathetically, 'No one likes to sit beside a deaf person.' She resigned herself with surprising fortitude to this deprivation, seldom asking to have what was said repeated to her, unless it was important for her to know. Yet, that she felt very deeply upon the point was evident from the manner in which she used to compare her trial with that of the blind. The latter, she said, had many friends; no one found it an effort to talk to them.

So she was thrown inward upon herself, read and thought a great deal, travelled in search of beautiful scenery, and revelled in it, sharing her pleasure with the different friends who, from time to time, she invited to accompany her in her drives and rambles. She was not satisfied to keep any pleasure to herself—others must enjoy with her, or nothing could be perfect.

A constant attendant at the church services, and a devout communicant, it is, perhaps, impossible for us to estimate the pain it was to her, latterly, to be unable to hear the clergyman's voice, or to distinguish anything but a faint buzz when the organ pealed forth.

This seems the place in which to speak of her religious views.

A sound Catholic at heart, acknowledging the presence and power

of God in His Holy Word, and also in the Sacraments of the Gospel, with a most sincere, practical reverence for the Prayer-book in its entirety, she was, however, very determined and decided in her dislike to anything that seemed to her novel in religion. Perhaps, had she been able to *hear* what was said on the other side, and to join in discussions with her brother and his friends, her views might have broadened out, and she might have been enabled to discriminate between the restoration to our Church of its ancient privileges, and those Romeward tendencies of which she had so great a horror. She was a lover of the *Christian Year*, often taking it to read during the sermon, which every one knew could never reach her.

The Episcopal Church of Scotland attracted her affection from the fact that for many years she had been in the habit of periodically visiting the Strathpeffer Spa, and drinking its waters, from which she derived great benefit. She set an example to the whole Strath, week by week, by hiring a large carriage with a rumble, and when she, her visitors, and servants had been accommodated, filling the corners with stray people who could not afford to hire, and driving down to Dingwall Church on Sundays, remaining for two services, and returning to Strathpeffer, five miles off, in the evening.

In this way she grew to take an interest in the poor and dilapidated building, and when some members of the congregation came to her with a scheme for repairing it, and asked for a subscription, she answered at once, 'I will give you ten pounds for that purpose, but I think you make a mistake. Pull down the present edifice and construct a new one worthy of its sacred purpose, and I will start you with a hundred pounds, as a thankoffering for the good I have derived from the Strathpeffer wells.' Her proposal was eagerly accepted; a subscription list opened, and in time enough money was collected to build a small, pretty, and substantial church, which stood for about twenty years, but was most unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1871. The walls yet stand, and the marks of fire are plainly visible upon them, but the rest of the building has been reconstructed on the old lines, with one or two improvements. We ought never to forget that it is to her, primarily, we owe the beauty and fitness of our church, and indeed she contributed handsomely to the rebuilding.

The poor found her out wherever she went. She was never known to claim exemption on the plea of being 'a bird of passage,' nor to run over a list of claims at home as an excuse for not responding to claims abroad. Every one was her neighbour, and although her visits to the Highlands had ceased since the year 1876, her subscription to the Scotch Episcopal Church Society was continued until her death, when she left a sum of money to it which no doubt will be gratefully welcomed. She regularly subscribed to the Dingwall Soup Kitchen, and many a post-office order has she sent across the border to our poor. She was almost adored by the peasantry in Ross-shire, in

her brother's parish in Gloucestershire, and at home, and many will be the sigh when they all fully realise that she will come among them no more. The remark of one old pensioner may be fitly taken as a transcript of the minds of many—'We shall miss every hair of her head!'

How often has she hurried over her Sunday dinner in order that she might find time to go and read to some sick or sorrowful person who could not get to church! How often in these later years has she taxed her failing strength to read the sermon to her assembled servants, without which she could not bear that Sunday night should close! She was a regular supporter of the *Monthly Packet*, the *Guardian*, and other Church serials, and all her papers and magazines did double duty, being carefully distributed among her friends so soon as she had done with them.

Her benevolence was extended, as a matter of course, to all dumb creatures, and a stone drinking-fountain, having a suitable inscription, in a convenient part of Ilfracombe, bears testimony to her kind thoughtfulness for the patient donkeys which stand in rows along the street waiting to be hired.

It is sad to think of the blank she has left in the circle of which she has so long been the central figure, specially qualified for such a position by her commanding stature and decided manner, her emphatic way of expressing her opinions, her true humility, her active desire to do good, and her genial hospitality. She was very fond of reading aloud, and read well, with a measured accent which impressed what she read upon her hearers.

In the beginning of this year her health began seriously to decline. Her altered handwriting, as she wrote to tell us of her ever-increasing weakness, and her resignation to the will of God, prepared us to lose her.

I believe it was a satisfaction to her after this to feel that she was being prayed for by name in the little Highland church of her love; and she rallied, and seems to have enjoyed life with something of her old zest, and we selfishly hoped to keep her a little longer with us. But it was not to be. S. Luke's Day was the last occasion on which she was able to get to church.

A long letter, written in the beautiful clear hand which her friends will remember, told of her hope to go again on All Saints' Day, and touchingly and gratefully acknowledged the comfort it was to invalids like herself to receive the Holy Communion on Saints' Days; but when the time came weather prevented her attendance, and on Sunday, November 12th, 1882, very early in the morning, the summons, long looked for, came. An attack of breathlessness left her too much exhausted to rally, and she sank quickly, her beloved brother, Sir George Prevost, ministering at her bedside to the last.

This venerable lady would have been eighty-eight had she lived till

THE LATE MRS. ANNE ELINOR PREVOST.

New Year's Day, 1883. She sleeps in Ilfracombe churchyard, where they laid her to rest amid music and flowers, and the gentle, hopeful farewells of the Church to her children. The blessed Sacrament was administered to the mourners at the conclusion of the service.

Subjoined are some graceful and truth-speaking verses which appeared in the *Ilfracombe Chronicle* after her death. They are from the pen of a former housemaid of Mrs. Anne Elinor Prevost's (Anne Irwin, author of a volume of poems called *Combe Flowers*), and reflect perhaps almost equal credit upon mistress and servant —

' O, quickly has she passed away, like morning's misty dreams,
Her long eventful life has closed, and oh ! how strange it seems
That one swift hour should see life ended and begun,—
In darkness setting here, to rise in realms beyond the sun.

' Oh, sadly will they miss her, the friends that round her came,
And ever found the kindly tones of welcome still the same ;
And sadly will they miss her, the friendless and the poor,
To whom she gave with bounteous hand out of her larger store.

' And I shall sadly miss her, nor care again to weave
The simple strain whose many faults soon won her swift reprieve.
The kind approving word, the smile, who could resist their sway ?
Alas ! to think that both have now for ever passed away.

' We thought not of the age that told of harvest-time at hand,
The full ripe shock that waited but the Husbandman's command
To be at last ingathered ; for how could we bear to have
Our loved and honoured one go down to the silence of the grave ?

' We could not face the dreary blank which loss of her would leave,
We knew amid her blessedness our hearts would sorely grieve,
And so we longed to keep her from the home so near and bright,
But God hath drawn her gently in and folded her from sight.

' The one great lesson of her life, oh ! be it ours to learn,
O'er others' wants and others' woes with sympathy to yearn :
We almost hear the Master's voice, when standing by her bier :
His words, "Go thou and do likewise," seem whispered in our ear.

' Dear memories of her shall live, we will not let them go,
And may they animate our life with all their warmth and glow ;
"Until the daybreak," then, farewell, we leave thee to thy rest,
Dear lady, in thy peaceful grave, earth's flowers upon thy breast.'

A TANGLED TALE.

ANSWERS TO KNOT VIII.

§ 1. *The Buckets.*

Problem.—Lardner states that a solid, immersed in a fluid, displaces an amount equal to itself in bulk. How can this be true of a small bucket floating in a larger one?

Solution.—Lardner means, by ‘displaces,’ ‘occupies a space which might be filled with water without any change in the surroundings.’ If the portion of the floating bucket, which is above the water, could be annihilated, and the rest of it transformed into water, the surrounding water would not change its position: which agrees with Lardner’s statement.

Five answers have been received, none of which explains the difficulty arising from the well-known fact that a floating body is the same weight as the displaced fluid. HECLA says that ‘only that portion of the smaller bucket which descends below the original level of the water can be properly said to be immersed, and only an equal bulk of water is displaced.’ Hence, according to HECLA, a solid, whose weight was equal to that of an equal bulk of water, would not float till the whole of it was below ‘the original level’ of the water: but, as a matter of fact, it would float as soon as it was all under water. MAGPIE says the fallacy is ‘the assumption that one body can displace another from a place where it isn’t,’ and that Lardner’s assertion is incorrect, except when the containing vessel ‘was originally full to the brim.’ But the question of floating depends on the present state of things, not on past history. OLD KING COLE takes the same view as HECLA. TYMPANUM and VINDEK assume that ‘displaced’ means ‘raised above its original level,’ and merely explain how it comes to pass that the water, so raised, is less in bulk than the immersed portion of bucket, and thus land themselves—or rather set themselves floating—in the same boat as HECLA.

I regret that there is no Class-list to publish for this Problem.

§ 2. *Balbus' Essay.*

Problem.—Balbus states that if a certain solid be immersed in a certain vessel of water, the water will rise through a series of distances, two inches, one inch, half an inch, &c., which series has no end. He concludes that the water will rise without limit. Is this true?

Solution.—No. This series can never reach 4 inches, since, however many terms we take, we are always short of 4 inches by an amount equal to the last term taken.

Three answers have been received—but only two seem to me worthy of honours.

TYMPANUM says that the statement about the stick 'is merely a blind, to which the old answer may well be applied, *solvitur ambulando*, or rather *mergendo*.' I trust TYMPANUM will not test this in his own person, by taking the place of the man in Balbus' Essay! He would infallibly be drowned.

OLD KING COLE rightly points out that the series, 2, 1, &c., is a decreasing Geometrical Progression: while VINDEK rightly identifies the fallacy as that of 'Achilles and the Tortoise.'

CLASS LIST.

I.

OLD KING COLE.

VINDEK.

§ 3. *The Garden.*

Problem.—An oblong garden, half a yard longer than wide, consists entirely of a gravel-walk, spirally arranged, a yard wide and 3,630 yards long. Find the dimensions of the garden.

Solution.—The number of yards and fractions of a yard traversed in walking along a straight piece of walk, is evidently the same as the number of square-yards and fractions of a square-yard, contained in that piece of walk: and the distance, traversed in passing through a square-yard at a corner, is evidently a yard. Hence the area of the garden is 3,630 square-yards: i.e., if x be the width, $x(x + \frac{1}{2}) = 3,630$. Solving this Quadratic, we find $x = 60$. Hence the dimensions are 60, $60\frac{1}{2}$.

Twelve answers have been received—seven right and five wrong.

C. G. L., NABOB, OLD CROW, and TYMPANUM assume that the number of yards in the length of the path is equal to the number of square-

yards in the garden. This is true, but should have been proved. But each is guilty of darker deeds. C. G. L.'s 'working' consists of dividing 3,630 by 60. Whence came this divisor, oh Segiel? Divination? Or was it a dream? I fear this solution is worth nothing. OLD CROW's is shorter, and so (if possible) worth rather less. He says the answer 'is at once seen to be $60 \times 60\frac{1}{2}$!' NABOB's calculation is short, but 'as rich as a Nabob' in error. He says that the square-root of 3,630, multiplied by 2, equals the length plus the breadth. That is $60\cdot25 \times 2 = 120\frac{1}{2}$. His first assertion is only true of a *square* garden. His second is irrelevant, since $60\cdot25$ is *not* the square-root of 3,630! Nay, Bob, this will *not* do! TYMPANUM says that, by extracting the square-root of 3,630, we get 60 yards with a remainder of $\frac{30}{60}$, or half-a-yard, which we add so as to make

the oblong $60 \times 60\frac{1}{2}$. This is very terrible: but worse remains behind. TYMPANUM proceeds thus:—'But why should there be the half-yard at all? Because without it there would be no space at all for flowers. By means of it, we find reserved in the very centre a small plot of ground, two yards long by half-a-yard wide, the only space not occupied by walk.' But Balbus expressly said that the walk 'used up the whole of the area.' Oh, TYMPANUM! My tympana is exhausted: my brain is num! I can say no more.

HECLA indulges, again and again, in that most fatal of all habits in computation—the making *two* mistakes which cancel each other. She takes x as the width of the garden, in yards, and $x + \frac{1}{4}$ as its length, and makes her first 'coil' the sum of $x - \frac{1}{2}$, $x - \frac{1}{2}$, $x - 1$, $x - 1$, i.e. $4x - 3$: but the fourth term should be $x - 1\frac{1}{2}$, so that her first coil is $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard too long. Her second coil is the sum of $x - 2\frac{1}{2}$, $x - 2\frac{1}{2}$, $x - 3$, $x - 3$: here the first term should be $x - 2$ and the last $x - 3\frac{1}{2}$: these two mistakes cancel, and this coil is therefore right. And the same thing is true of every other coil but the last, which needs an extra half-yard to reach the *end* of the path: and this exactly balances the mistake in the first coil. Thus the sum total of the coils comes right, though the working is all wrong.

Of the seven who are right, DINAH MITE, JANET, MAGPIE, and TAFFY make the same assumption as C. G. L. and Co. They then solve by a Quadratic. MAGPIE also tries it by Arithmetical Progression, but fails to notice that the first and last 'coils' have special values.

ALUMNUS ETONÆ attempts to prove what C. G. L. assumes by a particular instance, taking a garden 6 by $5\frac{1}{2}$. He ought to have proved it generally: what is true of one number is not always true of others. OLD KING COLE solves it by an Arithmetical Progression. It is right, but too lengthy to be worth as much as a Quadratic.

VINDEX proves it very neatly, by pointing out that a yard of walk measured along the middle represents a square yard of garden,

'whether we consider the straight stretches of walk or the square yards at the angles, in which the middle line goes half a yard in one direction and then turns a right angle and goes half a yard in another direction.'

CLASS-LIST.

I.

VINDEK.

II.

ALUMNUS ETONE.

OLD KING COLE.

III.

DINAH MITE.

MAGPIE.

JANET.

TAFKY.

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE GOSPEL SONGS.

II.—NUNC DIMITTIS.

To cradle Mary's Child his heart
An old man opens wide :
Behold him in God's peace depart,
And in God's peace abide.

He sings the very Song of Peace,
Responsive to the Word ;
His lullaby shall never cease
To make its music heard.

For all the children of the Bride;
The subjects of the King,
With each returning eventide
Have learnt his song to sing.

He sings of 'peace,' 'salvation,' 'light':
His lovely words we take
For consolation night by night,
Until God's morning break.

Then when our dazzled eyes grow dim,
Breathed with our parting breath
The old man's sweet, heart-soothing hymn
Glad welcome gives to death.

We too what Simeon saw may see—
The Mother undefiled,
Our hearts enfold as blissfully
The Everlasting Child !

ALFRED GURNEY.

PINZOLO, *August*, 1882.

Spider Subjects.

OF the Essays on Incompleteness, Bog-Oak is the most interesting; Bath-Brick very good; Cirro Cumulus is capital, especially on 'those who have the art of finishing without the "off"'; March Hare is very good and striking—another time she should write only on one side of the paper (so should Vögelein); Titania, Mignonette, A Bee, Nightingale, Clover, good.

It is difficult to choose out of the lives of David L. Vögelein, A Bee, Sintram, Titania, Clover, Mignonette, are all so good that Nightingale has the preference chiefly for the sake of the convenient length.

UNFINISHED WORK.

'OH, how delightful!' said a young Spider, a few months ago, coming down to breakfast, 'the *Monthly Packet* has come.'

'I am so glad; I want to go on with the stories,' said her eldest sister, who being delicate and shut up during the winter, read a good deal of light literature.

'The stories are all you care about, Maggie,' returned the Spider. 'Now I look at the only sensible part, the Spider Subjects, first.'

'Is one of your webs in this time?'

'No. I never finished that translation, if you remember; and indeed my answers hardly ever go in.'

'And what are the subjects?'

'Oh, such good ones. "The Men who have done most in spite of Blindness"—I shall answer that, of course. There were Homer and Milton.'

'And John, King of Bohemia,' put in her sister.

'Yes, and—oh, I know, that Encyclopædia has such a list of great blind men in it. I dare say no one else will think of it. Oh, what an answer I will write!'

'And what is the other question?'

'Oh, nothing particular. "The Slothful Man wasteth not that which he took in Hunting"—to explain and illustrate that. What an odd question! Is that in Shakespeare, Maggie?'

'My dear Nettie!'

'Oh, the Bible, is it? Well, I can't think what it means. I am sure if I had taken all the trouble to catch my prey, I should not let it be wasted.'

Breakfast was over. Nettie surrounded herself with Encyclopædias, biographies, and histories; worked out a very tolerable list, including Ziska, Scapinelli, the Comte de Pagau, Huber the naturalist, and the traveller Holman, all of whom she fondly hoped no other Spider would remember. She made a semi-poetical, semi-metaphysical beginning, and then was called off for a ride with her father, in the course of which she heard of a botanical prize to be given for the best set of botanical drawings of orchids. A mania for this spread through the ladies of the neighbourhood, and Nettie was the hottest of all. The

prize was to be awarded at Christmas, and so it chanced that it was the new year before her notes on blind men came to light again, and then it was Maggie who held them up to her reproachfully, as she found them shut up in a book. 'Oh dear, yes; I wonder what Arachne will say! I quite meant to finish that, only the drawings came in the way; and after all, I never got the prize. But really now, weren't mine the best, as far as they went? And I had such lovely orchids to wind up with, if only I had finished the set; but it didn't seem worth while to go back to them, when once I had broken them off on account of the ball.'

Maggie was less strong than she had been, and she lay and thought a good deal about her young sister's character, and the result of her cogitations was a few verses scribbled in pencil on an old letter and left in her blotting-case, where perhaps some day Nettie will find them, when they may seem like a voice from the dead:—

We watch our children at their play,
And mourn to see them giving in
Before the game they lose or win,
And work undone at close of day.

We children of a larger growth,
Just ere the prize is at our feet,
Draw back—the task is incomplete,
And all our work is marred by sloth.

The spire of Ulm Cathedral stands
An emblem of unfinished task.
'And what of many a mind!' we ask,
'With wasted powers in sloth's strong bands.'

A little while we toil and spend,
As builders of a temple fair,
And store for all the rest is there,
In vain—we tire before the end.

Oh, well for us that One hath wrought
A perfect work, complete and dread,
One glorious *τετέλεσται* said,
One battle to its end hath fought.

Great tasks undone He will not own,
But all His choicest blessings blend
On him who striveth to the end.
Small duties finished, win the crown.

BOG-OAK.

THE HISTORY OF DAVID I. OF SCOTLAND.

DAVID I. of Scotland is renowned in history as a truly good, noble, and virtuous king; kind and just to his subjects, sparing no trouble to redress their wrongs; in private life his conduct was irreproachable; religion was throughout life his guiding principle;—in fact, Buchanan the historian, who can never be accused of flattery, describes him as 'the perfect exemplar of a good king.' No matter how much occupied he was, or how much engaged in any favourite pursuit, he would always listen to the complaint of one of his poor subjects, and would not rest until justice had been done. He must have had a difficult task indeed, in ruling a people so untaught and barbarous as the Scotch then were, and whom an unknown writer of the age describes as 'unclean and barbarous; neither hurt by excessive cold, nor by

severe hunger ; trusting to their swift feet and light armour ; esteeming death as nothing among their own family ; but exceeding every one in cruelty towards foreigners.' David I. was the son of Malcolm Canmore, and of the sainted Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling. He succeeded his brother, Alexander I., in 1124. He had spent much of his previous life in Cumberland, that county having been bequeathed to him by his brother Edgar. The time he spent in England was of great use to him in after life, as it trained him for government, and also made him acquainted with a people more civilised than the Scotch then were. The country made wonderful progress during the twenty-nine years of his reign, both in civilisation and in learning. At the beginning of David's reign some trouble was caused by the struggle made by the Church for independence. David was contemporary with Henry I. and Stephen. He swore to acknowledge Maude as Queen of England on the death of her father, in consequence of which, when Henry died, and Stephen usurped the crown, David's conscience would not allow of his making no effort to resist Stephen, and he openly espoused the cause of Maude. His success was not however great ; for after a desultory warfare of three years, matters came to a crisis, when he was defeated in the battle of the Standard, 1138 A.D. His army, and that of the English, encamped on Cuton Moor, near Northallerton, and prepared for battle the next morning. The English were drawn up into one battalion, in the midst of which S. Peter's Standard was displayed (this sacred banner having been brought for the occasion from Lincoln Cathedral) on a carriage mounted on wheels, from which the Bishop of Orkney roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers by declaring their cause a holy one, and promising Paradise to all who should fall in the battle. The Scotch army was drawn up in three lines—the first line consisted of the men of Galloway, to whom David, at their earnest request, though much against his good sense, had reluctantly ceded the post ; the second line was under the orders of David's eldest son Henry ; the third line was commanded by David himself. The men of Galloway rushed forward, and for two hours maintained a desperate struggle with the English spearmen ; but the arrows of the English archers beginning to tell on them they commenced a retreat ; whereupon Prince Henry galloped forward to the rescue, and breaking through the line opposed to them, attacked the rear. The men of Galloway rallied, and there is no knowing what might have been the issue, had not an English soldier caused a general panic among the Scotch, by holding a dead man's head aloft on a spear, and shouting that it was the head of David. Disorder became universal in the ill-assorted Scotch army, and in spite of all the remonstrances of the king, who rode bare-headed among them to show he was alive, they fled in confusion, and victory was secured to the English, the Scotch losing half their army of 27,000 men. After this defeat David concluded a peace with Stephen, but on terms not disadvantageous to the Scotch ; the whole of Durham and Northumberland, with the exception of Newcastle and Bamborough, being ceded to them, on condition of fealty being sworn to Stephen by Prince Henry. The remainder of David's reign was peaceful and prosperous ; he devoted himself to improving the condition of his people. Lord Hailes thus describes the beneficial government of David :—'During the course of his sage administration public buildings were erected,

towns established, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce promoted. The barbarities of his people in their invasions of England had affected him with the deepest anguish, and believing that religion was the only agent which could humanise and improve the savage multitudes whom he had led, but could not restrain, he endowed the Church with new privileges, enriched it with extensive grants of land, founded various bishoprics, built many monasteries, and exhibited in his own person so fine an example of royal greatness, chastened and purified by Christian charity, humility, and devotion, that it could not fail to have the best effects upon his people.' Being fully convinced that only through the influence of religion could the country be raised from its rude state of barbarism, he founded numerous monasteries, amongst which were the Abbeys of Holyrood House, Melrose, Dryburgh, Newbattle, Cambuskenneth, Kelso, Jedburgh, and others. These institutions he endowed out of the royal funds. It is recorded that one of his successors, James I., complaining of such liberality, which had lessened his own revenue, said, 'S. David has proved a sore saint for the crown.' David's eldest son, Henry, a fine promising youth, died in 1152; his death was a terrible grief to the king, but careful as ever for the welfare of his people, he roused himself to take the necessary steps for securing a peaceful succession for his grandson Malcolm, the son of Prince Henry. The child (who was but eleven years old) was proclaimed heir to the crown, and carried on a progress through the Scotch dominions, the barons solemnly swearing to yield him obedience. David died within a year after the death of his son. He was found dead, kneeling in an attitude of devotion. To quote the words of Adred, who knew him well, 'His death had been so tranquil, that you would not have believed him dead. He was found with his hands clasped devoutly on his breast, in the very posture in which he seems to have been raising them to heaven.'

NIGHTINGALE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Show (not at too great length) how the Proper Psalms apply to Whitsun Day.

Mention three great tempests which had a great effect on the course of events.

Stamps received: Mignonette, Bog-Oak.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

I should be very much obliged if any of your readers could tell me in what book I could find the poem 'The Boy of Heaven.' I have the greater part of it, but unfortunately some of the lines are missing. I believe it was published in a magazine some twenty-five years ago. It begins as follows:—

'One summer's eve seven little boys
Who in a hidden place
Hast been concealed ? for until now
I never saw thy face !'

I quote from memory, having learnt the poem as a child, but I believe the above to be correct.—*M. L. H.* [The grammar is perplexing.—*Ed.*]

Cherry wishes to know the author of the following lines, and whether there are any more verses:—

'We toil—through pain and wrong ;
We fight and fly,
We love, we lose—and then ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life ! is all thy song
Endure and—die !'

'All look and likeness caught from earth,
All accident of kin and birth,
Had passed away—there was no trace
Of aught on that illumined face,
Upraised beneath the rifted stone,
But of one spirit all her own.
But she herself, and only she
Shone through her body visibly.'

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* tell *L. M. F.* by whom the above lines are written ? also what is the continuation of a nursery rhyme beginning—

'There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid' ?

Dorcas wishes to know the author of the following lines:—

'The worth and end of all our strife and all our woes,
The hidden meaning of our life our Father knows.'

Meek Mouse wishes to know the author of the following lines:—

'I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty.'

In reading the very interesting chapter on 'Historical Tales' it struck me that perhaps some reader of the *Monthly Packet* might help me to the name of a book which came out about twenty-five years ago I think. It was an historical tale in one volume, in the form of an autobiography. The heroine lived with her brother, who was engaged to his cousin Madge, a bright, fearless girl, the tender side of whose character came out in cherishing protection of her half-witted brother Harry. The hero may have been Lord Kenmure, or some other noble

man who perished after the Jacobite rising of 1715, but unfortunately having read the book as a child, I have forgotten the names of the chief actors. The pathos with which the violent death of the hero is told, breaking in upon a sweet, fair morning, when all nature was rejoicing in golden sunlight, was very touching.

N. B. would feel much obliged if the Editor or any readers of the *Monthly Packet* would kindly inform her where she can find historical anecdotes of spiders other than that of Robert Bruce. Were not some given in a former number of the *Monthly Packet*, if so, on what date?

A. B. would be glad to hear if any picture or quaint engraving exists attempting to show forth either the 'Creation of the World' or the 'Beginning of Light.'

I am a middle-aged lady who would like to take up the study of medicine. Where could I obtain a list of books and lectures which I might attend in London? I have no intention of practising.—*Moir.*

ANSWERS.

Muffin-Man—

'Go, be sure of my love, by the treason forgiven'

is from a poem of Mrs. Barrett Browning's, called 'That Day,' to be found in page 259 of the selections of her poems published by Smith and Elder:—

'I stand by the river where both of us stood,
And there is but one shadow to darken the flood,
And the path leading to it, where both used to pass,
Has the step of but one to take dew from the grass—
One forlorn since that day.

'The flowers of the margin are many to see
None stoops at my bidding to pluck them for me ;
The bird in the alder sings loudly and long,
My low sound of weeping disturbs not his song
As thy vow did that day.

'I stand by the river, I think of the vow ;
Oh, calm as the place is, vow-breaker be thou !
I leave the flower growing, the bird unproved,
Would I trouble *thee* rather than *them*, my beloved—
And my lover that day.

'Go, be sure of my love, by the treason forgiven ;
Of my prayers, by the blessings they win thee from Heaven ;
Of my grief, guess the length of the sword by the sheath ;
By the silence of life, more pathetic than death,
Go—be clear of that day.'

—*Christmas Carol*, also *Sally Lunn*.

This may be either the part or whole of the song *G.* requires ; it must be old, as in one of Miss Edgeworth's stories an old gentleman (Mr. Palmer), is represented as humming the refrain—

'Last night the dogs did bark,
I went to the gate to see :
And every lass had her spark,
But nobody coming to me.
And it's oh dear ! what will become of me ?
Oh dear ! what shall I do !
Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo !

' My father's a hedger and ditcher,
 My mother does nothing but spin,
 And I am a pretty young girl ;
 But the money comes slowly in.
 And it's oh dear ! what will become of me ?
 Oh dear ! what shall I do ?
 Nobody coming to marry me,
 Nobody coming to woo ! '

It is part of a song in Chappell's second volume of *Old English Ballads*.—*R. E. H.*

W. C. D.—Cheverus (Jean-Louis-Anne-Madeleine Lefebure de), curé of Mayenne, fled to England in 1792, went thence to the United States of America, where he lived in Boston for a good while, and then went as a missionary among the Red Indians. He was a man of learning and piety, was consecrated bishop in 1810, was Bishop of Montauban in 1823, and Archbishop of Bordeaux in 1826, cardinal in 1836, the year of his death, at sixty-eight.—*R. F. L.*

' The hand of a man, absent trunk, head, and all,
 Wrote the letter of doom on Belshazzar's wall.
 He the blind idolater, blindly read ;
 The message no light to his mind conveyed,
 Though the dumb wall repeated it word for word,
 And the voice of the Prophet in echo was heard—
 Yes, the Prophet interprets it loud and clear,
 And Belshazzar the king must listen and hear,
 He must hear, who the downward path has trod,
 Deaf to the voice of conscience and God.'

Answer suggested to riddle asked for by *Donald* in March number of the *Monthly Packet*.—The real answer is, Ann wrote O.—*R. F. L.*

E. H. D. gives the line—

' Go when the morning shineth,'

to Bishop Heber.

Margaret.—You are right. Passion Week is the fifth week in Lent, Holy Week the sixth.

E. F. C. R.—Mrs. O'Reilly's *Children of the Church* (two parts) (Masters), for young children, Mrs. Jerome Mercier's *Our Mother Church* (Rivingtons), *Trinity Church Catechism* (American), but we believe it can be obtained from Masters if the children are older.

The *Sister in Charge* acknowledges the receipt of 2s. 6d. from 'M.P.', being her subscription to S. Lucy's Hospital, Gloucester.

C. H. may obtain full information respecting them and their undertakings at Shoreditch and elsewhere, in *Our Work*, a monthly paper, price 2d. (exclusive of postage), which may be ordered from A. Mitchell, 6, Paternoster Row. It is well worth reading.

Miss Annis Cazenove thanks 'C. H.' (Philadelphia), very much for her kind gift of 4l. for the Shoreditch poor. Donations may be sent to Miss A. M. Thomas, 27, Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W.

For the Pusey Memorial, the *Editor* acknowledges, with thanks, S. A. S., 10s. ; Dorothy Mary, 1s.

'THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.'—*Mrs. Fagg* begs to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, the following donations, which have been sent to her in answer to Miss Gordon Cumming's article, which appeared in the February number of the *Monthly Packet*:—Miss Sharp, 1l. ; 'Colorado,' 5s. ; 'A Lady,' 5l. ; 'F. M.,' 5s. ; Miss Borwell, 1l. ; Mrs Wilkenson,

7s. 6d.; Marshall Smith, 2s. 6d.; Miss Bernard, 2s. 7d.; Miss A. Williams, 2s. 6d.; Miss Fearnely, 7s. 6d.; Miss Hale, 10s.; Miss B. Nicholson, 5s.; Mrs. Beynon, 1l.; 'J. M.', 5s.; 'A. M. S.', 1l. (yes, strictly Church of England, and a yearly subscription will be most gratefully accepted and duly acknowledged); 'A German Reader,' 5l. (yes, Miss F. is the present Mrs. Fagg, and she sincerely hopes, after a year or two, when this mission is fairly started, to go back herself to China); Miss Livingston, 5s. Further donations are most earnestly solicited, and we trust to begin this work early in the autumn. Any lady wishing for further information may receive the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon.

MADAM,—So many of your readers have shown a kind interest in the Mission to Chinese ladies, from reading the above article in your February number, that I should esteem it a favour if you would allow it to be made known to them, through your columns, that the SALE is to be held (p.v.) on THURSDAY, 19th April, at the Church Room, adjoining Eaton Chapel, opposite Eaton Terrace, and I shall be glad to receive contributions for the same up to the 14th of April. All are also earnestly requested to attend the sale, and make it known among friends.—I am, Madam, yours obediently, BEAUJOLAIS DENT, 20, Thurloe Square, London, S.W.

THE writer of the article on the 'Factory Girls' Club at Ratcliff,' in the March number of the *Monthly Packet*, is anxious to correct an error in that paper with regard to the rate of wages given to apprentices in the cigar factories. *Four shillings and sixpence* is all they earn weekly. The average amount earned in jam factories is seven or eight shillings per week. Work is less easy to get after Christmas; and owing to the state of the dockyards there is much distress among the men at Ratcliff and other places near.

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1883.

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

OAKLANDS.

' Ah ! changed and cold, how changed and very cold,
With stiffened smiling lips and cold calm eyes :
Changed, yet the same ; much knowing, little wise.'

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE old club of the Woodmen of Wessex, which had been established more than a hundred years, held its annual meeting at Oaklands, about five miles from Eastmarsh. It was the great county festivity, for nearly all the gentlemen in those parts belonged to it, entering into its sports more or less, as their age and taste led them ; and all the ladies were invited on its great day, everybody talking of 'Oaklands' as the pleasantest thing in the year.

The club possessed a very pretty park close to the village of Oaklands, and in it a great stone pavilion, known as the Forest Lodge. This building contained an immense hall, floored with polished oak, where the club dined and danced, and some smaller rooms surrounding it. On the great day, 'the Bugle Day,' as they called it, the Woodmen appeared in their green coats, to shoot for the chief prize of the year, the silver bugle, to be presented by the lady who had been fortunate enough to draw the winner's name ; all the archers' names having been drawn by ladies before the shooting began. He was the Master Forester, and she was the Queen of the Forest ; they led off the country dance together, followed by all the other archers, with their partners chosen by lot.

The Bugle Day was too often rainy and autumnal ; but this year it was beautiful. A still glory of light and warmth lay over the broad

lawns where the targets were set, where the archers were walking up and down, and the ladies looking on, with a little enthusiasm now and then. Far away towards the park a band was playing some wonderful German music, which at one moment seemed almost too sad for a *fête* day, and then became so magnificently triumphant that all these civilised smiling people, with their fine clothes and their bows and arrows, seemed too poor and mean and colourless to live in the same world with such music. Hetty at first thought the music would break her heart; then she hoped it would go on for ever, for, with that in one's ears, and filling one's brain, it was possible to walk about unconsciously without thinking of the people. She did not immediately see any faces she cared to avoid.

Going about with her aunt and cousin, without much thinking or caring where, she found herself in the tent where the drawing of names was going on. A crowd of people were standing there, and Colonel Page was very busy superintending the drawing. Conny Lydiard drew Mr. Collins, Lord Sandypark's eldest son.

'Ah! you won't be the Queen, I'm sorry to say,' said the old Colonel, smilingly. 'Miss Stewart, will you draw?'

Afterwards Hetty wished with all her heart she had refused. If she had realised that anything so dreadful *could* happen to her, she would never have come into the tent at all; but this was her first experience of Oaklands, and she knew nothing of its ceremonies. She saw very well whose name was on the paper she held, and made a movement to put it back, with a terrified glance at Colonel Page. But he, good man, had been away for the last week; no gossip had reached him, and he thought this pretty girl was only shy.

'No, no, keep it. Charming!' he said, in his kind, quick way. 'You have a very good chance indeed.'

'Conny, do you see?' whispered poor Hetty. 'Why did I come? What shall I do?'

'Make the best of it,' Conny answered with some sharpness. 'Hold yourself up and don't look foolish. You must take your chance like every one else.'

As she spoke she was glancing round at the people in the tent, conscious that they turned, and looked, and smiled—that some faint sensation was running through them all. It certainly was an exciting, amusing little fact—Miss Stewart had drawn Mr. Ethelston's name. Poor man! the very last person who ought to have done it! Rather cool of the girl to come here at all!

Conny saw all this in their faces, and would gladly have strangled two or three of them, so she told her mother afterwards.

At the moment, Mrs. Lydiard was not at all aware of what had happened. Of course she, as well as the girls, felt the awkwardness of the situation; but being quite determined to brave it out, and to appear as cheerful and unconcerned as any one else, she had turned

away to talk to Mrs. Bell and some other acquaintance, satisfied that so far Hetty was all right, for the Ethelstons had not appeared.

'Let us go out; the tent is really too hot,' said Constance to her cousin; and the two girls went out together.

Outside the tent, meeting them face to face, coming slowly up over the greensward, were three tall people—Herbert Ethelston and his sisters. This young archer looked splendid in his green coat; his sisters also were very handsomely dressed; they were, on the whole, the most striking-looking people to be seen that day, and it certainly would have been a distinction to belong to them. But this was not to be. Hetty walked past them with a deep flush on her face, and her pretty head bent. She could not look straight and defiantly, as Conny did; it was all too miserable. Conny actually glanced at them as they passed, to see how they looked, and whether they really meant to ignore herself and Hetty altogether.

There was no question about that. The Miss Ethelstons appeared never to have seen these girls before. Margaret looked pale, and haughty, and grave; Gertrude was smiling a little, but not agreeably; they both agreed in passing by with a stately coldness, from which there was no appeal. Conny, in her moment's glance from one face to another, thought she liked Herbert the best of the three; he looked cross and gloomy, as if enjoyment that day was quite out of the question, and instead of staring offensively into the air, like his sisters, he kept his eyes on the ground. Though he took care not to look at Hetty, he just lifted his hat as she and Conny passed; the slightest, most formal of salutations, to which Conny responded with equal stiffness.

Hetty was hardly aware of it, for she seemed to be walking in a dream, all her senses only half awake, benumbed in fact by pain.

As the two girls passed quickly on along the lawn, they neither knew nor cared in what direction, Colonel Page came out of the tent to meet Herbert Ethelston, with a disturbed look on his good old face.

'I am very sorry, Herbert,' he said. 'An awkward thing has happened. I must assure you that it was not my fault. How was I to know of these changes? You ought to have told me!'

'What has happened?' said Herbert, rather gruffly.

'Miss Stewart has drawn your name,' answered the colonel, with a solemn air.

Herbert changed colour and frowned.

'What a bore,' said Gertrude. 'What business had she to draw at all! Imagine her coming even; but some people are quite devoid of feeling.'

Margaret said nothing.

Colonel Page, who had known them from their childhood, looked from one to the other in grave surprise.

'She seemed distressed, poor girl,' he said. 'I could not understand at the moment—she wished to return the paper, but I, in my ignorance, made her keep it. Yes, I wonder she came, and yet I suppose there may have been faults on both sides.'

Herbert suddenly escaped, going on into the tent; he thought his worthy old godfather might learn the facts from other people.

'There was no fault on Herbert's side,' said Margaret, rather stiffly. 'Miss Stewart has only herself to blame. It has vexed Herbert very much, and we are extremely sorry for the whole affair.'

'And thankful that it has come to an end,' added Gertrude.

'Ah—well—how some faces deceive one!' said Colonel Page. 'To me there was something sweet and noble in that girl's face.'

'So there was to me,' said Margaret, with a slight sigh. 'Yes, we were completely deceived in her.'

'It was a mistake from the beginning—a lesson against picking up stray people,' said Gertrude. But what about this horrid dance, Colonel Page? What can we do? Get somebody to change with her! It is quite impossible for Herbert to dance with her, you know. What an idiot she was to keep the paper at all. She doesn't wish to dance with him, surely.'

'From her manner, most evidently not,' said Colonel Page. 'It was my stupidity, you understand. I must put it right somehow. Or let us hope Herbert won't win anything. He is not in a winning humour, I dare say; and then nobody will notice if he does not dance at all.'

'I feel sure that he will win, just from perversity,' said Gertrude. 'You might as well say that he need not shoot. Very hard on him.'

'At any rate, we have some hours to decide in,' said Colonel Page. 'Now, Miss Gertrude, go in and draw. Where's James Harvey, by the by?'

'Gone to Egypt with his brother,' answered Margaret, as Gertrude marched on into the tent.

In the fine talent of giving the cold shoulder to any one they disapproved of, the *habitués* of Oaklands were perhaps unrivalled in the world. Most of them were, or wished to appear, friends of the Ethelstons', and were quite ready to take up their quarrel and follow their lead. It was really too bad that the pleasant Bugle Day should be spoilt by the presence of a girl like this, wandering about like a spectre at the feast. Such a thing had hardly ever happened before in the history of the club, the guests of which were always invited by the members, themselves the most select and exclusive set of men that could be found in England. Even Mrs. Bell, with all her riches, was regarded a little doubtfully; as for these Lydiards, no one would have dreamed of asking them at all, except Herbert Ethelston, in his infatuation.

All the county had looked with contemptuous eyes on that en-

gement, setting down Hetty as a clever and lucky adventuress. Now that Herbert had come to his senses, every one naturally thought that these people would be seen and heard of no more. That they should brave public opinion in this way, that the girl herself, the subject of so much gossip and condemnation, should actually appear at Oaklands, should have the presumption, the insolence, to take her chance with other girls and draw Herbert Ethelston's name—it was too bad, really. There was a tacit agreement that this sort of thing could not be borne, and that Miss Stewart must be shown her proper place.

Hetty herself was hardly aware of the manner of all these people. Nothing could add to her unhappiness. She scarcely noticed their coldness, their neglect, who had been so civil to her lately—their moving off from where she and Conny were sitting or standing, leaving them avoided and alone.

Mrs. Lydiard would not see it; she went on talking in her lively, irrepressible way to the people she knew best, and who were willing to acknowledge that this unhappy business was no fault of hers. It was Conny who felt it most; and she was so angry with every one as to be anything but a soothing companion to poor Hetty, who felt with keen pain how her cousin's enjoyment was being spoilt by her presence.

'Do go away, Conny; leave me alone,' she said once. 'Look, I can sit down behind this tree. Go and talk to somebody, dear; it is so stupid for you.'

'Nonsense! I am not such a beast,' said Conny vehemently. 'Besides, I hate them all. There is not a single creature I want to talk to. I only wish we had never come.'

'So do I,' sighed Hetty.

But at that moment, as they stood together at some distance from the other people, looking on at the shooting with quite uninterested eyes, somebody came up to them eagerly from behind.

'I have been looking for you,' said the pleasant voice of Tom Landor. 'Won't you come a little nearer to the band? They are going to play the 'Pilgrims' Chorus' from *Tannhäuser*, and if you are too far off you will lose those heavenly breathings at the beginning. Won't you come, Miss Stewart? There are some chairs over there.'

'Thank you. Shall we go, Hetty? What a bore this thing is, Mr. Landor!' said Conny.

'Yes, rather; but Wagner will take you away from it.'

Conny brightened up wonderfully, and chattered away to Tom as they went towards the music. Even Hetty could not help smiling, and feeling a sort of vague gratitude. The three sat together in a shady place, and now people might look and pass by as they pleased; the girls felt themselves no longer deserted.

Tom talked to Conny and made her laugh; he was at his brightest. Hetty sat and listened. She did not know, and would not have cared

to know, the deep pity and indignation that filled his heart for her. Presently the Pilgrims sang their stately triumphal march, through gloom to glory.

‘Do you see Mr. Landor over there? What horrid taste!’ said Gertrude Ethelston to her sister, away at the other side of the lawn.

Margaret looked, but said nothing. Her eyes lingered a moment on Hetty’s face, now very pale, as it was turned towards the band. Hetty did not look just then as if she was at Oaklands.

Lady Sandypark, a fat, magnificent person, not generally ill-natured, found herself in the next chair to Mrs. Bell, who had been nodding comfortably off under the influence of the music and the sleepy sunshine, but was roused by the neighbourhood of this great lady. After a few remarks, Mrs. Bell alluded to her future niece having drawn Mr. Collins’s name.

‘I hope he will win the bugle; they will be a nice-looking couple,’ said Mrs. Bell.

In spite of Mrs. Bell’s solidity, there was a lightness in her tone sometimes which irritated those who felt superior to her. She hardly seemed to understand the lights and shades, the hills and valleys, of English society. And it was no use trying to snub her politely, for she never perceived one’s intention.

Lady Sandypark had been a good deal annoyed at Miss Constance Lydiard’s taking possession of her son. It was almost a condescension for him to come to Oaklands at all, and that he could by any possibility be compelled to dance with a second-rate girl like this showed to his mother’s mind that there was something rotten in the state of Oaklands. She had been reflecting that the rules must be altered, and this ridiculous drawing of names put a stop to. Mrs. Bell’s remarks came in badly at this moment.

‘Your future niece! Ah, to be sure. I forgot who she was,’ said Lady Sandypark. ‘And where is she now?’

‘Do you see two girls over there, near the band, with a clergyman talking to them? The one in pink is Constance.’

‘Who is the man?’

‘Mr. Landor, of Alding.’

‘And the other girl is Miss Stewart, isn’t she? I remember her, don’t you, at that Alding garden-party, when young Ethelston talked to nobody else. What a stupid affair that has been for the poor Ethelstons! The girl must have behaved very badly. Isn’t it rather cool of her to be here to-day? Is she a great friend of Miss Lydiard’s?’

‘She is her cousin, you know; they have always been together,’ said Mrs. Bell. ‘Yes, I begin to think her coming to-day was a mistake. But to do the girl justice, her aunt insisted upon it. I think it is better to let these things die out quietly.’

‘I have heard so many different accounts,’ said Lady Sandypark.

'It *was* rather funny behaviour, I suppose—bad case of flirtation—meeting a man at queer hours, and so on. How was it, really? Wasn't she staying in your house, by the by?'

Lady Sandypark turned to Mrs. Bell, quite friendly and interested. Here was a chance of hearing scandal from headquarters, and for the moment she forgot her annoyance about her son.

'She was a sad goose,' said Mrs. Bell. 'But the worst of it was her refusing to give an account of herself. Wouldn't say a word—wouldn't give her friends a chance of standing by her. Of course, you understand, I can't say to Constance that I would rather not see them together, for she is a spirited girl, and fond of her cousin, and won't believe anything against her; but really it is rather a vexation to me. Well, the circumstances were simply these——' and a long mumbled conversation followed. Mrs. Bell, at least, lowered her voice, but Lady Sandypark's questions, remarks, and exclamations were made in quite a high key.

'The most dreadful thing of all,' said Mrs. Bell, with a subdued laugh, 'is that Hetty Stewart has drawn Mr. Ethelston's name. I really am anxious to know how they will get out of that muddle.'

'As the girl had the face to come here, and to draw with the others, she probably means to make him dance with her,' said Lady Sandypark. 'Quite a dramatic revenge, isn't it? I think the best plan will be for us all to go away before the dancing begins.'

'Has Miss Stewart lost all her friends?' said a voice suddenly from a neighbouring chair.

Mrs. Bell started, and turned round to meet the stern eyes of a woman she disliked and feared—Mrs. Landor. She was looking handsome and very fierce. She got up and came a few paces nearer to the scandal-mongers, standing still, as if she had something more to say to them. Lady Sandypark stared at her fixedly, wondering if this insolent woman knew who she was. Mrs. Bell blinked her eyes, and a faint pink glow suffused her sallow cheeks.

'It is hardly fair to condemn a girl as you do, without any proof,' said Mrs. Landor. 'And a girl whose perfect goodness nobody who knows her can doubt for one moment. You ought to know her at least as well as I do, Mrs. Bell. But I must say that even Miss Ethelston, who told me why the engagement was broken off, did not colour the story as darkly as you do.'

'Colour! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Landor,' said Mrs. Bell, her voice faltering slightly with astonishment. 'I was only telling Lady Sandypark the plain facts.'

'But you did not tell Lady Sandypark that Miss Stewart's character—her face even—forbids any bad explanation of the facts,' said Bessie. 'The Ethelstons themselves confess that. As far as I can understand, the quarrel was simply this—that her idea of honour was different—stricter than his. He wanted her to tell him some secret

about another person, which she had promised not to tell. That was the dispute between them. The engagement was broken off for no reason but that.'

'Oh, come—he naturally didn't like that clandestine meeting——' began Mrs. Bell.

'Clandestine! I hate the word—it was no such thing. He knew, as well as you and I do, that Miss Stewart could have explained it to him in a moment, and would have done so, if it had not concerned another person. There is no reason why people should look coldly at her, and avoid her, as if she had done something wrong. I believe the poor girl has sacrificed herself for the sake of truth and honour and somebody else.'

'Somebody else—exactly!' muttered Mrs. Bell; for it was very trying to her to be put down thus in the hearing of Lady Sandypark.

Mrs. Landor's only answer was a quick flash of scorn from under her black lashes, which startled Mrs. Bell so much that she could not even venture on another sneer. Lady Sandypark interposed as a peace-maker.

'Of course one is very glad to hear all this,' she said, looking gravely at Mrs. Landor; 'I always dislike so much to think ill of people. And I was only joking about a dramatic revenge, you know. If Miss Stewart is so nice, no doubt she will take herself out of the way, for dancing with Mr. Ethelston will be no pleasure to her.'

'Pleasure! I should think not!' said Mrs. Landor; and then she turned round and walked away.

'What a dreadful woman! Who is she?' said Lady Sandypark.

'Mrs. Landor, the Rector of Alding's mother, who lives with him,' said Mrs. Bell.

'Dear me!'

'Yes, her manners are quite terrible. I always pity her poor son, for I feel sure she must have a very bad temper,' said Mrs. Bell.

'And a wonderful opinion of herself,' said Lady Sandypark.

As Mrs. Landor walked away, she saw that the day's proceedings had arrived at some crisis. Being, like Hetty, a stranger to Oaklands, she did not quite understand what this was, but it was evident that the shooting was over, for all the archers were moving towards the same large tent where the names had been drawn, and a group of people just outside it were talking in a rather excited way. Before reaching this tent, Mrs. Landor passed two young men standing together.

'What is all this about?' said one to the other.

'Don't you know? Herbert Ethelston has won the bugle, and the Forest Queen is a mistake.'

Mrs. Landor now perceived that this young man was an acquaintance of Tom's, and she stopped to speak to him.

'Can you tell me what will happen next, Mr. Ward? I am very ignorant.'

'Well, it is rather a stupid ceremony,' said Mr. Ward. 'I should not care to go through it. The winner of the bugle kneels down before the lady who has drawn his name, and she slings the bugle round his neck. But you see the circumstances are so very awkward, that I expect they will get out of it somehow.'

'You are funny people at Oaklands,' said Mrs. Landor, with a short laugh. 'Was an engagement never broken off before, I wonder!' and she walked on.

Several of the oldest and most important Woodmen were standing in that group near the tent. Colonel Page was there, and two or three ladies, among whom were the Miss Ethelstons. They were holding a little improvised council. Colonel Page, who liked Mrs. Landor, turned to her as she came up, and began to explain their difficulty.

'It is no business of hers,' muttered Gertrude aside to her sister.

Colonel Page was very confidential. He was sure Mrs. Landor must see what an awkward thing this was for all parties. It had been proposed that they should ignore the drawing altogether, and without saying anything to Miss Stewart, ask the principal lady there—Lady Sandypark—to present the bugle. Would not that be the best and quietest way of doing it?

'Does Miss Ethelston think this a good plan?' said Bessie.

She was looking extremely grave; the angry, scornful flush which Mrs. Bell had called up still lingered on her face.

'Perhaps,' murmured Margaret, and she added something about 'the easiest way out of a difficulty.' Mrs. Landor looked at her earnestly. 'I don't think,' Margaret went on, 'that my sister and I are at all the right people to be consulted. We are too much interested.'

'So one would think,' said Mrs. Landor, in her clear strong voice. 'Yet, after all, you are responsible for the difficulty. You know—I am sure nobody else does—what makes Miss Stewart unworthy to face your brother, or even to be spoken to by any one here. What is the reason, pray, that she is not to be treated like any other lady?'

'My dear Mrs. Landor,' said Colonel Page, hurriedly, and much distressed, 'we are trying to act with consideration for both sides, you understand. We don't wish to be rude—we could not dream of hurting or injuring Miss Stewart—but the fact is, we are in a dilemma. These little ceremonies want an atmosphere of friendly ease, don't you see! And I cannot help thinking that Miss Stewart might be glad to be relieved——'

'I dare say she would be—glad and thankful. But that is not the question,' said Mrs. Landor.

'Whatever the question is, members of the club ought to decide it,' said Gertrude Ethelston.

'Yes—I know it is not my business,' said Mrs. Landor. 'I am an

outsider, and you are privileged people, of course; but still it is sometimes good to know how things strike an outsider. I don't wish to enter on private matters more than is necessary—but you explained to me yourself, Miss Ethelston, the reasons for this sad breaking-off, and I did not see in them any excuse for turning Miss Stewart out of society.'

She stopped, and looked at Margaret, who hesitated a moment, and then answered, with her calm, haughty air—

'There is no excuse for anything of the kind.'

'Thank you. I thought you would be just,' said Mrs. Landor. 'But the fact is, that all kinds of stories, with every sort of exaggeration, are being told against this poor girl, and that every one here has behaved to her to-day as if she was not fit to be spoken to, allowing her and her cousin to walk about by themselves, neglected and scorned. I really did not know the extent of this feeling till just now, when I heard two people talking it over—one who certainly ought to have known better—and I am on my way to join the girls now. Miss Stewart is being treated shamefully, in my opinion. My heart bleeds for her.'

There was an earnest, passionate sincerity in Bessie's voice and eyes which took the people by storm. It was a strange gift that she had; now and then, when her own soul was stirred by some indignant enthusiasm, to convince other colder souls, and carry them with her suddenly. It was something in the tone of her last words that gained this victory. There was silence for a moment, except that one or two men muttered the word 'Shame.'

'Colonel Page, I think Mrs. Landor is right,' said Margaret Ethelston, coming forward. 'We must make no difference because of this. Herbert will think the same. I will find him—if you will fetch Miss Stewart to give the bugle.'

Margaret walked away, followed by her sister, who looked astonished, but made no objection.

'Will you come with me, Mrs. Landor?' said the old colonel, and they two crossed the lawn together, to where Tom and the two girls were still sitting near the band.

They had just been joined by Mrs. Lydiard, who had caught something of what was going on, before Mrs. Landor's interference, and did not quite know whether to be pleased or angry at it. She knew that the idea of coming into public would be dreadful to Hetty, still she felt keenly enough that there was something insulting to her niece in being ignored. She was inclined now to be sorry that the girl had not been allowed to stay at home. But her face brightened when Colonel Page arrived on his mission. With the kind politeness that belonged to him, with a smile, which was only a little graver than usual, he asked Hetty if she would come with him to the tent, and perform her office.

'What office?' said Hetty, looking up at him with sad, frightened eyes.

'To give away the bugle.'

Hetty stood up, as if to go obediently. Then she turned to Conny and put her hand on her arm, still looking at Colonel Page.

'May not—can my cousin do it instead of me? Will you, Conny?' she said.

Conny shook her head.

'We all know it is a trial to you,' said the old colonel in his kindest manner. 'But if you will take my advice you will do it yourself. Mrs. Landor thinks so too. You have nothing to say; it will be over in a minute.'

'Do you really think I must?' said Hetty to Mrs. Landor.

The look she met in return was the best comfort she had had that day.

'I think so,' said Mrs. Landor, under her breath, and Mrs. Lydiard at once joined in with cheering words.

'Of course, Hetty! why shouldn't you? There is really no sense in hiding yourself. Come, child, we are all going with you.'

Hetty said no more. She walked on in front with Mrs. Landor and Colonel Page, who was so touched by the girl's look and manner that he hardly spoke as they crossed the lawn. Her other friends followed close behind. Tom also had left his good spirits under the trees yonder.

When they reached the tent, Hetty was conscious of crowds of people, but she did not meet their eyes, or know who they were. There was not much talking or laughing, but a faint murmur ran through the crowd as she came forward and stood by the table on which the bugle was lying. Hetty looked lovely. She wore a black velvet jacket and a black hat, which set off the fine graceful lines of her head and figure. She had lost, it is true, her happy, trusting expression, and her eyelids were heavy, as if they had known tears not long ago, but her face, which was now pale, had gained a new spiritual delicacy, and she held herself, at this trying moment, more like a princess than a girl forsaken, slandered, and scorned.

Hetty only knew that she must stand still, and do what she was told. There was a minute, which seemed like ten, of dreadful silent waiting. Then a tall figure in a green coat stepped forward, and bent on one knee before the Forest Queen.

'Put this over his head,' said Colonel Page, giving her the bugle with its silver cord.

Hetty stepped forward to obey, flushing crimson as she did so. Her hands trembled so much as she performed this office that one of them just touched Herbert's fair hair. This gave her a kind of shock, and almost unconsciously she looked to see if he had noticed it. He raised his eyes at the same moment, and they looked full at each other. It

was very strange and sad. His eyes were angry, and seemed to reproach her bitterly for all that had happened ; hers, one may fear, told him rather too plainly what her suffering was.

But the whole thing was over in a moment. The Queen turned away to her friends ; the Master Forester carried off his dangling bugle, and the people began streaming out of the tent again, hurrying off to get some tea, and beginning to talk about dancing, which generally began between seven and eight.

One or two people, who had till now taken no notice of Mrs. Lydiard and her girls, came up and spoke to them civilly. Hetty's ordeal, which she had gone through so bravely, was not without its effect on minds in general.

Hetty suddenly put her hand in Mrs. Landor's arm, and drew her a little away from the rest.

'I cannot bear any more. I cannot dance,' she said, looking up into her face.

'I was wondering whether you would care to go home with me,' said Mrs. Landor. 'Let me take charge of you for the night. Tom will stay for the dance, but I shall be only too glad to get away.'

'Not for me ! Oh no, I can't take you away,' said Hetty, with a certain eagerness. 'Everybody will miss you.'

'My dear, nobody will miss me, except Tom. And I am bored to death with the whole thing.'

Mrs. Lydiard and Conny certainly did not enjoy themselves any the less for Hetty's absence. Conny was never likely to be in want of partners, and Mrs. Landor's spirited intervention had roused any chivalry there was at Oaklands, so that men found themselves doing a good action by dancing with Hetty's cousin, as well as paying attention to a very pretty girl.

The most dismal face in the assembly that night was Herbert Ethelston's. He was incapable of seeming jolly when he felt wretched, and Miss Collins, who willingly took Hetty's place and danced with him, bugle and all, told her mother afterwards that he might be very good-looking and very rich, but that never before in society had she met such an absolute bear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REFUGE.

'She held out her hand to me, and the voice of sweetness again greeted me, with the single word "Welcome." She set an old wooden chair for me near the fire, and went on with her cooking. A wondrous sense of refuge and repose came upon me.'—GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE old Rectory looked very still and peaceful that evening in the light of sunset. It was brilliant in colour, surrounded and covered with flowers, which glowed under the glowing sky ; but already there

was a little chill in the air, and Hetty shivered, when she had walked in at the open door and was standing in the low hall. She was not sure that she was awake: this seemed only the continuation of a long dream, which in her heart she longed to wake from. To go back a year, that was what seemed most desirable; to go back to the days when she was free and careless and happy, untouched by that terrible power, Love. Mrs. Landor looked at her, standing there in a forlorn sort of way, and understood it all. She said nothing, however. She took Hetty up stairs, and made her take her hat off, and then lighted the drawing-room fire and put her into a chair near it.

Tom's manner in the afternoon had been something of the same kind as his mother's now; full of tender consideration, yet never suggesting that Hetty could be an object of pity: yet Bessie's manner was more perfect than Tom's, for at the root of it, instead of enthusiasm, there was a calm loving strength which the Ethelstons, Sandyparks, Bells, would never have suspected or understood. To them she was merely a rough outspoken woman, good-hearted, perhaps, but quite absurdly vehement and prejudiced.

She did not sentimentalize over Hetty, or try to win her confidence in any way. She did not even seem specially interested in her, or sorry for her, but talked at dinner, in the most matter-of-fact way, about French cooking, and told one or two funny stories with a grave face, which made Hetty smile.

It was nearly dark when they went back to the drawing-room, which was lighted up by the pretty dancing firelight. Hetty returned to her chair, while Mrs. Landor went to fetch her knitting. The room was sweet with flowers, the whole house was still, a harbour of rest in this noisy life; it seemed the very place for a tired wanderer. What was it that made one feel so safe there, so out of reach, at least for a few hours, of all trouble and harm? Hetty had arrived at some faint wondering of this kind, when Mrs. Landor's firm step came along the passage, and as she entered the room, with a grave, quick glance at Hetty, her young guest knew that it was Mrs. Landor's presence in the house which made peace and safety there. For a few minutes they sat in silence. The fire flamed, Mrs. Landor knitted, Hetty dreamily watched the knitting needles. Presently her thoughts made their way into a few low words:

'How good you are to me!'

'I like you, as I have told you before,' said Mrs. Landor, hardly looking up.

'I remember,' said Hetty, and after another long pause she went on, 'I am sorry I went to Oaklands to-day. My aunt meant me to behave as if nothing had happened, and I could not. I shall never go anywhere again. I should like to live in some quiet, quiet place, where I need never see any one.'

'Some peaceful hermitage,' said Mrs. Landor. 'Yes, you were very

much tried to-day, but you went through it bravely. And I think after all your aunt was right ; it was best for you to come. It is over now, my dear ; don't trouble yourself about it any more. As to the hermitage, wait till you have done wrong, and feel obliged to do penance.'

'Everybody thinks I have done wrong,' said Hetty.

'Everybody is not so stupid,' replied Mrs. Landor. .

Hetty's face brightened a little : there was almost a smile in the sweet true eyes that were looking at her friend so earnestly.

'And suppose all the world was made up of slanderers and idiots ! I'll allow there are a good many of them,' said Bessie, in convincing tones, 'still *you* know you are right, and so do the people who love you best. The others will very soon find out their mistake, and be ashamed of themselves.'

'But you have not heard all the horrid things they say. Aunt Eva told me such dreadful things. I don't remember half of them, but they were indescribable. Haven't they told them to you ?'

'I have heard quite enough,' said Mrs. Landor. 'I knew exactly what to believe, for two reasons. Shall I tell you what the reasons were ?'

'Yes ; I should like to know.'

'One was, that I knew you. The other was, that Miss Ethelston herself told me the whole story.'

Hetty did not speak for a moment, but coloured, and looked away at the fire.

'She did not think I was a horrid girl, and had flirted'—she said presently very low.

'No. She is neither an idiot nor a slanderer. She told me—if I may go on—that your engagement was broken off because you would not tell her brother some secret which concerned somebody else. As to that meeting with Mr. Harvey, she spoke of it as a foolish thing, but she did not contradict me when I said you must have had some good reason for it.'

'Yes, I had indeed, a very good reason,' said Hetty. 'I did not want to meet him, but it seemed the only way—'

'I know that, my child,' said Mrs. Landor.

'How could I tell that all this misery would come of it, of doing what I knew was right !' sighed Hetty. 'Dear Mrs. Landor, I wish I could tell you everything, and then you would know—but my heart is broken—I shall never, never be happy again.'

She came and sat on the floor beside Bessie, laid her head on her lap, and sobbed out there all her sorrow and pain. For a week she had been in a state of strained endurance, with no one to go to for such sympathy as she had now. She had not even known that she wanted it ; for plainly such a trouble as this ought to be borne silently and proudly : no one ought to know how much she cared for what she had

lost. She had hardly known herself, till now, what a hold Herbert had taken upon her life.

But here she had a true and tender friendship which understood everything before it was confessed ; a thoughtfulness which would not wound her by any blame of Herbert ; in fact a perfect sympathy, not making any useless attempts at comfort, but helping her in some strange way to bear the pain. She came to this friend as she might have come to her mother, just for love and pity : instinct brought her to Bessie Landor, as it had often brought helpless things before. Such a mere acquaintance as this was more to Hetty than a hundred aunts and cousins, good-natured people and fond of her as they might be.

Mrs. Landor was sorry to find, though she had suspected as much before, that all the gossip and scandal was nothing to Hetty compared with the great trouble of losing Herbert. And this not because of his position, or for any reason but one—that she was fairly and hopelessly in love with him. If Mrs. Landor had thought that Herbert shared this feeling, she would have still hoped that things might come right ; but on the contrary, from what she had seen, and from what Margaret Ethelston had said to her, she felt pretty sure that Herbert would soon recover his spirits, and would make up for this sentimental mistake by a more promising engagement in some other quarter.

‘He is angry, and will marry very soon, out of pique,’ thought Mrs. Landor, ‘while he has spoilt this poor child’s life for her. Oh, these fine young men, so contented with themselves, what despicable creatures they are!’

Hetty was soon ashamed of herself for giving way, but not painfully so, for Mrs. Landor did not seem in the least surprised. As the girl grew calmer, she said to her very quietly, ‘And Hetty—the person you are screening all this time—I suppose for some good kind reason you kept her appointment with Mr. Harvey—does she know all that you have suffered for her?’

Hetty raised her face with almost a look of rapture. ‘Who told you?’ she said, and then she stopped short, for Bessie did not, after all, look as if she knew everything.

‘Tom was right, I see,’ said Mrs. Landor. ‘He said that was the explanation. Of course, my dear, I know no more than other people. And if you can’t tell them, you can’t tell me. But I think you have been mixed up with something very unpleasant—haven’t you? Was it Mr. Harvey’s fault?’

‘No, not altogether. There was nothing wrong,’ said Hetty earnestly ; ‘only a mistake, a most unfortunate mistake.’

‘And you had to be sacrificed to this mistake!’

‘I could not tell. But none of them understood that.’

‘Poor things!’ said Mrs. Landor. ‘But answer my question, child. Does that person know?’

'Yes, she knows,' said Hetty wearily.

'Then what kind of creature can she be, not to have spoken and set things right at once! I have an idea who she is. Do you mind my guessing?'

Hetty did not answer for a minute. Then she said, 'I would rather you did not, please. It is too late now—and it is better that only I should know. I daresay you would guess right, because you seem to have a sort of inspiration, to understand the whole thing. But it would be a dreadful thing for her, and Mr. Harvey! and I agreed to save her.'

'Mr. Harvey would scarcely have saved her at your expense, my generous child,' said Bessie. 'Yes, I should guess right, for I know very well who it is. Tom knows too, but we have suggested it to no one, for fear of being wrong. It certainly does make one's blood boil, that you should be sacrificed for any one so base.'

'She was silly—but it was a mistake, not a fault,' said Hetty.

'And her behaviour since, my dear—don't you call that a fault?' said Bessie. 'I must say this, that if Mr. Harvey was not gone to Egypt, I should not have consented to hold my tongue. I should have thought it my duty to stop further mischief.'

'Oh! don't say that. There is no mischief,' said Hetty, earnestly.

'Very well. I take your word for it: you have a right to be believed.'

Mrs. Landor did not often give way to vain fancies and regrets. But as she sat alone with Hetty, looking down on her bright head in the firelight, it was impossible not to think of what might have been, if Tom had not met her too late. Her tender refinement of feeling would have been the very atmosphere of happiness for him, who knew how to understand and share it. A perfect match indeed! and yet how seldom it is that such natures meet and marry; and perhaps it is right that their sweet influence should not become a monopoly.

'There is something I should like to tell you, if I may,' said Hetty, after a time. 'It does not concern me—but I can't help thinking about it. No one will ever hear of it, if I don't tell you—and I think it ought to be known. It is about those Danes.'

'Yes!' said Mrs. Landor, slightly surprised. 'What about them?'

'The last time I saw Herbert—I mean, while we were engaged—we were talking in Mrs. Bell's garden, and there came a young man who looked like a sailor, and spoke to Herbert very rudely. His name was Albert Dane. It was very painful, what he said. I suppose he was engaged to that poor girl who died,—and he seemed to think that Herbert was responsible for her dying, and told him that if he did not send his old keeper away in three months, he and his friends would make him pay for it. He was threatening him quite dangerously. Herbert was angry of course, and sent him away, but

he told me he meant to take no notice of it. I have often thought since how desperate the man looked. You don't think he will do any harm to Herbert, do you ?

'No,' said Mrs. Landor. 'He is a wild fellow, and he was very fond of Annie. Harry told us he was in dreadful grief when he came back and found her dead. Most foolish and wrong of him, to go to Mr. Ethelston and talk in that way—but of course the right and manly thing is to take no notice. What could a poor boy like that do to Mr. Ethelston ?'

'I don't know, but he looked so furious.'

'I dare say he was very much excited. I am glad you told me. Tom shall keep a special watch on the Danes this autumn. Don't be afraid ; nothing shall happen to the squire.' Bessie smiled a little sadly as she said the last words. Hetty made no answer, but was comforted.

Tom Landor came home between twelve and one, and found that his mother had sent her charge to bed, and was sitting up for him. They were both very wakeful, and talked for an hour over the fire. He was in a state of subdued excitement, and his mother, who felt particularly calm, thought that a quiet talk would be the best anodyne for him ; his eyes and cheeks were too bright to please her. She let him pour out his enthusiastic anger, and abuse his neighbours as much as he pleased. Then she observed, by way of soothing him, that Mr. Ethelston looked anything but happy.

'Ah, there! you always were unjust to old Herbert,' said Tom, joyfully. 'He is miserable ; I never saw him so grumpy. He has behaved like a madman, but I think he knows it. At any rate, he could not even pretend to be jolly to-day.'

'We will give him credit for that,' said Mrs. Landor. 'I still think, however, that he will get over his misery. His sisters will comfort him, and by and by he will be satisfied with the wife they find for him. He has thrown away what will never be replaced, though, for a girl like Hetty Stewart is one in a million.'

'You have found that out ?' said Tom. 'I remember your saying once that she had not much character.'

'Nonsense! I said her character was latent, or dormant, or something. So it was, till this trouble brought it out. The way she speaks of that girl—you and I were right, Tom—the author of all the mischief, is most generous and beautiful.'

'Did she say it was that girl ?' asked Tom, a shadow of disappointment falling over his face.

'You really are too stupid. "It's on'y the men as have to wait till folks say things afore they find 'em out."'

'Ah! I thought not. Tell me,' said Tom, contentedly.

His mother talked on, telling him all that she thought good ; but

she said nothing that evening about Albert Dane, thinking that Tom had enough on his mind already.

'Well, good night,' he said at last, pushing back his chair. 'I hope she is asleep. The angels will take care of her, for she belongs to them. We can do nothing for her, we can give her nothing—except love.'

'Take care, my boy,' said Bessie, as she kissed him.

'I am only half awake, mother. I don't know what I am saying,' Tom answered, and he went smiling away.

(To be continued.)

STRAY PEARLS.

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE
DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ESCAPE.

Annora's Narrative.

THERE was indeed a good deal passing beyond those rooms where Margaret was so absorbed in her Aubépines that I sometimes thought she forgot her own kindred in them. Poor things! they were in sad case, though how Cécile could break her heart over a fellow who had used her so vilely, I could never understand. He repented, they said. So much the better for him; but a pretty life he would have led her if he had recovered. Why, what is there for a French noble to do but to fight, dance attendance on the King, and be dissipated? There is no House of Lords, no Quarter Sessions, no way of being useful; and if he tries to improve his peasantry he is a dangerous man, and they send him a *lettre de cachet*. He has leave to do nothing but oppress the poor wretches, and that he is fairly obliged to do, so heavy are his expenses at court. The King may pension him, but the pension is all wrung out of the poor in another shape! Heaven knows our English nobles are far from what they might be, but they have not the stumbling-blocks in their way that the French have under the old King, who was a little lad then, and might have been led to better things, if his mother had had less pride and more good sense.

In those days Clément Darpent was sad enough at heart, but he did not quite despair of his country, though things were getting worse and worse. Mademoiselle had saved the Prince and his crew, besotted as she was upon them; and finely they requited Paris, which had sheltered them. All the more decent folk among them were lying wounded in different houses, and scarcely any of their chiefs were left afoot but the Duke of Beaufort, with his handsome face and his fine curls of golden hair, looking like a king, but good for nothing but to be a king of ruffians.

What does the Prince do but go to the Hôtel de Ville with the Dukes of Orleans and Beaufort, at six o'clock in the evening of the 4th of July, under pretence of thanking the magistrates and deputies for letting him in. Then he demanded of them to proclaim that the King was a prisoner in Mazarin's hands, and to throw themselves into the war. They would do no such thing, nor let themselves be intimidated, whereupon the Prince went out on the steps, and shouted to his rabble rout where there were plenty of soldiers in disguise, who had

been drinking ever since noon—'These gentlemen will do nothing for us,' he cried. 'Do what you like with them.'

And then, like a coward, he got into a carriage with Monsieur and drove off, while M. de Beaufort, in a mercer's shop, acted general to the mob, who filled the whole place. It was a regular storm. Flags, with '*Arrêt d'Union*' were displayed, shots fired, the soldiers got into the houses and aimed in at the windows, logs of wood smeared with fat were set fire to before the doors so as to burn them down.

Clément who was a deputy for his *arrondissement*, had, while this was going on, been getting together the younger and stronger men with the guard, to make a barricade of benches, tables, and chairs; and they defended this for a long time, but ammunition failed them, and the barricade began to give way amid the shouts of the mob. The poor old men crouching in the halls were confessing to the *curés*, expecting death every moment; but, happily, even that long July evening had an end; darkness came down on them, and there were no lights. The mob went tumbling about at a greater loss than the deputies and magistrates, who did at least know the way. Clément, with a poor old gouty *échevin* on his arm, struggled out, he knew not how, into one of the passages, where a fellow rushed at them, crying, 'Down with the Mazarins!' but Clément knew by his voice that he was no soldier or bandit, but a foolish artisan, and at haphazard said, 'Come, come, my good lad, none of this nonsense. This gentleman will give you a crown if you will help him out.'

The man obeyed directly, muttering that he only did as others did; and when they had got out into the street, Clément, finding himself not far from the place where the lights and voices showed him that some one was in command, managed to get to the mercer's shop with the poor old *échevin*, where he found M. de Beaufort, with his hair shining in the lamp-light, his yellow scarf, and his long white feather, shading the features that were meant to be like an angel's. When Clément, in after times, read the Puritan poet Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he said he was sure that some of the faces of the fallen in Pandemonium had that look of ruined beauty that he saw in the King of the Markets on that night.

Some of the town councillors who had got out sooner, had gone to entreat the Duke of Orleans to stop the massacre, but he would do nothing but whistle and refer them to his nephew de Beaufort. They were standing there, poor men, and Beaufort tapping his lip with his cane, stroking down his moustache, and listening to them with a sneer as they entreated him not to let their fellows perish. And then among them stood up Clément, with his old *échevin* by his side. He was resolved, he said, and began: 'Grandson of Henri IV., will you see the people perish whom he loved from the bottom of his heart? Yes, monsieur, you inherit the charm by which he drew hearts after him, and was a true king of men! Will you misuse that attraction to make

them fly at one another's throats? In the name of the great Henri and his love for his people, I appeal to you to call off yonder assassins.'

He had so far prevailed that Beaufort muttered something about not knowing things had gone so far, and assured the magistrates round him of his protection. He even went to the door and told some of his prime tools of agitation that it was enough, and that they might give the signal of recall; but whether things had gone too far, or whether he was not sincere, the tumult did not quiet down till midnight. After all, the rogues had the worst of it, for they picked up two hundred bodies of them, and only three magistrates and twenty-five deputies, though a good many more were hurt.

Clément saw his old *échevin* safe home, left word at our house that he was unhurt, but did not come in; and at his sister's, no one had even guessed what danger he was in, for all their attention was spent on the wounded men, one of whom died that night.

Things got worse and worse. Eustace was very anxious to leave Paris before the summer was over, lest bad weather should make him unable to travel. The year he had put between him and Millicent had more than run out; and besides, as he said to me, he would not expose himself to undergo what he had endured in his former illness; since he could have no confidence that my mother, and even Margaret, might not be driven to a persecution, which, if his senses should fail him, might apparently succeed. 'Nor,' said he, 'can I leave you unprotected here, my sister.'

We lingered, partly from the difficulty of getting horses, and the terrible insecurity of the roads, partly from the desire to get Clément to attend to Cardinal de Retz's warning and escape with us. There was no difficulty on his mother's account. She was longing to enter Port Royal, and only delayed to keep house for him, with many doubts whether she were not worldly in so doing; but he still felt his voice, and presence here in the Hôtel de Ville a protest, and he could not give up the hope of being of use to his country.

Meantime, M. de Nemours recovered from his wound only to be killed in a duel by M. de Beaufort, his brother-in-law; the Prince of Condé's rage at his defeat threw him into a malignant fever; the Duke of Orleans was in despair at the death of his only son, a babe of five years old; the *Fronde* was falling to pieces, and, in the breathing time, Eustace obtained a pass from our own King, and wrote to Solivet, who was with the royal army outside, to get him another for himself and me—explaining that he was bound by his promise to Madame van Hunker, and that his health was in such a state that my care was needful to him.

Solivet answered the letter, sending the passport, but urging on him to remain at Paris, which would soon be at peace, since Mazarin was leaving the Court, and a general amnesty was to be proclaimed if the gates of Paris were opened to the King without the Cardinal.

But there were to be exceptions to this amnesty, and Solivet wrote at the same time to my mother. I have not the letter and cannot copy it, but what he said was to urge her not to permit my brother to drag me away to Holland, for when he was gone, all might still be arranged as she wished. As to '*ce coquin de Darpent*,' as Solivet kindly called him, he had made himself a marked man, whom it was dangerous to have abroad, and even without a word from Solivet, his name was down for Vincennes or the Bastille, if nothing worse, so that there need be no more trouble about him.

My poor dear mother! I may seem to have spoken unkindly and undutifully about her in the course of these recollections. She was too French and I, too English, ever to understand one another, but in these last days that we were together, she compensated for all that was past. She could not see a good and brave young life consigned to perpetual imprisonment only for being more upright than his neighbours; she did remember the gratitude she owed even to a *créature comme ça*, and I even believe she could not coolly see her daughter's heart broken. She had not even Margaret to prompt or persuade her, but she showed the letter at once to Eustace and bade him warn his friend. O mother, I am thankful that you made me love you at last!

Eustace drove first to the office, and got his passes counter-signed by the magistracy for himself and me, and our servant, showing a *laquais* whose height and complexion fairly agreed with those of Clément Darpent. There was no time to be lost. In the dusk of an August evening, my brother was carried to the corner of the Rue S. Antoine in my mother's sedan. He could not walk so far, and he did not wish to attract observation, and he reached the house on foot, cloaked, and with his hat slouched. He found that Clément had received a note, as he believed from the Coadjutor, who always knew everything, giving the like warning that he would be excluded from the amnesty. His hopes of serving his country were over, and he felt it so bitterly, and so grieved for it, that he scarcely thought at first of his personal safety. It was well we had thought for him.

Eustace had brought a suit of our livery under his cloak, and he and poor Madame cut Clément's hair as short as if he had been a Roundhead. She had kept plenty of money in the house ever since she had feared for her son, and this they put in a belt round his waist. Altogether he came out not at all unlike the *laquais* Jacques Pierrot, whom he was to personate. Eustace said the old lady took leave of her son with her stern Jansenist composure, which my tender-hearted Clément, could not imitate. Eustace rejoined the chairmen and came back through the dark streets, while Clément walked at some distance, and contrived to slip in after him. My mother had, in the meantime, gone to the Hôtel d'Aubépine, and fetched poor Meg.

Cécile had just taken the turn, as they say, and it was thought she would live, but Meg could scarcely be spared from her, and seemed at

first hardly to understand that our long-talked-of departure was suddenly coming to pass. It was well that she had so much to occupy her, for there was no one save her son, whom she loved like that brother of ours, but she would not, or could not, realise that she was seeing him for the last time.

It was a hot August night, and we worked and packed all through it, making Eustace lie down and rest, though sleep was impossible, and he said he wanted to see Meg and his mother as long as he could. As to Clément, we were afraid of the servants noticing him, so Eustace had locked him up in his own room, but he slept as little as any of us, and when his breakfast was brought him, we found that he had never touched his supper. Certainly mine was the saddest bridegroom who ever stole away to be married; but I could forgive him. Did I not know what it was to be an exile, with one's heart torn for one's country's disgrace!

The difficulty was to get rid of the real Jacques Pierrot, but he gave us a little assistance in that way, by coming crying to M. le Baron to ask permission to take leave of his mother in the Faubourg S. Denis. This was readily granted to him, with strong insistence that he should be back by eleven o'clock, whereas we intended to start as soon as the gates were opened, namely at six. Eustace had some time before purchased four mules and a carriage. He was not fit to ride in bad weather, and for me to make a journey on horseback would have attracted too much attention, but the times were too uncertain for us to trust to posting, and mules, though slower than horses, would go on longer without resting, and were less likely to be seized by any army. I would have no woman, she would only have added to our dangers.

We ate our hearts till seven when we succeeded in getting the mules to the door, and haste softened the parting for the moment. Indeed Eustace and Meg had said much to each other in the course of the night. We had both knelt to ask my mother's forgiveness for having so often crossed her, and she finally wept and fainted, so that Meg was wholly occupied in attending to her.

Clément stood by the carriage, looking his part so well, that my first impression was 'that stupid Jacques has come back after all.' Our anxiety now was to be entirely out of reach before the fellow came back, and hard was it to brook the long delay at the *barrière* ere the officials deigned to look at us and our passes. However, my brother had gone through too many gates not to know that silver and an air of indifference will smooth the way, so we came through at last without our valet having been especially scanned.

Beyond the gates the sight was sad enough, the houses in the suburbs with broken windows and doors as though pillaged, the gardens devastated, the trees cut down, and the fields which ought to have been ripening to harvest trampled or mown for forage, all looking as if a hostile invader had been there, and yet it was the sons of the country that had done this, while swarms of starving

people pursued us begging. Alas! had we not seen such a sight at home? We knew what it must be to Clément, but as he sat by the driver, we durst not say a word of comfort to him.

At our intended resting place for the night—I forget the name of it, we found every house full of soldiers of the royal army, and but for our passes, I do not know what we should have done. Before every door there were dragoons drinking and singing round the tables, and some were dancing with the girls of the village. Some of them shouted at us, when they saw we were coming from Paris, and called us runaway rebels; but Eustace showed his pass, told them what it was, for they could not read, and desired their officer to be fetched. He came out of the priest's house, and was very civil. He said Colonel de Solivet had desired that all assistance should be given to us, but that we had not been expected so soon. He really did not know where to quarter the lady, or the mules, and he advised us to go on another league, while he despatched an orderly with the intelligence to the colonel. There was nothing else to be done, though my brother, after his sleepless night, was becoming much exhausted, in spite of the wine we gave him, while as to the mules, they had an opinion of their own, poor things, as to going on again, and after all sorts of fiendish noises from the coachman, and furious lashings with his whip, the dragoons pricked them with their swords, and at last they rushed on at a gallop that I thought would have shaken Eustace to death.

However, before we had gone very far, Solivet rode out to meet us. It was another cause of anxiety, although it was dusk, and he had hardly ever seen or spoken with Clément. He asked, however, what could have made us start so early, just as if we had been criminals fleeing from justice; but he took us to the château where he was quartered, and though they were much crowded there, the family tried to make us comfortable. The master of the house gave up his own bed to my brother, and I shared that of his mother. 'Jaques' in his character of valet, was to attend on his master and sleep on the floor; and this gave the only opportunity of exchanging any conversation freely, but even this had to be done with the utmost caution for the suite of rooms opened into each other, and Solivet, who was very anxious about Eustace, came in and out to see after him, little guessing how much this added to the inward fever of anxiety which banished all sleep from his eyes.

The kind people thought him looking so ill the next morning that they wanted to bleed him, and keep us there for a few days, but this was not to be thought of, as indeed Eustace declared, when I felt some alarm, that he could not be better till he was out of French territory.

So we pushed on, and Solivet rode beside the window all day, making our course far safer and easier in one way, but greatly adding in others to the distressful vigilance that coloured Eustace's thin cheeks

and gleamed in his eyes, and made his fingers twitch at his sword whenever there was an unexpected halt, or any one overtook us. Solivet convoyed us quite beyond the army, and brought us as far as Beauvais, where he made himself our host at the Lion Rouge, and gave us an excellent supper, which I could hardly swallow when I thought of his barbarous intentions towards Clément, who had to wait on us all the time, standing behind my chair and handing dishes.

I believe Solivet really meant to be a good brother ; but his words were hard to endure, when he lectured us each apart with all the authority of a senior—told me that Eustace was dying, and that every mile he travelled was hastening his end, laughing to scorn that one hope which buoyed me up, that Dirkius could do more for him than any one else, and almost commanding me to take him home again to Paris while it was possible.

And he equally harassed Eustace the next morning with representations of the folly of taking me away to Holland, and breaking off the advantageous Poligny match, to gratify my headstrong opposition and desire for a *mésalliance*, which would now happily be impossible, the fellow having ruined himself.

The fellow entered at that moment with M. le Baron's coat and boots, and Eustace could hardly repress a smile. We could not but rejoice when Solivet took leave of us at the carriage door, very affectionately, but shrugging his shoulders at our madness, and leaving a corporal and his party to guard us to the frontier. They prolonged the sense of constraint, and forced us to be very guarded with poor Clément, but otherwise they were very useful. The inhabitants fancied us by turns great princes or great criminals, or both, being escorted. Once we were taking for the Queen escaping with the Cardinal, another time for the Prince of Condé eloping with Mademoiselle, but any way the soldiers secured for us plenty of civility, and the best food and lodgings to be had. They pricked on our mules with a good will, and when one of them fell lame, they scoured the country to find another, for which Eustace endeavoured to pay the just price, but I am afraid it went into the corporal's pocket, and Clément never so nearly betrayed himself, as when he refused to share with the escort the reckoning of which they stripped the landlord. Integrity in a Parisian valet was all too suspicious ! However, to us they behaved very well, and if all we heard were true, but for their presence we might have been robbed, if not murdered, long before we reached the frontier.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BRIDAL PEARLS.

WHEN once over the border, and our passports duly examined, we breathed freely, and at our first resting-place, Clément took out a suit of my brother's clothes and appeared once more as a gentleman,

except for his short hair ; able wherever French would serve to take the management of our journey.

We finished it as before, in a canal boat, and the rest of mind and body, and the sense of approaching Millicent, certainly did Eustace good ; the hectic fever lessened, and though he slept little at night, he had much good slumber by day, lying on cloaks on deck as we quietly glided along the water, between the fields full of corn, with harvest beginning, and the tall cocks of hay in the large meads. All showed plenty, and high cultivation, and peaceful industry, in contrast with the places we had left devastated by civil war, and the famished population.

It made Clément groan ; and yet that canal journey had a pensive joy about it, as we sat beside our sleeping brother and conversed freely and fearlessly, as we had never been able to do for ten minutes together in all the long years that we had loved one another. There was something very sweet in knowing that, exile as he was, he and I must be all the world to one another. And so indeed it has been. After our stormy beginning, our life has been well nigh like our voyage on that smooth Dutch stream.

However, the sorrows were not yet over, although at that time we trusted that there would be healing for my dear brother in the very air of the Hague. We landed on a fine August evening, and were at once recognised by some of the English gentlemen who had little to do but to loiter about the quays and see the barges come in. It rejoiced my heart to hear my brother now called Lord Walwyn again, instead of by his French title. Yet therewith it was a shock to see how changed they thought him since he had left them a year before ; but they vied with one another in helping us, and we were soon housed in good lodgings. I knew what Eustace most wished to learn, and asked with as good an air of indifference as I could assume, whether Vrow van Hunker were in the town.

‘Vrow van Hunker, the providence of the Cavaliers!’ asked one. ‘No, she is at her country house where she hath taken in three or four poor starving ladies and parsons with their families.’

When I heard how she was using old Van Hunker’s wealth in providing for our poor loyal folk, and especially for the clergy, pensioning some, hospitably receiving others in her own house, and seeking employment for others, I had to repent of all the scorn with which I had looked on Millicent Wardour as a poor fickle creature, and now I had to own that my brother’s love had been as nearly worthy of him as any creature could be.

Eustace would not however go to see her until he had seen Dr. Dirkius, to whom he repaired early the next day, having caused a hackney coach to be ordered against his return, and bestowed Clément on an English friend who could speak French well. For Eustace held that it would be more fitting, in the sight of the world, for me to go with him to visit Madame van Hunker.

The carriage was at the door when he came back from the physician's. There never was anything to find fault with in his looks, and on this day, with his light brown hair and beard freshly trimmed and shining, his clear skin with the red colour in his cheek, and his bright eager eyes, I thought that he looked more like a spirit than a bridegroom. He was grave and silent by the way, and there was something about him that withheld me from asking what Dirkus had said to him.

Thus we reached the entrance of the great double avenue, along which, as we presently saw, two English clergymen were walking together in conversation, and we saw a little farther on some children at play.

'This is well,' said Eustace, as he looked out. 'I thank God for this! It will be all the better for her that such a good work is begun.'

'Nay, but,' said I, 'what will the poor things do when she loses old Hunker's gold?'

'Sister,' said Eustace, 'I have left this too long, but I thought you understood that I am never like to wed my poor Millicent.'

'Dirkus?' I said.

'Dirkus does but confirm what I have known ever since the spring, and so have you too, Nan, that it would be a miracle should I be here after this winter.'

I had known it by my inner conviction, and heard him say the like often before; it was only a fancied outward hope that had been sustaining me, and I could obey when he bade me look cheerfully on Millicent, and remember the joy it was to him to see her at all, and above all, employed in such tasks as would bring comfort to her.

The great Dutch house seemed full of English. Gentlewomen were sitting in the tapestried hall, spinning or working with their needle. We had been known to one or two of them in former times, and while they greeted us, word was taken to Madame van Hunker that we were there, and a servant brought us word to ask us to come to her in her own parlour. There, up a few shallow steps, in a quiet, cool, wainscoted room, adorned with Eastern porcelain on shelves, we found her with her little daughter at her knee.

She met us at the door with a few faltering words, excusing herself for having given us the trouble to come to her.

'Best so, Millicent,' said Eustace, and as he spoke, she lifted her eyes to his face and I saw a look of consternation pass over her features at sight of his wasted looks; but I only saw it for a moment, for he put an arm round her and kissed her brow as she hid her face against him.

The child, not contented with my embrace, ran and pulled his coat, crying, 'My lord, my lord, I can speak English now,' and he stooped to kiss her, while her mother turned to me with swimming eyes of mute inquiry, as of one who saw her long-cherished hope fulfilled

only for her sorrow. She was less altered than had been feared. That smooth delicacy of her skin was indeed lost, which had made her a distinguished beauty; but she still had a pair of eyes that made her far from insignificant, and there was an innocence, candour, and pleading sweetness in her countenance that—together perhaps with my pity—made even me, who had hitherto never liked her, love her heartily.

I heard little or nothing of what they said to one another, being employed in keeping the child from them. She prattled freely in English, and was pleased to show me her baby-house, a marvel of Dutch neatness of handiwork, like that one which Madame van Hunker sent you, daughter Millicent, when you were a little one. The doll we had given her, had, however, the place of honour. Her sister, little Emilia told me, was married a month ago, and she was proceeding to make the little Dutch puppets in her baby-house enact the wedding, one being dressed in a black gown and stiff ruff, like a Genevan minister, when she caught a tone that made her cry out that mother was weeping, and stump across the floor in her stout little shoes to comfort her, before I could hinder her.

My brother and her mother set her down between them, and I had nought to do but to set in order the baby-house till a great bell clanged through the house, which was the signal for dinner. Madame van Hunker was calmer by that time, and let Eustace hand her down, and to her place at the head of the table, where she had around her no less than four families and two widows of our poor exiled Cavaliers and clergy. We had not found ourselves in so English a world for years past.

The hostess sat as one in a dream, doing her part like one moved by wires, and ate scarce anything, while Eustace showed all his usual courtliness of manner and grace. After dinner, he rested on a couch, as was his wont, before going back, and Millicent drew me into her chamber, and wept on my neck, as she made me tell her all she had not been able to learn from him.

He had been very tender with her, and tried to persuade her that it was all for the best, and that there was happiness for them in the having no one between them now. She, poor woman, would fain, as I saw, have thrown aside all her houses and wealth to be his, and tend him, were it merely for a few weeks, and she felt as if her love was strong enough to be his cure; but he had spoken of the cruel selfishness of giving away her power of aiding all these our fellow countrymen for a time that he knew would be only too short. Yet he had not taken all hope from her, for he had talked of their reconsidering the matter, if he were in better health after the winter, and, meantime, they could see each other often.

Poor thing! I believe she expected the miracle that might make him yet recover, and so she bore up, while Eustace was verily happy—

having lived, as it were, nearly into spiritual love, and left behind that which had been earthly and corporeal, and thus he was content to rest. He had strained himself very hard to accomplish the journey, bring Clément and me into safety, and see Millicent again, and when the effort ceased, we fully saw, for the first time, how great had been the effort, and how far he was gone on that other journey. I do not think he crossed the threshold of our lodging half a dozen times after our arrival; but Millicent came into her town house, and was with him every day. She had fitted the great dining chamber of that town house as a chapel for our English service, and my brother went thither on two Sundays, on the second of which he saw Clément received into our English Protestant Church. Clément had long inclined that way, having never forgotten the Huguenot training of his childhood, and the studies he had made, when his mother impelled him towards Port Royal, having resulted in further doubts and yearning towards what Eustace told him of our doctrine. Conversations with the learned Dr. Elson, one of our exiled divines, had completed the work, though he made his profession with pain and grief as a full severance from his country and his mother.

And the last time my dear brother left the house was to give me to his friend. He was anxious that I should be Clément's wife before he left me, and there was no fear that we should starve, for, through trustworthy merchants, a small amount of the Darpent money had been transmitted to him before the State laid hands on his property as a fugitive. He might have bought himself a share in one of the great trading houses, or have—which tempted him most—gone out to the plantations in the new country; but Eustace prayed him to pledge himself to nothing until he had heard from Harry Merrycourt, to whom my brother had sent a letter before quitting Paris.

We would have had a quiet wedding, but Eustace was resolved, as he said, that all the world should know that it was not done in a corner, and Madame van Hunker *would* give the wedding feast, and came to dress me for my bridal. You know the dress: the white brocade with hyacinth flowers interwoven in the tissue—and when she had curled my hair to her will, she kissed me and clasped round my neck the pearls of Ribaumont. I told her I would wear them then to please her and Eustace, and, in truth, I knew in my heart that I was the last true Ribaumont bride that ever would wear them. We were wedded in the chapel in Madame van Hunker's house; and the Princess Royal was there, and the Duke of York, and my Lord and Lady of Newcastle, and I know not who besides—only remembering that they all knew how to treat Clément as a man of distinction, who had, like them, given up all for conscience' sake, and he, in his plain lawyer's suit, with his fine, clear-cut face and grave eyes, looked, even in spite of his close cropped head, as veritable a gentleman as any of them.

The festivities ended with the dinner, that being as much as my

brother was able for. We went quietly back to our lodgings in Millicent's coach, and Eustace went to rest on his bed till she should have bidden farewell to her guests and could come and sup with us; but he and Clément forbade me to take off my finery, for it tickled their eyes.

And thus, when tidings came to the door that a gentleman from England desired to see my Lord Walwyn, Harry Merrycourt, after all these years of seeing nothing but sad-coloured Puritan dames, came in upon this magnificent being in silvered brocade.

He said he thought he had stumbled on the Princess Royal at least, and it was a descent to hear it was only plain Mistress Darpent! Harry had a good wife of his own by that time, who suited him far better than I should have done. Indeed, I believe he had only thought of wedding me to relieve my family from me. And when he saw how unlike Mr. Darpent was to all he had ever thought or believed of Frenchmen, and heard how well he spoke English, and how he had borne himself at Paris, he quite forgave me, and only thought how he could serve Eustace, the man whom he had always loved beyond all others.

He was practising law in London still, but he had had time to repent of having been on the wrong side, when he saw what it had come to, and had the Protector at the head of affairs. He said, however, that negotiations for peace with France were like to begin, and that Master Attorney-General was casting about for one learned in French law to assist in drawing the papers, so that he had little doubt that Mr. Darpent would be readily taken into one of the public offices in London.

Moreover he said that the Walwyn property had been sequestered, but no one had yet purchased it, and he thought that for a fair sum it might be redeemed for the family.

When Eustace and Millicent found that I would have none of the pearls, saying that they were not fit for a poor exiled lawyer's wife, Millicent said they had always felt like hot lead on her neck, and then they caused the chaplet to be valued by a Dutch jeweller, and resolved to ask Margaret and Solivet, the guardians of the young Marquis de Nidemerle, to purchase them for him.

To Margaret was left whatever of the property M. de Poligny would spare, and if Gaspard should have sons, one would bear the title of Ribaumont, though the name would be extinct. So it was fitting that the pearls should return to that family, and the fair value, as we hoped, sufficed in Harry Merrycourt's hands, to redeem, in my husband's name, the inheritance my brother had always destined for me.

This was the last worldly care that occupied our beloved brother. He said his work was done, and he was very peaceful and at rest. His strength failed very fast after Harry Merrycourt came. Indeed I think he had for months lived almost more by force of strong will

than anything else, and now he said he had come to his rest. He passed away one month after my wedding, on the 16th of October, 1652, very peacefully, and the last look he gave any one here was for Millicent. There was a last eager, brighter look, but that was for nothing here.

The physicians said he died of the old wound in the lungs given at Naseby, so that he gave his life as much for the cause as my father and Berenger, though he had had far, far more to suffer in his nine years of banishment.

We left him in a green churchyard by the water side, and Millicent saying through her tears that he had taught her to find peace in her married life, and that he had calmed her and left comfort her and blessing now in the work before her. And then we sailed with sore hearts for England, which was England still to me, though sadly changed from what I had once known it. We had come to think that there was no hope of the right cause ever prevailing, and that all that could be done was to save our own conscience, and do our best to serve God and man. 'The foundations are cast down, and what hath the righteous done?'

We were met by Harry Merrycourt, who had obtained the employment for Clément that he had hoped for. It was well, for, when Walwyn was repurchased, all our money had been sunk in it, and enough borrowed to consume the rents for some years to come, and thus we had to live very frugally in a little house in Westminster; but as for that, I was far happier, marketing in the morning with my basket on my arm, cooking my husband's supper, making his shirts, and by and by, nursing my babe, than ever I had been in all the stiff state and splendour of poor Margaret's fine *salons*. Camlet suits me better than brocade, and a basket of fresh eggs better than a gold enamelled snuff-box. While, though I did long to see the old home again, I knew it would be bare of those who had made it dear, and besides it would be as well that Mr. Darpent should rub off as much as might be of his French before showing him among the Thistlewoods and Merrycourts, and all the rest of our country folk. Moreover, after the stir of Paris, he might have found himself dull, and he had the opportunity of studying English law, ay, and I saw him yearly winning more and more trust and confidence among those who had to do with him, and forming friendships with Mr. John Evelyn and other good men.

So when better times came round, and we had our King and Court back, on the very day of my Harry's birth, Mr. Darpent was recommended to my Lord Clarendon as too useful a secretary to be parted with, and therewith the great folk remembered that I came of an old Cavalier family. Indeed Queen Henrietta had promised my mother and sister to seek me out, though may be she would never have recollected it. After all it was the Duke of Gloucester who actually came and found me out, riding up to our door with only one gentleman, and he one whom I had known in our exiled days.

The duke was a fine youth, far handsomer and more like his blessed father than his brothers, and with as bright a wit, and as winning and gracious as the King. He reproached me for not having come to see his mother, and asked merrily if I had turned Roundhead as well as *Frondeuse*. I told him I had a good excuse, and showed him my three children, the youngest not yet a month old, and the other two staring open-mouthed to see a Prince so like other gentlemen.

Whereby he asked if the little one was yet christened, and did him the honour to promise to be his godfather; and he noted that little Eustace promised to be like his uncle, and spake with tears in his eyes of the blessing my brother had been to him in his first days at Paris, and how the remembrance of that example had helped him through the days when he had to undergo the same persuasions to forsake his father's Church.

So whereas the two first christenings had been done privately as among those under [persecution, Master Harry was baptised in state and splendour in S. Margaret's Church in full and open day, with all the neighbours gaping to see the Duke come forth, leading Mistress Darpent by the hand.

Thus I had to turn out my fine gowns (grown all too tight for me) and betake me to the Queen, who had become a little old woman, but was as gay and kind as ever, and told me much about my mother and sister. The King himself came and spoke to me, and said he supposed I wished to have the old title revived; but I told him, with all thanks, that I liked my husband better by his own name than by that which I had rather leave sacred to my brother; whereat he laughed, and said he must make a low bow to me as being the first person he had met who had nothing to ask of him.

That was all I saw of the Court. Before many weeks had passed, the cruel small-pox had carried off the young Duke of Gloucester in his twentieth year, taking him, mayhap, from the evil to come, in his bright youth and innocence, for had he lived, and kept himself unsoiled even to these days, he might have been sorely tempted to break that last promise made when he sat on his father's knee.

My husband kept his post till my Lord Clarendon went out and the Cabal came in, and then, not liking those he had to work with, he gave up his office, and we retired into the country, while our children were still young enough to grow up in the love to Walwyn that I had always felt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARGARET'S NARRATIVE.

It seemed as if I had scarcely time to understand what was the meaning of my parting with my beloved brother and sister. My poor Cécile was still so ill that I could hardly attend to anything else, and

when I returned in the morning I found that, missing me, she had fallen into another crisis, and that all the danger was renewed.

However, the poor frail creature lived, little as she cared to do so, except to pray for the soul of the husband to whom her whole being had been given, ever since they had wedded her to him as a mere child.

It was well that I had her to attend to, or my home would have seemed very desolate to me, empty as it now was of my brother and sister, and with my mother spending her time between her Queen and her favourite convent. Happily for me, there was a change in the royal household, and my son was no longer required to be in waiting, but was free to finish his education, and Cardinal Mazarin being absent, and the events of former years not brought to mind, it was possible to obtain permission to retire for a time to our estates. Indeed I fancy it was meant to disgrace two such *Frondeuses* as we were supposed to have been.

Cécile recovered something like health in the country, but she would not hear of doing anything save entering a convent. She longed to be constantly praying for her husband, and she felt herself utterly incapable of coping with the world, or educating her son. She took her little girl with her to be a *pensionnaire* at the Visitation, and entrusted her boy to me, to be brought up with mine. They have indeed always been like brothers, and to me the tenderest and most dutiful of sons. Maurice d'Aubépine never ceased to love his own mother, but as a sort of saint in a shrine, and, when he had been to see her, he used to say he always felt more as if he had been worshipping than making a visit.

I had learnt a little prudence by my former disasters among the peasantry at Nidemerle, and we did contrive to make them somewhat happier and more prosperous without giving umbrage to our neighbours. They learnt to love M. le Marquis with passionate devotion, and he has loved them in his turn with equal affection. I delight to hear the shouts of ecstasy with which they receive him when he is seen riding through the narrow lanes of the Bocage on a visit to his mother and his home.

I saw my sister once again. When she had at last settled in the old château, and after my son and nephew had made their first campaign at the siege of Lille, we had to join in the progress of the Court to Dunkirk and Lille to see the the King's new fortifications. A strange progress it was to me, for Mademoiselle was by this time infatuated by her unfortunate passion for the Duc de Lauzun, and never ceased confiding to me her admiration and her despair whenever there was a shower of rain on his perruque. However, when the Duchess of Orleans crossed to England, I obtained permission to go with my son to visit our relations, since it was then the object to draw together as close as possible the links between the countries.

It was a joyous visit, though it was a shock to me to see the grand old castle of the Walwyns replaced by a square Dutch-looking brick house of many windows, only recently built, and where I remembered noble woods and grand trees, to see only copse wood and fields. But who could regret anything when I saw my dear sister, a glad proud happy wife and mother, a still young, active, and merry matron, dazzlingly fair as ever, among her growing sons and pretty daughters, and indeed far more handsome than when she sat in the *salons* of Paris, weary and almost fierce, in her half-tamed, wild-cat days, whereas now her step was about the house and garden everywhere, as the notable housewife and good mother.

And her husband, Mr. Darpent, as every one called him, with true English pronunciation. It amused us to see how much of an Englishman he had become, though Harry Merrycourt told us the squires had begun by calling him Frenchy, and sneering at his lack of taste and skill in their sports; but they came to him whenever they had a knotty point to disentangle in law or justice, they turned to him at Quarter Sessions for help; and though they laughed at the plans of farming, gardening, and planting, he had brought from Holland, or learnt from Mr. Evelyn of Says Court, still when they saw that his trees grew, his crops prospered, and his sheep fetched a good price at market, some of them began to declare he was only too clever, and one or two of the more enlightened actually came privately to ask his advice.

It was pleasant to see him in his library, among books he had picked up, one by one, at stalls in London, where he read and wrote and taught his sons, never long without the door being opened by Nan to see whether his fire needed a fresh log, or whether his ink-stand were full, or to announce that the pigs were in the garden, and turn out all his pupils in pursuit! Interrupt as she would, she never seemed to come amiss to him.

He was glad to talk over all the affairs of our country with us. In his office in London, he had of course been abreast with facts, but he was keenly interested in all the details of the Prince's return to favour, of the Cardinal's death, of the King's assumption of the entire management of State affairs, and of the manner in which the last hopes of the Parliament of Paris had been extinguished. France was—as he allowed to my eager son—beginning to advance rapidly on the road of glory, it might be of universal empire. He agreed to it, but said he with a curious perverse smile—‘For all that, M. Le Marquis, I remain thankful that my wife's inheritance is on this side the Channel, and though I myself may be but an exile and a fugitive, I rejoice that my sons and their children after them will not grow up where there is brilliancy and grandeur without, but beneath corruption and a people's misery!’

(Concluded.)

PHILIP : A FAILURE

VII.

'WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?'

PHILIP's hasty breakfast was eaten next morning to an accompaniment of reproaches and rebukes, to which for the most part he listened with a fine, smiling good-nature. But when he was sharply forbidden ever again to take Belle with him on his philanthropic visits, he looked up and said, decidedly—

'That must be just as she chooses.'

'She won't choose unless you put it in her head. You have a half-holiday to-day. You may as well take her to see the Tower, or some of the sights: these things are much more in a young lady's way.'

'All right,' Philip smiled. 'I'll do whatever she likes, mother; but remember, she must decide everything for herself.'

Mrs. Burnside let him go in peace, but she inwardly thought that both the young people stood in need of wiser guidance, and was determined that they should not lack it.

When Belle came down at twelve o'clock her aunt had mellowed with the day, and greeted her good-humouredly.

'Philip is coming home early to take you out. You have seen nothing of London yet, and there is plenty to see.'

'I don't care much about sight-seeing, Aunt Burnside; let me stay with you. I'll do some of that darning, if you like.'

'Oh fie, my dear, you ought to care. When I was your age I was keen to see all that I could, though pleasuring wasn't much in our way. I'll make Philip take you to see the shops; he has wonderful patience for a man, I must say.'

Belle smiled, and drew the large basket towards her. It was full of linen that required to be repaired. She was learning to do little tasks for her aunt, chiefly to relieve the tedium of her day, higher motive as yet unborn.

'I can well believe it,' she said. 'Philip is one of those happy people who can interest themselves in anything; it is a great gift.'

'It doesn't do him much good that I can see.' Mrs. Burnside shook her head. 'To take up everybody's business but your own is never the way to get on in this life.'

'If getting on is the end of life,' Belle began musingly, and then she laughed, surprised at herself, 'as of course it is,' she added.

'Well, I hold with everybody doing the best he can for himself; there's no sin in that that I can see. If you would talk to Philip now,' Mrs. Burnside spoke plaintively, 'he might listen, though he never will hear a word I say. You are young, and he will think more of what you say. He might do anything with father while he's the favourite, and there's no saying how soon the old man may turn against him. You talk to him, my dear.'

Belle shook her head.

'He would not listen. He has quite other aims; desires that are too high for me.' She rose and went restlessly to the window. 'I should despise him if he did listen,' she said to herself, and yet when she went out with him later she felt compelled, almost against her will, to make her protest. She had declined a survey of the shops, and shaken her head in impatient negative at his proposal of this or that show-place.

'My sight-seeing days are over,' she said; 'there is no room in my heart for any new impressions. Come out, and I will tell you what we shall do.'

Philip, nothing loth, followed her. The spring had melted into the first days of summer, and the early and quickly-fleeting June glory was on earth and sky. To be out and about was enough for them in their opulent youth and health. Instinctively they wandered towards the Abbey. They lingered under its shadow, and looked up at its massive, time-touched walls; the voices of the school-boys at play reached them faintly where they stood.

'Shall we go in?' he asked.

'Not to-day. Some day when there is a great service of music. Music always makes me feel good; it exorcises the evil spirit, I suppose. No, don't let us go in just now; I know how it will be—we shall have a mouldy verger leading us round the chapels and pointing out the tombs, and poking out his clutching hand for money. It is like England, isn't it, to make capital out of its people's graves? I wonder if the dead people know and smile?'

'And not like Italy? I surely recall many demands for lire,' he turned to her with smiling protest.

'Ah, but this is not Italy, and you can show me nothing here that I care to see. Philip, do you think me very discontented?'

'Discontented? No,' said Philip, simply; 'but I feel very sorry for you.'

'So you are always saying. Why don't you try to do me good, then? Is it because I am not one of your poor, dirty people? I'll tell you what we shall do—you shall take me to see some more of them. That is the kind of sight-seeing I am bent on at this moment.'

'After last night?' he asked gravely.

'Yes; after last night. I will be braver to-day, and you cannot show me anything much uglier or more repulsive. Will that child die?'

'I don't know. I am afraid it will.'

'God would be cruel to let it live,' she said vehemently. 'You say He cares for us, and yet He lets such misery be. And we all suffer. I have suffered too.'

'I think we none of us escape,' said Philip, slowly. 'Isn't it Fénelon who says that "suffering is the hidden life of the soul?" but if we fail to grow better, to have larger sympathies, to feel the pressure of other people's needs and claims a little more because we have felt keenly ourselves, we lose all that is best in suffering. Let me take you to see a friend of mine. I think it will comfort you to go there; it helps me often.'

'Yes; let us go. Any one who is able to help you must be worth seeing. I should have thought you quite beyond such need.'

'An inhuman monster,' said Philip, laughing. 'Do you think I haven't my own worries and discouragements—my evil days like other people? Hasn't my mother enlightened you yet?'

'She is vexed with you,' said Belle, suddenly remembering her commission. 'She thinks you might do more—make more use of your influence over your grandfather.'

'Poor mother! I, was born to vex her, I believe. Did she tell you of the fine opening that was offered me?'

'Something of it; I should not like you to do that,' said Belle, hastily.

'To become partner in a big gin and whisky shop,' he said, musingly; 'a great factory that supplies all the public-houses round here. You saw something of their work last night. It's a flourishing trade. If you study the London Directory you will find that in its various branches it employs more capital and labour than any other. They wanted me to devote my hands and what brains I have to this cause! I would just as soon manufacture poison for wholesale distribution.'

'I should not like you to do that; it is a vulgar, degrading occupation,' she said earnestly, thinking chiefly of it as it affected her ideal of a gentleman; 'but there are other ways—much better ways of rising in the world. Why should you choose what is hardest?'

'But I don't want to rise in the world—' he turned to her with his bright smile. 'I suppose it betrays a lamentable lack of ambition; but I am content to stay where I am. There is too much pushing and scrambling nowadays to get out of one's own order. It seems to me a mean thing to be ashamed of the place to which one was born—of the people among whom one grew up. It is the worst form of snobbery.'

'But you have risen above your class—as you call it—already. You have left them behind in spite of yourself. You know more, have seen more; you can't help yourself. Besides, if everybody

remained just where his lot happened to be cast at the first, where would progress be ?

‘I don’t quarrel with other fellows getting ahead of me,’ said Philip, laughing ; ‘let them climb to the top of the ladder if they can. I only object to their insisting on my climbing it too. If by good fortune my way has been easier than that of my neighbours, that is one reason the more why I should do what little I can to help them.’

‘That would be lifting them out of their proper sphere. I have caught you tripping.’ She looked at him with a smile in her eyes.

‘Not if the raising up be out of degradation, and misery, and wrong-doing ; there, to my thinking, you can’t have too much progress. Did you know that my father began life as a working man, Miss Barbour ?’ he said after a pause.

‘No,’ said Belle, faintly, with a chill sense of growing momentarily away from him.

‘Yes ; he was a carpenter and joiner. I remember as a very little fellow going with him to his workshop, and thinking it a rare delight to play among the shavings. My knowledge of him soon fell away into darkness ; I have only his memory to be proud of now.’

‘And your mother ?’ she asked, feeling that some interest might be expected of her, and conquering her dislike with an effort.

‘She died when I was born, so I never knew her ; but she was of no higher station than my father. They had known and loved each other for years, but they could not marry till my father became a master in his trade. He had his widowed mother and young sisters to support, and love had to be put aside. Their wedded story was very brief, but I have always believed it to be very beautiful.’ He was silent a moment, his thoughts going backward, then he turned to her brightly : ‘You see I am truly one of the people. Not a drop of blue blood in my veins or an ancestor of any standing in the world so far as I know. I thought you ought to be told this—that you might see me in my true colours.’

‘It need make no difference,’ she said quickly, striving after magnanimity ; ‘why should it ?’ Then with a sudden sense of her own meanness, she looked at him with her faint smile. ‘If you will take me for your friend, Philip, I shall be very glad. I have been taught differently about these things, but your way may be the best after all.’

Philip held out his hand somewhat moved.

‘You are very noble,’ he said gravely. ‘My friendship, if it is worth anything, is all yours. It has been all yours from the first.’

They had now reached the house where his friend lived, and the silence which might have been a little embarrassing after these last pregnant words, was thus easily broken. The street they stood in was narrow and shabby, given over to poor uses. Belle had hardly noticed it till now. She saw that it was the haunt of little shops, a

greengrocer's on the right, its garbage cast out into the gutter; a grocer's of the meaner order on the left, others beyond. The shops evidently of the poor, with the little bits of meat and other necessities all ticketed and priced so that the hardly earned pence might be judiciously apportioned.

Philip led the way down a narrow opening past one of these little shops to a dwelling behind that rose a story higher than they.

'This is David Barnet's home,' he said, turning to her in explanation.

'The art-loving grocer,' she answered, smiling. 'Is it he who is your friend? Shall we see him now?'

'It was his sister I spoke of. David isn't released yet; but he will be home for tea.'

He knocked, and the door was immediately opened by a bouncing, untidy young girl of sixteen or seventeen, with rough, unkempt locks, and staring eyes.

'Oh, I say,' this young person giggled, falling back in sudden alarm, 'I thought it was Davie.'

'Well, Marty, how are you?' said Philip, cheerfully; 'is Alice at home?'

'She's in the parlour.' She pointed behind her with her thumb, staring hard at Belle, and rendered dumb by this unexpected apparition.

Philip invited Belle with a smile to follow him. There was a noise of loud whispering and suppressed laughter, and she was aware of several pairs of eyes looking with watchful curiosity from behind a half-open door; but the 'parlour' was empty except for one figure, that of a young girl, who had risen at the sound of voices and stood expectantly.

'I thought it was you,' she said, turning and advancing to meet them with a strangely beautiful smile on her lips. 'I thought I could not mistake the voice; but I have listened for it a long time in vain.'

'Dear Alice, I have been away from home,' said Philip, taking both her extended hands in his own, 'on a long journey.'

'You have some one with you—a stranger. I heard the other step.' She turned her beautiful eyes searchingly towards the door.

Belle standing there was surprised at the words. The liquid eyes seemed to be looking deep into her own; she could hardly believe—what she yet knew must be true—that the girl was blind.

'I have brought a friend to see you, Alice; the lady of whom I told you, Miss Barbour.'

'I have come to live with Philip's mother,' Belle said simply as she came forward, 'and he told me he would bring me to see a dear friend of his to-day.'

Alice turned to him still with that tremulous light on her face that made its wasted paleness so beautiful. Belle thought it the most

spiritual, patient face she had ever seen. It reminded her of one of Fra Angelico's angels that light up the dimness of the old Florentine convent.

'I remember all you told me. Will she let me look at her in my own way? Her face must be like her voice, I think.'

Philip glanced at her hesitatingly; but Belle understood and came forward at once.

The blind girl had seated herself again, and Belle knelt lightly down, throwing back her veil; Alice looking dreamily out before her, passed her fingers softly across the upturned face.

'You are beautiful,' she said, when the hovering touch ceased.

It was more an assertion than a question, but Belle answered low and doubtfully, and without the shadow of a blush.

'I don't know; they tell me so, but I am not sure.'

Alice turned her large, sightless eyes towards Philip, who leaned on the mantelpiece.

'Yes, Alice, you are right,' he said quietly.

'I knew it!' she laughed with childish pleasure. 'My fingers are my eyes; they serve me truly and never deceive me. Now I shall put you in my picture gallery among the pleasant things I like to look on.'

'I am not like you,' said Belle, still kneeling and looking with a sudden wistful longing at the quiet peace of the face so near her. The barriers of her pride melted, and she recognised in this young girl a nature higher than her own. 'I think you are very good and happy, are you not?'

'Not good always,' said Alice, shaking her head softly. 'Often impatient and repining, but happy—oh yes! I have so much to make me glad. Ask Philip—he will tell you what a thousand blessings are mine.'

'Then all the boys and girls are good, Alice? You know you promised that I should do the scolding,' said Philip. 'Anybody in need of a lecture to-day?'

'They are all good and well,' she answered gratefully, 'and kind to me, every one of them. Tim read a psalm to me this morning—think of that—and almost without a fault, too; he is learning to be a famous reader. Susan earns a shilling a week now, besides getting her dinner every day from Mrs. Jones, and that is a great help, and since the long days have come Davie can begin to paint again. Oh, we have many blessings!'

'Alice's boys and girls—she is their little mother, you know—are all fairly launched now on the world of work,' Philip explained to Belle, 'down to Tim, who is a School-Board boy, and who runs errands for the baker in the afternoon.'

'And you are never lonely when they all leave you?' Belle asked. 'You must have long hours alone.'

'Never,' said Alice with her sweet smile. 'I think about them and pray for them all day that they may be kept from temptation—they tell me that the world is full of dangers—and that is all I can do for my dear ones. Sometimes I should like to see their faces here on earth as they see mine. But Jesus Christ knows all about it, and He tells me that I shall see them one day in Heaven, and so He makes the longing very easy to bear.'

'And till then Alice makes the home on earth a safe shelter for them all,' said Philip, with that rare tenderness in his tone which Belle had noticed every time he spoke to the blind girl.

She looked about the room from her seat near the table; it was poorly, even meanly, furnished, and the ornaments, which probably owed their selection to the bouncing Marty, were tawdry and cheap, but wherever Alice's hands could reach it was spotlessly neat and clean.

'This is their holiday,' Alice was saying, 'and they are always so merry. You hear them now. Hush, there is Davie's step! Oh, I am so glad you will see Davie.'

She turned her radiant face towards them; it was easy to see that Davie was the best loved of her little flock. Her quick ear had detected his tread long before they heard the key turned in the latch.

Belle looked expectantly towards the door. This was the young man of whom Philip had told her that sunny spring day under the pines in the Pamfili Doria—a lifetime ago as it seemed to her now. She expected to trace in him some of the same delicate, spiritual beauty—the shining out of an inner light—that made the sister's face so fair, and it was with a shock of surprise that the opening door disclosed to her David Barnet's dark, swarthy face on which there sat a look of habitual defiant discontent. The young man, who was well-looking but for that expression of petulant ill-humour, still wore his grocer's apron, but in a moment—on seeing visitors in the room—he took it off, and thrust it from him hastily. Belle noticed the action with a smile. Philip in his place would have been entirely forgetful or entirely unashamed of that badge of service.

'Well, Davie, dear lad,' Philip went up and laid his hand kindly on the other's shoulder, leading him up to Belle. 'Miss Barbour, this is our artist of whom I told you. My friend, David Barnet.'

David did not think it needful to smile or look pleased over this introduction. He bowed rather awkwardly, colouring hotly, and saying somewhat defiantly—

'A poor artist! Miss Barbour would laugh at my daubs.'

'No, indeed,' said Belle earnestly, her natural kindness prompting her to soothe his sensitive irritability, 'you must not suppose that because I have lived all my life among the best things in art that I dream of imagining myself a judge. I know far too little. Will you let me see what you have done?'

'Oh, Davie will do great things,' said gentle Alice the peacemaker, slipping her hand within his arm. 'He talks to me, and I seem to know just how his paintings look—beautiful thoughts expressed in colours, for everybody to read and grow better.'

'Ah, Alice, but you have never seen them.' He looked down at her, and for the first time a softening light passed across his face.

'I've nothing but some worthless daubs to show you, Miss Barbour,' he turned to Belle, 'but if you care to come up stairs I'll let you see what there is.'

He led the way and they all followed, Alice still clinging to him. David's place of work was at the top of the tall old house which was let out in rooms to different lodgers. As they crossed the lobby Marty flounced out of an adjoining room dressed in some tawdry finery.

'Where are you going, Marty?' David said sharply.

'I'm going out,' said Marty with a toss of her head; 'I suppose there ain't no objection to my taking a walk.'

David scowled but said nothing. Alice lifted her head anxiously, she seemed almost to read the annoyance on her brother's face.

'Marty will be good,' she said gently, 'dear Davie, you may trust her.'

'Davie's that suspicious,' said Marty, with an angry jerk of her head; 'he thinks nobody's fit to take care of themselves but him.'

David's studio was a small garret with a sloping roof scantily lit by one narrow window. No surroundings could well have been more antagonistic to art, and yet even here dogged perseverance had prevailed over difficulties. The sketches—strangely fanciful designs in which Alice's face appeared repeatedly—were crude and full of error it is true, but they were also full of force and truth. Belle—whose instincts were correct—praised them heartily, but the young artist listened in moody silence, hardly caring as it seemed, even for Alice's grateful delight.

'What is the use of it all,' he said, turning the last sketch impatiently to the wall, 'when I can get no further. I'm a grocer's assistant, Miss Barbour. It's my duty to tie up parcels of tea and sugar, not to handle brushes and colours.'

'Nay, David,' said Philip cheerfully, 'the tea and sugar first, since that is your work in life, but none the less the brush and palette too. God never gives us a gift and grudges our making use of it; isn't it rather doing His will to take the utmost delight in it and profit out of it?'

'Come home with us,' said Belle frankly, 'and I will show you some of the master work of the world. Philip says beautiful things are for everybody; come and share mine with me.'

'You will go, dear Davie?' Alice urged softly; 'it is what you

have so often wished—to see great pictures that men painted long ago.’

He gave an ungracious assent, and they all turned and left the room. As they were about to descend, a door was quickly opened behind them and immediately closed again.

‘That is my old Mr. Peters,’ Alice said to Belle with a smile. ‘He would not come out, because he saw that we were not alone, Davie and I. It is his way to pretend that he cares for no one, and yet there never was a kinder heart. When I feel lonely or a little sad, or anxious about the children, I go to him, and he cheers me so. He is very good to us.’

‘I think every one must be good to you, Alice,’ Belle said, half to herself, as they stood bidding her farewell at the door. Then with a rare movement of tenderness, she bent forward and kissed the thin white cheek.

In her own pretty room at home Belle took some trouble to display all her little treasures, her guest for the most part looking and listening in silence. She noticed with inward approval that he gazed most earnestly and lingered longest—drawn to it by some true instinct—before a copy of the greatest picture the world has even seen—Raphael’s sublime *Transfiguration*. Philip stood behind them not caring to speak in presence of this pictured light and darkness—below, poor suffering, tortured humanity, appealing in vain to brother man for aid—above, appearing in His glory, the one only Healer of this distracted world’s woes.

After a long silence Belle softly told them the story of the painter’s dying work ; how the brush had fallen from his stiffening fingers before his great conception was finished, and they had hung it above the bed where he lay—his work all ended—in the last sure sleep, while Rome came to take silent farewell of him.

David Barnet’s eyes were full of tears when she had finished ; he brushed them angrily away and turned aside with a frown as he met her glance. She felt a little sorry for him—had not she too, her unsatisfied longings, her dream of shaping her life to beautiful ends which must henceforth and for ever be a vision ? He was not the hero Philip had painted him—to Philip all men were noble, because he himself was true. David Barnet was only a discontented, half-educated young man with the questionable enlightenment that had made him thoroughly out of humour with his lot ; perhaps for that very reason she felt nearer to him, for she too, was no heroine.

She sat alone by the open window when Philip and his friend had left her, musing dreamily on her day’s experience. A little while ago she would have smiled incredulously had any one told her she should find herself not only interested in, but engrossed by the life and aims of those she held to be beneath her ; to-day she did not smile, for she had had a glimpse—dim indeed, but yet a glimpse of the great brother-

hood of humanity—the oneness of our common need in God's sight that forbade the mocking mood. With the thought of it there flashed on her suddenly the old question asked of the Master long ago—'Who is my neighbour?' She entertained it calmly, hardly caring to find a solution—for as yet her will rebelled against her heart, her wayward feet 'passed by on the other side.' Suddenly her silence was broken by the sound of arrested wheels in the lane below. She rose, and looking down saw her aunt and Cousin Oliver seated in their carriage; at the same moment the footman springing from the box made an appeal at the door. She laughed softly to herself and prepared to go down stairs. This arrival seemed an answer to her question.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXCIX.

1612—1614.

DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY.

THE great interest and delight of Henry and his sister was the building of a great ship of war, of 114 feet long, which they often visited. The whole family went to Woolwich to be on board at the launch, but in spite of a great flourish of drums and trumpets, the untoward vessel stuck fast in the stays. The royal party were obliged to go back to Greenwich, but Henry, returning early in the morning, had the pleasure of seeing the vessel glide safely into the Thames.

The King made a present of the Manor of Woodstock to his eldest son, and there were some delightful days of sylvan festivities in a large summerhouse built of green branches in the chase. Indeed these were very happy days for all the young people, and there are pleasant memorials of them extant in little notes in Latin, French, and Italian written by them to their parents and to each other. There is a book in the British Museum in which each of the three wrote a motto—Henry's is in Latin, 'Glory is the torch of an upright mind'; Elizabeth's is in Italian, 'Uprightness and cheerfulness content me'; Charles's in English, 'If you would conquer all things, submit yourself to reason.'

The brother and sister enjoyed one another's society with the knowledge that they must soon part. James was resolved that his daughter should have a husband of princely rank, and refused her to two of his nobles who ventured to aspire to her hand.

The King of Sweden proposed his son, the young Gustavus Adolphus, but unfortunately the enmity between Sweden and Denmark prevented Elizabeth from having for her husband the noblest and greatest man in Europe. Maurice of Nassau proposed for her, but his age was not suitable, nor his rank and position sufficiently assured, since he was not even Prince of Orange, and he was not of a character to have made her happy, being silent and morose. The Queen was foolish enough to set her heart on seeing her daughter Queen of Spain, though Philip III., besides the objection on the score of religion, was old enough to be Elizabeth's father, and had a daughter who was thought of for the Prince of Wales. An ambassador, Don Pedro de Zuñiga, was actually sent to England ostensibly to inform the King

of an intended alliance between the royal families of Spain and France, but with secret orders to report on the princess, and whether there were any chance of her changing her religion. James received him in July, 1612, and was much disappointed and very angry that he said nothing about this part of his mission, only asked permission to remain in England till the weather should be cooler for travelling. It was hinted that he hoped to carry back tidings of the Princess's conversion, whereupon James swore that she should never go a Papist out of England.

Henry, however, took a more decided part, and said publicly that he esteemed a man a traitor who should advise the marrying his sister to a Roman Catholic ('he is a great heretic,' wrote the ambassador): and he likewise declared that he would himself never marry any save a Protestant. James was disappointed, but Lord Salisbury persuaded him that the whole scheme was impracticable, and that the greatness of his throne was better secured by heading the Protestant powers rather than by becoming an ally of Spain.

This was the last service rendered to the country by Salisbury's clear, shrewd sense. He was much annoyed at the deficiency in the treasury, caused by the King's lavish gifts to favourites, and the refusal of the Parliament to grant further supplies unless the King would make concessions which were not considered as consistent with the dignity of the Crown. He had always been feeble and deformed, though he took great care of his health, and the change from the wealth that had been in his hands under Elizabeth so affected his spirits that he sank into a decline, went in vain to try the waters of Bath, and died on his way back to London on the 24th of May, 1612.

James had already attached himself to a favourite, Robert Carr, a handsome young Scottish page, who had been thrown from his horse when attending him on a hunting party, and had broken his leg. James took so much interest in him in his convalescence as even to teach him the Latin grammar. He was made Viscount Rochester, and became for the time the most influential person at Court.

A Protestant match was proposed in the person of Frederick the Pfalzgraf, or Elector Palatine of the Rhine, who was a fine handsome youth, highly educated, and well trained in all exercises, eighteen years of age, and looked upon as the natural leader of the Protestant interest in Germany. His mother, Juliana of Nassau, was a daughter of William the Silent, and she was extremely anxious for the connection. The Duke of Bouillon, whose wife was Juliana's sister, had arranged the terms, and Count Meinhard of Schomberg was sent to ask permission for the young Elector to come and press his suit in person. James granted it graciously, but Queen Anne was greatly chagrined at the exchange of the King of Spain, Naples, and the Indies for a petty German prince, and, falling into one of her fits of

ill-humour, refused to see Count Schomberg, and teased her daughter by calling her 'Goody Palsgrave.' Elizabeth, who had a youthful dread of Philip's age, as well as of the Oriental seclusion and etiquette of the Spanish Court, to add to her strong Protestant feelings, declared that she had much rather marry the Elector than be the greatest Popish Queen in Europe, and King James defended the suitor's pedigree, which was in fact equal to any in Europe, and reckoned in it one Emperor who had been married to an English princess, Blanche, the daughter of Henry IV.

Frederick prepared himself by borrowing the dancing master of Tübingen for a month in order that he might take lessons in an art which was practised most elaborately at the English Court. He arrived in the September of 1612, attended by his uncle, Prince Henry of Nassau, a good many noblemen, and a suite numbering a hundred and fifty. On the 16th he arrived at Gravesend, and wished there to wait for his baggage; but the Duke of Lennox was sent to overcome his scruples, and bring him to Whitehall, where Prince Charles met him at the water-gate, and all the rest of the family were drawn up in state to receive him in the banqueting hall.

He was a dark-eyed, graceful youth, and James received him cordially, Anne relaxed her countenance of fixed ill humour, and let him kiss her hand; Elizabeth, gentle and blushing, smiled as he whispered in her ear; and Henry gladly accepted him as a brother—all speaking French, their common language.

Thenceforth Frederick attended the Court in all their entertainments. There came however a fatal blow. Prince Henry had outgrown his strength, being at seventeen over six feet high, and his exertions in the tilt yard seem to have in some degree injured him. Superstition declared that he had begun to droop from the time that the remains of his grandmother, Mary, Queen of Scots, had been transported from Peterborough to Westminster Abbey. He had already a cough before the Elector Palatine arrived, and soon after an intermittent fever attacked him. He bore up against it with all his gallant spirit, and was engaged, with all the rest of the royal family, to dine at the Guildhall with the Lord Mayor on the 24th of October, but on the previous Sunday, he fainted in church during the sermon, and speedily became very ill. On the 29th a lunar rainbow, lasting seven hours, stood over the part of the palace of St. James's where he lay, and was thought to be an evil omen for his recovery. The fever, however, abated, and his sister, who visited him daily, left him on the 1st of November with good hopes; but after this a violent increase of fever set in; it was pronounced to be putrid and very infectious, and though Elizabeth made many attempts to gain admittance to St. James's, the guards always turned her back, and she had seen her brother for the last time.

The King and Queen were both afraid of infection, and kept them-

selves apart. The Queen was frantic with anxiety, and sent to the Tower to beg Sir Walter Raleigh for some specific he had once mentioned to her against ague. Could it have been any of the forms of quinine from America? It was sent, and for a few hours the Prince appeared better, but on the 5th of November he was evidently sinking, and in the thanksgiving service of that day, the heir of England was prayed for as one in extremity. The streets from Somerset House to St. James's were blocked with crowds who wept and groaned as tidings of his state were brought out to them, while far off in the parks and the open country the bonfires were lighted and the rabble shouted round Guy Fawkes's effigy, and the Roman Catholics, keeping close to their homes, deemed that retribution had fallen on the royal family for the barbarities practised on those connected with the plot.

At midnight, the last breath of the pure-minded and noble-hearted young Henry was drawn, perhaps the happiest of all the Stuarts.

The Queen in her first despair exclaimed that he must have been poisoned, and this has been remembered against the King's present favourite Robert Carr, Earl of Rochester, nay even against the King himself, as if he had been jealous of his son, and hushed up an investigation. But there is no reasonable doubt that the Prince had been for some time threatened with decline, and that his constitution had no power to resist a malignant fever which proved fatal to many besides himself, in especial to one young man who, in his delirium, fancied himself the ghost of Henry! The remedies applied were likewise such as to do more harm than good. The last was a cock split down the back, and applied while yet warm to the soles of his feet.

James's impatience of the sight of mourning, and his endeavours to escape from the grief that crushed him, shocked his subjects. He did not attend the funeral, which was delayed till the 7th of December, but Charles and the Elector Palatine walked side by side as chief mourners to the grave in Westminster Abbey, where Henry was laid near his grandmother, Queen Mary, and his two infant sisters.

On the 18th Frederick was installed a Knight of the Garter with Henry's own collar and star, and on the 27th he was married to the Princess Elizabeth in full state and splendour.

The Tempest was Shakespeare's contribution to the pastimes in honour of their bridal—the final pageant to which Ariel and Prospero treat Ferdinand and Miranda being intended to apply to Frederick and Elizabeth.

James, though giving his daughter to a decided Calvinist, made her take her own chaplains, and forbade her to receive the Holy Communion from any unauthorised hands; so, though she heard plenty of sermons from Scultetus, Frederick's chaplain, she attended the English service in her own chapel.

It seems as if with Prince Henry and his sister some wholesome

restraint had departed, more especially as his mother's health and spirits sank so low that she was forced to be absent at Bath, taking the waters for her recovery—and with her went the elegance and decorum, which, in spite of all her weaknesses, she was able to maintain.

Robert Carr, whom James had made Earl of Rochester, exerted a baneful influence over the King, who lavished gifts on him, and was led by him to promote a most disgraceful affair. The son of the unfortunate Earl of Essex had been restored to his honours, and by family compact married to Lady Frances Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, when he was fourteen and she thirteen. The young bridegroom was sent to school and then to travel abroad; the bride returned to her home. The religious tone of the family had sadly declined since the days of Sidney and 'sweet Robin,' and there had been a great scandal respecting Penelope Devereux, Lady Rich, the object of Philip Sidney's romantic admiration, who was divorced by her husband, and immediately after married Lord Mountjoy, who had been made Earl of Devonshire. James himself told the Earl that she was a wife fair of face, but black of heart. The chaplain who performed the ceremony was William Laud, the son of a clothier at Reading. He had become a scholar of much ability and learning at Oxford, and was looked on as one of the most rising men of the Church party. Chaplains were at that time looked on almost as domestic servants, especially if their birth was not gentle, and Laud appears to have obeyed his lord as a matter of course, but he bitterly repented of his weak compliance, and ever after observed the anniversary as a fast day. It was St. Stephen's feast, 1605, and in his diary a prayer of the deepest humiliation is extant which he always used on that day.

Before the young Essex had returned from his travels, his Countess, who was very beautiful, had been admired and sought by Rochester, the King's lawless favourite, and her passionate desire was to be free from her husband. He was a grave and melancholy youth, in bad health, and he had a severe illness immediately after his return, giving her hopes that he would not live to claim her. He did, however, recover, and the ill-assorted pair set up house together, but Frances did nothing but weep and storm against her Puritanical young lord, and to the amazement of the Court, demanded a divorce from him.

The King was for the time wholly under the influence of Rochester, and consented that the cause should come on. The lady's family, wishing to gain such powerful support as Rochester's, also were ready to promote the proceeding; and its chief opponents were Sir Thomas Overbury, hitherto a ready and unscrupulous friend of Rochester's, who seems to have feared loss of influence; and, from high and pure motives, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A court for deciding on the matter was formed of five laymen and four bishops, of whom the Primate was one. All the four petitioned the King to suffer no such perversion of justice as the sentence of divorce, but James was exceedingly angry. He sent for the Archbishop and rated him so hotly that Abbot fell on his knees, weeping like a child, and imploring, 'I beseech your Majesty, if ever I have done you any service, rid me of this business.' However, James would not release him, and Rochester left no means untried to secure the decision. He gave the King 25,000*l.*, and as Overbury was thought likely to produce evidence that would not bear the light, he obtained that the embassy to Russia should be bestowed on him. Sir Thomas refused it, saying that the King had no right to send him into exile. A few days afterwards he was committed to the Tower for contempt of the royal authority.

Nevertheless, Abbot and King (Bishop of London) staunchly voted that the marriage could not be dissolved; whereupon the King wrote to Abbot, insisting on his submission 'as my creature,' and also 'because I have some skill in divinity;' but the Archbishop could not force his conscience, as he said, and still held out. Then James broke up that commission and formed another of more compliant bishops, personal enemies of the Primate. All that can be said in excuse for him was that in Scotland, the marriage laws were less strict than in England, and that the Earl of Essex was not anxious to remain bound to a wife who had done nothing but make him miserable, so that the whole turned on the principle of obedience to the Divine Law: 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

Overbury died in prison on the 15th of September, 1613. The next day the sentence of divorce was given, and the King soon after made Carr, Earl of Somerset, that the lady might not lose precedence by marrying an Earl of less dignity than Essex. The wedding took place on S. Stephen's Day—an ill-omened one in that reign—in the chapel at Whitehall, before the royal family, and all manner of diversions and pageants followed.

All the older nobles were extremely jealous of Somerset, and believed all sorts of evil of him. Just at this time a very handsome, graceful, and polished young man arrived at court, George Villiers, son of Sir Edward Villiers of Brooksby, and it occurred to the Earls of Bedford and Pembroke that he might be put forward as a favourite who might overthrow the influence of Somerset. Archbishop Abbot undertook to ask the Queen to bring him to be noticed by the King. She was unwilling, but at last she said, 'My lord, you know not what you ask. If Villiers gain the King's ear, we shall all suffer, I among the rest. The King will teach him to treat us all with pride and scorn.'

However, on S. George's Day, 1615, Villiers became a gentleman of the privy chamber, and on the ensuing day was knighted. The King at once took a fancy to him and called him Steenie, from his resem-

blance to a picture of S. Stephen, and the Queen and Prince both seem to have been won by his grace and address. Somerset's influence was declining as that of Villiers advanced, and there was a horrible report spreading that Sir Thomas Overbury had come by his death unfairly.

Inquiries were, made the replies to which convinced all parties, and the Archbishop recommended Secretary Winwood to inform the King that there was fatal evidence against both the Earl and Countess of Somerset. This was done in June, and James sent for Sir James Elwes, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and privately examined him, becoming convinced that the unfortunate knight had really been poisoned. Probably he was afraid of the same fate himself, for he betrayed no suspicion, and took Somerset with him to Royston as usual, treating him with his usual caressing manner up to the last, when a warrant arrived from Sir Edward Coke, the Chief Justice. Somerset complained of being arrested in the King's presence. 'Nay, mon,' said James, 'if Coke sends for me, I must e'en go.' But no sooner was Somerset gone than the King added, 'The de'il go wi' thee, for I'll never see thy face more.' And then, with the bitterness of a man ashamed of having been deceived, he uttered a curse on himself and everybody else if he ever pardoned any of the set.

The Countess was arrested at the same time, and the lawyers made three hundred private examinations before showing up their report to the King. Somerset himself would say nothing; but the lady was more easily worked on, and a terrible history of depravity was laid bare. The unhappy girl, in her distaste to her husband, had had recourse to sorcerers to obtain her release from him and secure the affections of Carr. Her adviser had been a certain Mrs. Turner, who had been her attendant in her childhood, and afterwards, being very beautiful, had married a physician, and on his death returned to the Countess, with her head full of the effects of charms and philtres, and the powers of a noted sorcerer or wizard, Dr. Forman. The woman actually took the lady to Forman's house, and there was a correspondence maintained by his means with the Earl of Rochester both before and after her joining her husband, the Earl of Essex.

This seems to have been known to Sir Thomas Overbury, and to have actuated him in wishing to prevent the marriage of his patron with so unscrupulous a person, while, on the other hand, the Countess was dreadfully afraid of her transactions coming to light. There was a letter produced from Overbury to Somerset in which he spoke of secrets between them, from which Sir Edward Coke inferred that the two friends meant the poisoning of Prince Henry; and the Queen, who had from the first thought that her son did not die a natural death, joined in the cry. James himself, however, did not believe this, and would not have the subject pursued, though he did think the secret might have been some plan for giving Prince Charles up to the Spaniards. This forbearance of his has led to the cruel imputation

that he himself had been concerned in poisoning his own son, out of mere jealousy,—an absolutely unfounded idea respecting a man whose chief faults were vanity, weakness, and a certain innate coarseness and vulgarity of texture, apparently inherited from the Lennox family.

The Countess had had influence enough to obtain Overbury's committal to the Tower; and further machinations had procured that one Weston, formerly a servant of Mrs. Turner's, should be introduced to Sir James Elwes, the Lieutenant of the Tower, made a warder, and set to wait on the unfortunate knight. Then poison of three kinds was procured from an apothecary named Franklin, and was declared to have been enough to kill twenty men. Weston gave it in small doses, mixed with all Overbury's food, and at last completed the work with a pie. Elwes had connived at all, and Somerset obtained that the body should be instantly buried.

Such was the horrible story that was elicited, partly in examination, partly on the trial of the commoners, Mrs. Turner, Elwes, Franklin, and Weston,—Dr. Forman being dead. Weston refused to plead, but on being threatened with the *peine forte et dure* he pleaded not guilty, as indeed all the others did, but Lady Somerset had confessed, and Franklin, the apothecary, turned King's evidence in hopes of saving his own life. They were all convicted, with strong evidence against them, and all confessed their guilt before they were executed at Tyburn. Three gentlemen, who clung to the idea that all arose from a plot against Somerset, rode up to the scaffold and called out to Weston to ask once more whether all were fact.

'Fact or no fact, I die worthily,' answered Weston, and so was hanged.

Mrs. Turner showed great penitence. She went to the scaffold in a ruff set up with yellow starch, a fashion which she had introduced, and which was abandoned in horror at her crime.

The chief criminals, Lord and Lady Somerset, were kept in separate apartments in the Tower, waiting until Lord Digby, the Spanish Ambassador, should have come home with the proofs he was desired to collect that the secret spoken of in Overbury's letters was some betrayal to the Court of Spain; but he failed to discover any traces of such a plot, and there probably was none, for the secret was much more likely to have been connected with the traffic with the sorcerers. Lady Suffolk, mother to the Countess, brought the little daughter, who had been born shortly before the arrest, to see her, but she took little notice of the child, and was sinking into a state of despondency and ill-health. On hearing that his favourite was free from the guilt of high treason, James began to relent, and though the trial was necessarily to take place, he forbade the Attorney-General, Bacon, to exaggerate the offence, as he intended to grant a pardon. 'Advice was not to push him too hard in his speech, so as to give occasion for despair or flushes.' Each prisoner was likewise exhorted to confess the crime, and the

Countess, by the persuasion of the clergyman, Whiting, who had attended them all, owned to all the course of wickedness which had culminated in Overbury's death.

Somerset, however, would own nothing, and when the inducement of saving his life and property was held out to him said, 'Life and fortune are nothing when honour is gone.'

As they were not married at the time of the murder, they were tried separately before the peers. The Countess looked very ill, and trembled exceedingly while the indictment was read, and she held her fan before her face when Weston's name was mentioned. She wept bitterly, and could hardly speak when she pleaded guilty, and she was then allowed to retire, while Bacon made a long speech on the evidence he had to adduce against her. She was recalled to hear her sentence of death pronounced by Lord Ellesmere.

The same night her husband was told by Sir George More, the new Lieutenant of the Tower, that he must stand his trial the next day. The Earl absolutely refused to go to Westminster Hall, saying that if he was taken thither, it must be by force in his bed, that the King had promised him that he should not be tried, and durst not do it.

More, much perturbed, hurried to Greenwich, and hastened up the back stairs to the King who was in bed, and was likewise overcome even to tears, declaring that if More would stand his friend he would not be a thankless master. More returned, and spent the rest of the night in assurances of the King's favourable disposition to him, and thus brought him to a more reasonable frame, but even then, More prepared two sentinels, each with a cloak which was to be thrown over his head if he attempted to say anything perilous to the King.

Somerset pleaded not guilty, and defentled himself with so much ability that his trial lasted eleven hours, during which time James was in a restless state of anxiety, sending continually to hear whether the trial was over; and only satisfied when he heard that the Earl had been convicted and sentence pronounced.

Both Earl and Countess were pardoned, but were kept in the Tower for four years longer, and then only allowed a small income out of their estate. Their love for one another was gone, and the lady was a broken, penitent woman, a prey to disease. Their child, Lady Anne Carr was brought up carefully in ignorance of all that had passed in her infancy. She was good and innocent, and was married to the son of the Earl of Bedford. She was a happy wife and mother, when she chanced to pick up a chap book with the whole dreadful tale of Overbury's murder, and the next person who entered the room found her lying in a fainting fit on the floor.

James's alarm led to further whispers that the secret was Prince Henry's murder and that he knew of it, but nothing confirms the

notion. So undignified a monarch, talking so freely and so familiarly, was sure to have uttered much which might have been turned against him in Westminster Hall, and it was no wonder he was disquieted about the horrible exposure.

The field was left free for Villiers, who was created Earl of Buckingham, and on the retirement of the Chancellor, Ellesmere, Bacon became Lord Keeper. To the amusement of the Court, this grave philosopher assumed the most magnificent airs of splendour, wore a robe of purple satin, and went about with a train that almost rivalled Buckingham's. There never lived a man whose writings and public life so little accorded as those of Francis Bacon.

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER VIII.

THE STANDARD OF PERFECTION.

MY DEAR A——,—Am I too strict in what I have said in the last two letters? I have been told that I am so generally, and therefore I wish to be on my guard, and have honestly asked myself whether I am justified in setting forth a theory of life, which as it requires constant watchfulness, self-restraint, and exertion, must often be difficult to carry out, and may therefore alarm those who would fain do right. But I am answered by that standard of duty given us by our Lord. 'Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' How can I admit any aim short of this? And if I do admit it, then must I not give advice in accordance with it?

It would be very much easier to grant dispensations, and make exceptions and excuses, and there are cases which come before one in which it may seem that a lower standard of action would be allowable. Naaman asked for pardon, when, in attendance upon his master, he might be called upon to 'bow himself down in the house of Rimmon.' Elisha apparently granted him a dispensation as regarded the outward act; and if I were Elisha, an inspired prophet, I would gladly give many similar dispensations to my young friends, and in fact in my own mind I do give them, only they take the form of excuses. But it would be ruinous, if they were generally allowed.

Just think what they would amount to: permission to indulge a little indolence, selfishness, frivolity, waste of time and intellect, and consequently to neglect religious duties, &c., in other words permission to disobey God. No one can be justified in giving such a permission. The only point really open to discussion is the kind and amount of self-discipline which I have set forth as advisable. Here no doubt opinions may differ. But I do not myself think that the objections which persons make to direct rules of life are generally based upon the conviction that rules are in themselves unadvisable. In most cases it is the high standard which is disliked, and it is this kind of objection which I think you are likely to meet with. It is by no means unusual. I have had it said plainly to me, 'Yes, that is the best life; but it is the life of a saint, and I am not a saint, and never shall be, I don't go in for it.' And there are friends and advisers who will answer—'Well! if you can't, you can't. You must make the best of yourself as you

are.' It sounds plausible. I have wished that I could say it. Again and again I have said to myself after a conversation upon grave subjects—'Perhaps I have been wrong; perhaps I have disheartened where I ought to have encouraged.' I have even felt that the heart I longed to win for God has been seemingly turned away from Him for the moment, because I have not been able to put forth the lower standard as the object of attainment. But I cannot say what I do not conscientiously believe, and therefore, even at the risk of thus offending where I most earnestly desire to attract, I must when called upon to advise, put forth what I believe to be the truth. We are not at liberty in regard to the commands of God, to make any such choice between a portion and the whole. When we profess to make an offering of the heart to God—we may not dare to keep back a part. We must give Him *all*; the will must be a perfect will, though the practice may and must be imperfect. It is a poor, mean, miserable life which we lead, when we halt between two opinions. 'If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.' To allow ourselves in the neglect of any known duty, to indulge in any known sinful gratification or amusement whilst we are professing, and even desiring, to give ourselves to God's service, is to lose both this world and the next. And with this view, with this one desire to enable you to carry out in practice what you are bound to put before yourself in aim and purpose, I have ventured to suggest certain rules of life. If they do not suit you (and possibly they may not) then try others, but under any circumstances I beg you not to live without some rule. I know there are persons, and possibly you may be one, to whom the idea of regularity is so disagreeable that it seems to check any flow of feeling; and if feeling were the great object of attainment, such persons would be justified in giving up rules altogether. But as practical duty is what God requires of us, and feeling is a gift which may or may not accompany it, whatever tends to make duty habitual is the thing to be first sought after. And here I think you will at once allow that habit is all-important in making any practice easy, and that rule is the foundation of habit.

It is a not uncommon fallacy that effort and self-denial are essential to duty; whereas, in fact, duty is never so perfectly carried out, as when it has become so habitual that it ceases to be self-denial. To the matured saint it is more easy, and what we term natural, to do right than to do wrong. Habit has made it so. Rules are no doubt troublesome at first, but when we have followed them for a certain length of time, we cease to feel them. I need scarcely give you an instance of this fact; but just think of the self-restraint, the rules enforced upon us by the common customs of society. They meet, and check, and limit us at every turn. Yet we are not troubled at them. Why? Because they have become habitual. And in like manner, the rules which we enforce upon ourselves with the view of

attaining to the perfection which our Lord demands, must check and limit us at first, but in the end they also will become matters of habit, and we shall not feel them. Only they must be wise rules, adapted to our circumstances and position. The difficulty lies quite as much in making them rightly, as in keeping them perfectly. Therefore I think they should be but few, and those not rigidly stereotyped. Mid-day prayers, for instance, are very important, but I do not think it essential that they should be said exactly as the clock strikes twelve. And, again, our rules should be such as do not bring a continued strain upon body or mind. Young people in the earnestness of their first religious feeling are apt to impose too much upon themselves in the way of Scripture reading and meditation. It is better to read and study our Bible for half an hour regularly than to devote several hours to it one week, and leave it untouched the next. Or, as regards early rising. This is absolutely essential as a matter of self-discipline. If we lie in bed when we are not sleepy simply because we enjoy the luxurious rest, we are destroying self-discipline in its germs. No efforts during the day will make up for the self-indulgence of the morning. Recognising this, persons are sometimes inclined to exaggerate the duty of early rising. They make a rule to rise at some hour incompatible with the habits of the household, or their own strength. For a time they keep the rule, and then they break down and give it up; but to rise at seven regularly is better than to rise at six irregularly. Matters of this kind require an honest heart if they are to be decided rightly, since they must ultimately be determined by ourselves. We may, indeed, ask advice, but it will be given in accordance with our own representations of the amount of rest which we feel needful for health and the hour at which we go to bed. The latter point is especially important;—the self-denial of early rising involving the equally severe self-denial of not sitting up at night, and gossiping in bedrooms—temptations which are very considerable to young girls.

I don't think I am really strict in saying that rules and restraints of this kind are very essential. Experience has led me to believe that neglect of them too often eats out the very life of Christian devotion. I may be told, perhaps, that the rules cannot be kept; and to this I have but one answer, that if they *cannot* they are not a duty. But substitute 'will' for 'can,' and we shall at once bring our actions to the true test. If we had the will, would it really be impossible to do what we are advised? It might be very troublesome, very difficult; we might even think that it would not be judicious or desirable, but would it be out of our power? Let us in any case state our decision in the true terms. Truth and sincerity are even more essential in dealing with ourselves than in dealing with our neighbours. We need confidence in ourselves—that confidence which is, I think, described in Scripture as walking before God with a 'perfect heart.' And more

especially will this absolute sincerity be needful when we enter upon the question which you brought before me the other day, about worldliness and amusements.

You know that my own opinion decidedly is that worldliness has its root in the heart, and is to be grappled with there rather than in the outward actions. I do not think that common amusements, such as dancing and acting, are in themselves sinful. I state this broadly because it seems to me that in judging of human actions we must accept the human being as he is made. Dancing, which in its simplest form is the enjoyment of measured movement fitted to measured sounds, is innate in all men and women of every race and every age. It cannot be eradicated. The mere fact of the impulse to beat time with your foot when you listen to a melody shows this. So, again, acting—the pleasure caused by witnessing the representation of characters and scenes which do not belong to ourselves or our own circumstances,—may, I think, be recognised as innate. And if I am right in this statement it will follow that the attempt to crush these tastes must fail; all we can do is to direct and control, and keep them within due bounds. And here it is that sincerity of heart is so absolutely required. You are not called upon yet to decide whether you will or will not go to balls, or dance at an evening party, or be present at a play. Your one duty is to obey your parents, and do what they think right in these matters. But if I were asked whether I thought it well to abstain from these amusements entirely, I should say No, and for this reason. If dancing and acting are natural tastes inherent in human nature, then, it appears to me, that persons who take a grave view of life will do well not to withdraw altogether from the scenes in which they are carried out, but by presence and example to keep them within their legitimate bounds. If all the pure-minded and religious people in England were to give up dancing, and never to go near a theatre, these two amusements would be left to the thoughtless and profligate; and as the innate liking of the young for dancing and acting can no more be eradicated than the liking to eat and drink, it would follow that such pleasures would still be sought after, even in defiance of the laws of social propriety, and a general degradation of tone would be the result.

To keep dancing within moderate limits, and to insist upon purity in theatrical representations, is, I believe, a duty to society, incumbent upon every one whose circumstances make social amusements of some kind, a necessary part of their daily life.

One of the great evils of dancing-halls, and, indeed, of dances generally for the uneducated classes, arises from the fact that such persons have not amongst themselves the same standard of propriety and politeness in social intercourse which keeps those immediately above them in check. I say *immediately* because, if report speaks truth, we cannot say the same of that fashionable class, which pro-

fesses to be at the head of society, and which is in as much danger of a low standard of morals, because it can defy public opinion, as the lowest grade is, because it seldom comes in contact with, and therefore is indifferent to it.

It is in the grades which lie between the highest and the lowest that we are to seek for the true moral standard of English society, and it would, I cannot but think, be a grievous thing, if amusements which will always more or less be followed, because they are congenial to the natural constitution of the human being, especially in youth, were to be rejected by the better portion of the social world, and left in the hands of the profligate.

So, again, as regards the theatre. In what spirit of self-denial, and with what noble motives acting can be undertaken as a profession, we have all learnt lately by the publication of Mrs. Fanny Kemble's autobiography. That the impression of purity and high-minded devotion to duty which every one must receive from the perusal of this book is well founded, I happen to know myself from the witness of persons who have been most intimately acquainted with the writer; and certainly after reading it I do not think any one can say that acting is incompatible with the highest womanly dignity, and most sincere religious purpose. All honour is due to those who exert themselves to make the theatre what I believe God intended it to be made, and all honour is likewise due to those who go into general society with the aim of doing God service, by checking the evils which are incidental to it.

Having said this, I have nothing more to add, except that the details of the liberty which we give ourselves in regard to these things must be a matter to be decided by that sincerity of purpose, that truth before God, of which I have before spoken.

As there are persons to whom total abstinence from wine and spirits is a necessity, and a primary duty, because the temptation to excess is too strong for them, so there are persons to whom the gaiety of a dance, and the excitement of a theatre, are equally injurious. It would be impossible for me, or for any one, to determine absolutely for another what may or may not be permissible. The questions which arise are fraught with difficulty. I fully allow that there are evils connected with such amusements—late hours, undue excitement, immodest dress—but they are not inseparable from them, and they may be checked by a firm determination.

A dance twice or three times in the winter may do no harm, whilst the rush of a London season may be ruinous. Late hours, when infrequent, may not injure any one; but for weeks together never to go to bed till the early morning will be fatal to health and the right employment of time; whilst immodest dress is in no sense whatever a necessity. Any girl who chooses, may stand out against fashions, and will in the end gain respect, and influence others to follow her example.

So again—vanity, love of display, and satire, are no doubt aroused by the incidents and surroundings of a ball-room ; but unselfishness, kind thought, and humility may equally be found there, and the faults I have mentioned are to be perceived in all places where human beings meet together. A church is by no means free from them, as every one must know who has listened to the conversation which too often follows a sacred service, or who has watched in his own mind the inclination to take part in it. In all these cases it is the heart which is at fault. A friend of my own was once in a ball-room, at a time when it was the fashion for girls to wear a false ringlet hanging down the neck. A young lady (a stranger to her, I believe) had followed the fashion, but the curl was not properly secured, and it dropped upon the floor, and a laugh followed. The poor girl was covered with confusion ; but my friend went up to her and unfastening her own ringlet, held it up, saying, ‘You see we are alike, we all wear them,’ and the laugh stopped.

Now this I think you will own, though a slight incident, was a true exhibition of unselfish moral courage ; and such an exercise of the highest principles is, I feel sure, by no means unusual in scenes of amusement.

It is quite possible to go to a dance with the determination, made after prayer to God, to check every satirical observation, and to be on the look-out for the opportunity of doing kind actions, such as giving up a comfortable seat, talking to a dull or neglected acquaintance, yielding place to another of whom we might naturally desire to take precedence, and on the return home, resolutely crushing every thought of vanity, never voluntarily recalling to oneself words of praise or admiration, much less dwelling upon them or repeating them to others.

I do not say that a dance which is shared in this spirit will be as exciting as one in which the reins are given to every impulse of self-gratification, but I am sure that it may be very enjoyable, and that it will be followed by no self-reproach beyond that which we must always feel when we place before ourselves a high standard of action. And I would add that it is perfectly compatible with the observance of religious duties. I have known evening prayers, recalling the faults of the day, said before a dance, because it was feared that fatigue might interfere with long prayer on the return, thus leaving merely the short survey of a few hours, and the nightly commending of the soul to God, for the later hour. Arrangements of this kind are an assistance in keeping up a right tone, and they are quite within our own power. I mention them especially, because I want you to see that no line can be drawn in connection with amusements which shall separate the thoughtful from the frivolous, the worldly from the unworldly. These distinctions go beyond the marks which God has set upon human actions, and are therefore misleading, and tend to foster uncharitableness.

I think if you will read carefully the 14th chapter of S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, in which he discusses the right or wrong of partaking of meat which had been offered in sacrifice to idols, you will understand more clearly the grounds upon which all such questions may rightly be decided.

We are not to allow our own liberty of conscience to be a stumbling block to others. That is a primary principle, and if the question in dispute should be one which is perfectly indifferent, we are to deny ourselves rather than to give offence to our neighbours.

Dancing and acting, however, are not, if I have argued rightly, indifferent. Some persons will agree with what I have said, and with a sense of duty may, under strict limitations, go to dances and plays, and feel they are justified in so doing. Others who judge the matter differently, would be wrong in going. But in any case what is quite certain is, that a harsh condemnation on either side must be a grave offence in the sight of God.

The attempt to draw an outward line of distinction between the worldly and unworldly, has again and again been made, but it has always failed; for the self-evident reason that a sin which has its origin in the heart will find its way into a prayer-meeting, or a Church service, as easily as into a ball-room or a theatre.

I am aware, however, that what I have said is open to much misapprehension, and therefore you must forgive me for once more insisting strongly upon limitations and conditions with regard to amusements. I speak only of what I have myself observed. The experiences of a fashionable life are unknown to me, and from circumstances my life has been one in which social amusements have formed but a very small part. But I have watched young people growing up around me, and joining in a moderate way in dancing and acting, and it has struck me that the simple and pure-minded have come back from these amusements uninjured, whilst others of a different character have only shown their faults, as they have done in other scenes and pleasures, such as concerts and pic-nics, which are deemed by all quite allowable.

But then, in the instances from which I judge, the limitations and conditions of which I have spoken, have been observed. The amusements have been rare, the society has been select, and the choice of plays, unobjectionable.

When it is found impossible to carry out these stipulations, it may be desirable to avoid dances and the theatre; but in no case can it be well in the sight of Him who says so plainly, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' to stigmatise as worldly, those who attend them.

I have been led into this rather long letter because the subject of amusements has lately been especially brought before me. It is curious to watch the oscillations of opinion upon such matters. Fifty years ago, dancing was looked upon as a sin, and to give it up was a sign

of conversion. But worldliness crept into the exclusive party, and a reaction took place. The leaders of the Oxford movement adopted the opposite view of the question, and religious persons no longer thought themselves obliged to abstain from amusements. Their sign of conversion was rather a constant attendance at Church services.

But here again worldliness crept in. The glaring inconsistency in the London season of a rush to a ball at night and to an early celebration of the Holy Communion the next morning has, I imagine, startled many sober minds, and now the religious pendulum shows a tendency again to swing in the opposite direction. It is difficult to keep the medium between the two extremes, and very unsatisfactory to those who like yourself wish for an answer once for all. But so it is God's will that we should be compelled to use each one his individual reason and conscience for the determination of his conduct. In this lies our trial, and in this also lies that absolute need of the 'single eye' and the 'perfect heart' which, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, will alone enable us to know the Way of God and to walk in it.

Ever yours,
E. M. S

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XVI.—HENRY THE FIFTH.

(Published 1600; supposed date 1599.)

As we open on the first scenes of *Henry V.*, it is at once evident that we are taking up the threads of interest which were dropped when the *Second Part of Henry IV.* was concluded. Though there is plenty of fresh material in this play, new scenes, characters, and interests, yet it loses much of its interest if we attempt to isolate it from the two *Henry IV.* plays. On the other hand, when *Henry V.* is in question, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* may be allowed to glide from the memory as a piece of drollery, enacted in another sphere altogether. *Henry V.* is the natural outcome of those forces which we saw working at the end of the earlier plays, one could fancy that there was hardly an interval between the disappearance of King Henry's coronation-train, and the entrance of the modest prologue Chorus, longing for

‘ A Muse of fire, that might ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !’

Almost each of Shakspeare's plays has some peculiar interest, giving it an individuality. In *Henry V.* this distinguishing point may be said to be that it comes the nearest to expressing an ideal of Shakspeare's own. It is very strange that the most creative of poets, as to character, that England has ever seen, should have expressed his ideal of young manhood and royalty more fully in a historical character than in an original one, but so it is. None of his created characters seem to satisfy him as much as the hero of Agincourt, as a man, a soldier, and a king, especially an English king. The brief and brilliant career of the historical Henry V. indeed, lent itself admirably to this idealising, and if his character did not in all points correspond with Shakspeare's glowing portrait, it was not distressingly unlike it. But after all, we do not now want to see the historical Henry, judged by the ideas of the nineteenth century, we want the man and the story, as Shakspeare saw them, the dull facts illuminated by the warmth of his feelings and grouped by the artist, not the chronicler. These same facts he got, as before, principally from Holinshed's Chronicle, to which he keeps pretty closely, sometimes even borrowing whole phrases from it, as if the rolling prose of the Chronicle suited his subject. But he was not the first to whom Henry V.'s life seemed a good dramatic subject. Mention was made in a former paper of a rough old play, *The Famous Victories of King Henry V.*, which manages to straggle

over nearly as much ground as the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* together. A queer, disconnected piece of work it is, with little suggestion of art about it, but it contains the germs of many scenes in *Henry V.*, such as Henry's interviews with the French ambassadors and Mountjoy, and others, minus their force, and fire, and rhetoric. It is interesting to notice what Shakspeare ignored as well as what he borrowed from the *Famous Victories*, how he carefully avoided the vulgar exultation of the other Henry, and the sort of extravagances which were so popular with the audiences of the time. His whole play takes a tone from the king's character, something lofty and vigorous goes through it, great deeds, great hazards, great successes form the argument, and the baser natures, like Nym and Pistol, are swept down in the stream. Even they have to forsake Eastcheap and bestir themselves in France. Another peculiarity of this play, distinguishing it from the others we have considered, is the introduction of the Chorus between each act, to make clear the connecting links of the story. This device has evidently no resemblance to the Chorus of a classical play, which represented the idealised spectator, and whose remarks had a connection with the action as it proceeded. In defiance of the meaning of words, Shakspeare's Chorus consisted only of a single person, who came in between the acts to make explanations. The plan had advantages where so much history had to be condensed, but it shows some weakness in the construction of the play, and breaks the continuity of the action. But as a compensation, the five addresses of the Chorus express to perfection Shakspeare's idea of the actor's function, and of how far it depended on the co-operation of the imagination of the audience. How fearlessly he relies on that! How he shows them that they must not limit their ideas to the 'cockpit,' the narrow walls of the little 'Globe' theatre. Stage realism had not begun then, people were expected to have fancies of their own, and to use them to supply mentally all that the poet could not bring before them in a concrete form. The stage accessories were only suggestions, but a suggestion is enough for the true dramatic imagination. And no doubt the Elizabethan spectators retained sufficient of the child-like spirit of 'making believe' to respond to the dramatist's appeal, and to picture to themselves the 'vast fields of France,' the prancing horses and dancing ships, which he suggested to them, as long as he supplied the splendid figures in the foreground of the picture. The prologue has a further point of interest; in the wild figure which represents Henry with fire, famine, and slaughter, crouching round him, it preserves a grim phrase traditionally ascribed to Henry himself, though he is said to have assigned these stern attendants to the personification of war.

After the formal prologue, the scene between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely, makes a further introduction, and explains the change which has transformed the young king. The

archbishop's stately, rolling sentences begin that chorus of admiration which follows Henry through the play, and truly he must be very delightful when so much praise does not set us against him. The second scene brings us our old friend in person, and shows us a fresh side of his character—that solemn sense of religion and duty, which now underlies all his actions. Here it comes out in his impressive appeal to the archbishop to be unflinchingly faithful in stating the claim of the French crown, whether it could be made with 'right and conscience.' The sounding speech which the archbishop makes in reply, is in great part a versification of a long passage in Holinseh, which gives the statement supposed to be made in the Parliament on Henry's French rights. Certain turns and phrases are exactly reproduced, as well as the general argument about guarding the country against Scotland; but Shakspeare did not tie himself to the limits of the Chronicle, or we should not have had those brilliant outbursts, such as the famous description of the bees and their order. Henry, being thus resolved for death or victory in France, is all the more sensitive to the elaborate insult of the Dauphin's embassy with the tennis-balls. The restrained force and ironic courtesy of the king's answer shows how much it has stung him. His wrath rises as the consequences of the Dauphin's jest present themselves to his mind, but one feels he might have taken it more lightly had it not hit the weak spot in his armour—the follies of the past. How spiritedly the Chorus (Act ii.) brings before us the stir and excitement of preparation for war. We wish that Shakspeare could have refrained from that pun of the 'gilt of France,' when touching on the conspiracy of Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey, but that was the one thing too strong for him. Before he takes us to Southampton, we have to see what some old acquaintances of ours are doing in this changed world, and it is no surprise from our knowledge of them, to find Pistol swaggering (Act ii. sc. 1), and Nym skulking about, uttering half threats which he dares not make good. There is a delightful sulky inconsequence about him, he can't even threaten straightforwardly. 'Men may sleep, and at that time they may have their throats about them, and some say knives have edges.' Mrs. Quickly's union with Pistol has not altered her in the least; she has the old volubility and dislike to the sight of naked weapons—not that there is much to alarm her on the present occasion, as the ardour of the combatants is easily quelled. Presently we discover why Nym is so upset in his mind, he can't get over the eight shillings which Pistol owes him, and to this point he sticks, in spite of Pistol's superb 'Base is the slave that pays!' But the master spirit who used to control these worthies is to be seen no more among them, and we only hear of poor Falstaff's 'burning *quotidian tertian*,' through Mrs. Quickly. The rest of the party attribute his sickness more to disappointment and vexation than anything else, and though the idea of Falstaff dying of a broken heart is strangely incongruous, it is

evident that the king's treatment of him has found out his vulnerable point.

Now (Act ii. sc. 2) we pass to Southampton, and watch Henry and the traitors. Here Shakspeare heightens the dramatic effect of their arrest, by using what a Greek dramatist would have called irony, in the efforts of the conspirators first to persuade Henry of the loyalty of his subjects, and then to check his mercy to the obscure offender. Here their words carry a double sense to the spectator, who knows their concealed treachery, and feels they are sealing their doom. The same double meaning lies in the king's emphatic

‘ We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punished.’

The eloquent lamentation over Lord Scroop's fall is the expansion of the description of him in Holinshed, showing how high he stood in general opinion as well as in Henry's favour, so that his treason was ‘like another fall of man.’ Cambridge's speech after his arrest is rather obscure as it stands, but the Chronicle throws light on it, by recording the belief that he was really little implicated in the plot with France, but deep in a scheme for claiming the English crown, anticipating the action of his son Richard of York in after days. So his death postponed the Wars of the Roses for a while, and the dangerous conspiracy was cleared out of the way. Yet we must take one more look at the old haunts in London, though ‘Falstaff he is dead, and we must yearn therefore.’ There is something, I think, of ‘yearning,’ in the way in which Shakspeare follows his wonderful creation to the last, a sort of tenderness over Sir John now he is dead. There is no such description elsewhere, as the mixture of grotesqueness and solemnity with which Mrs. Quickly shows us that death-bed, and Falstaff going ‘away, even at the turning o' the tide.’ It is pathetic, grim, and grotesque at once. Nothing better illustrates Falstaff's power over his followers than Bardolph's exclamation—‘Would I were with him, wheresoe'er he is!’ Nothing more reconciles us to poor Mrs. Quickly than her blundering tenderness to the dying old man, all his cheating and deceiving forgotten and forgiven, for even Mrs. Quickly has a heart. But the necessities of life prevent much lingering over the past, so the worthy party of Falstaff's old followers have to try their fortunes in France.

Now (Act ii. sc. 4) we are shown the war from the French side, and perhaps it was inevitable that these French scenes should be the least interesting ones in the play. There is little to distinguish the characters of the French leaders, except the wild self-confidence of the Dauphin and the alarm of the king, who here, in his reference to Cressy, recalls the picturesque exaggeration of the archbishop in the first act. Then comes the bold claim on the French crown, and the

defiance to the Dauphin, delivered by Exeter with the combined energy and dignity which such a message demanded, and received with composed courtesy by the King, and with careless insolence by his son.

Again the Chorus fills up the gap between the acts with vivid pictures of the English fleet sweeping across the narrow sea, and of the beginning of the Harfleur siege, assisting the willing imagination of the spectators by the firing of 'chambers' within. The fume would seem to have got into Henry's head a little, for his speeches at Harfleur come dangerously near rant, especially the one addressed to the governor of the place; but his appeal to his soldiers has a true, stirring ring, from his full confidence in the daring of all his followers, whether gentle or simple. A French writer remarks that in times of revolution and confusion, 'le voleur suit le héros de bien près,' and the comic scenes of *Henry V.* amply illustrate the saying. In the shadow of Henry's heroic figure, comes that thievish trio, Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, and with them, their cool and philosophical attendant, the nameless Boy, sharp as any of his modern representatives in London streets (Act iii. sc. 2). The Boy has not particularly heroic aspirations, 'all his fame' (the impudence of that is superb) is not worth safety and a pot of ale, but he has a sort of conscience about him, and sees through and through his employers and their different forms of brag. Then appears one who is neither hero nor thief, far removed from either, excellent, irresistible Fluellen. Perhaps there is not one of Shakspeare's characters who has taken such firm hold on the public mind, whose effect on the action of the play to which he belongs is so small. The main course of *Henry V.* would not be affected if the Welsh captain were cut out of it, and yet he, and his sayings, and his leek, and his cudgel, are proverbial throughout English literature. With his courage, his pedantry, his sense and his oddity, he keeps one continually laughing at him, and delighting in him. He has the calmest faith in himself and his wisdom in military matters. Is he not well studied in the 'true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines?' He would argue out a point with his friend Gower, or any of the dukes, or even Henry himself if necessary, and that without any injury to his genuine and zealous loyalty. The group of officers which gathers round Fluellen is unique in Shakspeare, as a representation of the four nations of the British Isles, and has been considered as a testimony to the attraction which Henry's character and cause exercised over such various people. However that may be, Shakspeare clearly intended to show the characteristics of three out of the four races, the fourth, represented by Gower, is kept temporarily in the background. There was no need to dwell on English characteristics then, though Gower shows afterwards as a very good typical Englishman, steady, sensible, hard-hitting, and straightforward, not easily excited about any-

thing. Fluellen, quaint and comical, of course represents Wales ; and then we come to the representatives of Scotland and Ireland. Jamy, 'that marvellous, falorous gentleman,' conspicuously displays two qualities which still distinguish his countrymen—firm determination to do good service in the field, or die for it, and a keen relish for an argument. In a cool, rational sort of way, he would enjoy either fighting equally, and go from one to the other without any difficulty. Probably in both fields he would be very hard to disconcert. Very different is the temperament of the one Irishman who figures in Shakspeare's gallery, but Captain Macmorris's countrymen have no need to be ashamed of him. Shakspeare's opportunities of studying Irish character must have been limited enough, yet he hits at once on the distinctive points of fierce excitability, quick temper, and wild daring. Macmorris, chafing and fuming at being called off from the assault, when 'there is work to be done and throats to be cut,' thinking that headlong dash might effect impossibilities, blazing into sudden wrath at Fluellen's depreciatory remark on his nation, *before* it is fully made, might have come straight from Galway. Thoroughly Irish is the defiant, 'I do *not* know you so good a man as myself,' and as Fluellen is nearly as peppery in a different style, his determination not to be overpowered by the Irishman might easily lead to disturbance between them, if the opportune signal from the town did not interrupt them.

Shakspeare little knew how far Macmorris was typical of his countrymen in gaining honour, influence, and distinction when once away from his own country. The differences of dialect which Shakspeare puts into these men's mouths are worth noting. Fluellen's English is very queer as regards grammar, but only a few words indicate anything of accent or mispronunciation. For the others, one would judge that Shakspeare was more familiar with Scotch-English than with Irish-English, for certain of Jamy's words have a correspondence with modern Scotch, but it is difficult to catch a trace of genuine Irish accent in Macmorris's impetuous utterances, unless the Irish throat has entirely altered. There is hardly one Englishman in twenty, however, who can so reproduce an Irish or Scotch accent as to satisfy the native ear, and an attempt to write the English which an Irishman really talks is rarely successful, the inflections of voice are not to be fixed in that way. Even Thackeray's Irish has not the true ring. So few English-speaking Irish could have come in Shakspeare's way, that he quite possibly had no thought of imitating any particular accent, and only wished to indicate that Macmorris's English would be imperfect, and yet different from that of Jamy and Fluellen. But if Shakspeare could not reproduce the exact phrases of an Irishman in Macmorris's circumstances, he certainly understood the spirit which would animate him, the essential part of his character.

There is no need to dwell on the short scene where the French princess tries to master a little English, as it seems to have been introduced, like a similar one later on, merely for the sake of a poor joke on the mispronounced words, and has no connection with anything else. The arousing of the French court (Act iii. sc. 5) to a sense that the English attack was something serious, is more interesting, showing their indignant astonishment that such audacity was possible. In this scene there is a good example of the use which can be made of a string of proper names, a most unmanageable thing in weak hands, but producing much effect when treated by Shakspeare or Milton. Here, as the French king rolls out the names of his great vassals, the sounding syllables produce an impression of stately dignity, perhaps intentionally contrasted with the curt 'Harry England' which is all he vouchsafes to his enemy. The same speech alludes to the story, exultingly recorded in Holinshed, how the Constable de Bourbon had a special chariot made in which to bring King Henry prisoner to Rouen. At this point some time may be supposed to elapse, to account for the reduced condition in which we next find the English army in Picardy (Act iii. sc. 6). Another hint in the Chronicle here furnishes Shakspeare with a means of disposing of one of our old friends. If Henry's camp was so well ordered that only one theft was committed by one of his soldiers, then should we expect Bardolph to be the offender. Pistol has so far kept himself out of trouble, and has managed to get some small reputation in the eyes of good Fluellen, who is not the most penetrating of mortals, much as he thinks of his own wisdom. His torrent of admiration for the Duke of Exeter has a genuine sound contrasted with Pistol's eloquence, and lends weight to his composed refusal to save Bardolph from his well-deserved fate. 'Certainly, it is not a thing to rejoice at,' but still, 'discipline ought to be used,' however small might be the value of the pax (or silver plate with a figure of the Saviour on it) which Bardolph has stolen. So vanishes one more of the old Gadshill robbers. The matter-of-fact Englishman, Gower, who has watched the scene, takes occasion to give his friend a little good advice as to being less credulous, and Fluellen's virtuous resolutions prepare for his famous scene with Pistol in the fifth act.

Among these minor doings comes in the French herald, with the studied insolence of the embassy to King Henry in his difficulties, and as we listen to Henry's answer we feel these very difficulties draw him nearer to us. His stately periods are now exchanged for plain words, and he cannot use diplomatic concealments even to his enemy. His straits have not destroyed his old confidence in his soldiers, though he catches himself up so quickly in his boasting of them, and falls back on his fixed determination to fight his best if he were forced to it. Here Shakspeare transfers a line bodily from the prose of the Chronicle into his own verse, 'We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

discolour,' as if the bold figure struck him, and he borrowed it without scruple. He evidently wishes to draw attention to the source of Henry's courage in these trying scenes — his simple faith. 'We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs,' is the feeling which carries him through that most depressing time, the eve of a great fight, such as Agincourt. An exactly opposite feeling prevails in the French camp, as the group of princes chat through the night. Shakspeare seems so anxious to show the extent of their confidence so as to heighten the climax, that he makes them unnecessarily foolish. The scraps of French in their conversation also have an uncomfortable effect, though Shakspeare was wiser than the author of the *Famous Victories*, who makes the French soldiers talk broken English by way of showing their nationality!

Now we are close on Agincourt, and looking at the scene so vividly presented to us by the splendid Chorus to Act iv. No picture could show more clearly the contrasted scenes in the two camps; but the Chorus goes further, and brings to our ears the sounds, the ring of the armourers' hammers, the sudden neighing of the horses, and striking of the village clocks, and all the faint, indefinite murmurs which would arise from two masses of men so close together. 'The hum of either army stilly sounds.'

The mournful condition of the English army is dwelt on to throw into brighter relief the figure of the hero king, cheering up his whole army with the magic of his personal influence and undoubted courage, till his own fearless spirit pervades the whole array, and makes it no longer a 'ruined band.' Not that King Henry has the foolhardiness which refuses to believe in danger. His first words to his brother as the scene opens, show that he fully realises his terrific position, and feels that his end may be very near. But the very extremity of his affairs gives him composure, even cheerfulness, which comes out in his friendly greeting to good old Sir Thomas Erpingham, who responds to it as heartily. At this point Henry himself and the workings of his character become the centre of interest. The different types of his followers are brought before him, and he sees how the great crisis affects them, not only his faithful brothers and nobles, but the humbler actors in his story. It is curious that at this critical moment a glimpse of Prince Hal reappears in the facility with which the King assumes the part of a common soldier, and evidently enjoys deluding Pistol in his account of himself. The crisis does not affect Pistol much, his squabble with Fluellen apparently closes his eyes to anything beyond, and so he passes from under Henry's amused glance. Then comes worthy Fluellen, who does not so much mind being killed, but cannot bear to dispense with 'the ceremonies of the wars,' or to see the English following the noisy example of their opponents; and so the brave, quaint Welshman goes his way. He is replaced by the trio of Englishmen, faithful and sturdy grumblers, determined to fight

for their king to the last gasp, but without any romantic enthusiasm in the business. They are quite convinced they are in a very bad way, but it is the king's affair, not theirs, and that's a comfort. How Henry understands the gruff honesty of their natures, confidently appealing to the love for himself which underlies their apparent indifference, and lightly touching their loyalty, would they die elsewhere than in their king's company? And how vigorously he attacks their notion that the king is responsible for his soldiers' souls, rousing them up to a higher idea by his plain and stirring words! Henry's warmth of feeling nearly betrays him, when Williams suggests that the king may be ransomed after all, and then the notion of a formal quarrel with one of his own soldiers evidently tickles him, and he carefully preserves Williams's glove, while parting with a jest from the men-at-arms. Then a revulsion of feeling comes on him, for the carelessly uttered words as to his responsibility, have gone deep. He looks at the reality of his royal position, and asks it what is it worth? what is the good of it after all? It is his old train of thought as he watched his dying father, but now he realises it in his personal experience. Now he knows the cost of royalty, the heavy weight, the loss of 'heart's ease,' and asks himself what compensation is there in all the state and ceremony which surrounds the throne? Here, with ruin close upon him, Henry sees the shadowy nature of the

'Proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,'

and can give him no rest, and thus the young king in his prime of strength, echoes the sad musing of his worn-out father (2 *Henry IV.* Act iii. sc. 1), but in the deeper tones of his richer nature. But to stop there would not be in keeping with Henry's character. His conscious weakness turns to prayer, and with that comes the sense of the blot in his cause—his father's usurpation of the crown. If that were to be visited now, there is no hope left, but has he not atoned as far as possible? Then his true soul rises above all such poor thoughts of atonement,

'All that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all
Imploring pardon.'

Upon that comes the call to action, and Henry answers to it at once. To cross the lines into the French camp in the early morning is a great mental coming-down, such a wild spirit of bragging has there taken possession of the gentlemen. Grandpré's unflattering description of the English host justifies a good deal of the French confidence, but they go beyond all bounds. There is authority in the Chronicle for that picturesque little incident, when the Constable snatches the banner from a trumpet, not to wait till his own was brought, showing the careless haste with which the French dashed into

the field. It is in fine contrast to the parallel scene in Henry's camp—old Salisbury's farewell to the other leaders, briefly expressing a brave man's resignation to what seems inevitable. Surely nobody needs to be reminded of what famous passage this is the introduction, Henry's great speech to Westmoreland on wishing for more men from England, unspoilable even by repetition, spirit-stirring as a trumpet call, in the magnificent confidence with which the king relies on the devotion of his followers. It is characteristic of Henry's sympathy with all classes of his subjects, that he thinks less at this point, of honour and glory for his knights and nobles, than of that more homely, pathetic fame, a simple old warrior recalling his great distinction, that he had fought in the 'band of brothers' upon St. Crispin's Day. With such a spirit in them, Henry and his men *could* not have been defeated. The effect of the reappearance of Mountjoy with his last message of insolence is to heighten our sense of Henry's resolution, made more forcible by his sudden use of the plainest language in his answer—

'Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Great God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?'

as if he really could stand no more of it. Now comes the inevitable defect of a play which centres on a battle: the real action cannot be put upon the stage, except in scraps, and therefore we have to be told what is going on out of sight, and fill up the gap as we can. Shakspeare does not attempt to make a picture of the great fight; he contents himself with showing the feelings of some of the people engaged in it. There is something of the unconscious irony of real life with its blending of sublime and ridiculous, in his suddenly reminding us (Act iv. sc. 4) that *Pistol* was one of Henry's 'band of brothers,' and exhibiting him making profit out of the war. For once *Pistol's* swaggering has the desired effect, principally because his prisoner does not understand his glorious muddle of French and English. The briefest bit of a scene brings before us the utter astonishment and confusion of the French host, the leaders having, apparently, completely lost their heads, and forgotten everything except the wild desire to retrieve their personal honour. Opposed to this (Act iv. sc. 6) is the elaborate picture of the deaths of York and Suffolk, so beautiful in itself as the worthy end of the brave cousins, that one hardly likes to suggest that such a description could scarcely have been listened to in the middle of a battle. Shakspeare does not dwell, as much as Holinshed, on that terrible incident of Agincourt, the slaughter of the French prisoners, nor does he make as much as the author of the *Famous Victories* of the plunder and burning of Henry's camp by the fugitives from the battle. We are sorry that they should 'kill the boys and the luggage,' because *Pistol's* irrepressible thus vanishes from the play, but we could be consoled under a greater loss by Fleuellen's never-to-be-forgotten discourse on Macedon and Monmouth (sc. 7).

It tickles one's sense of fun as much on the fiftieth reading as in the very first, all the more because the reality of his affection and admiration for Henry, is as rich a background for the delicious quaintness and pedantry of his companion. Gower's matter-of-fact mind is inclined to resent the implication that Henry would kill any of his friends, but Fluellen serenely puts him down altogether. By this time the decisive part of the battle is over, and the English victory is marked by the reappearance of the French herald. Henry would have been more than human if he had refrained from the pretended doubt of the question, 'Comest thou again for ransom?' Nor could we have afforded to lose the little talk with Fluellen, over the old good service of the Welshmen in the 'garden where leeks did grow,' because it illustrates the innocent conceit and real loyalty of the one man, and the hearty geniality of the other, too sympathetic to dream of taking offence. Now that the awful pressure of anxiety is removed, Henry's natural temper asserts itself, and recognising Williams as his opponent of the previous night, he cannot resist the fun of a trick on him and unsuspecting Fluellen. It is a bit of wickedness quite worthy of Prince Hal, thus to apply Fluellen's dictum, that Williams *must* challenge his glove wherever he sees it, even if his antagonist turns out 'as good a gentlemen as the devil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself,' and while the king carefully guards against any evil consequences from his joke, he plays it out to the end, thoroughly enjoying the confusion he has created, and the manly honesty of his soldier's defence.

Then comes the marvellous roll of the French and English dead, and the return to England. The fourth act might have ended the play as Agincourt forms the climax, but Shakspeare would not have been satisfied with following Henry's fortunes such a little way. We may be specially grateful for the Chorus to the fifth act, first for the bright picture of Henry's return home, and then for the allusion which dates the play. The lines in the Chorus—

'Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,'

distinctly point to the interval between April and September 1599, the time between the setting forth of Essex's expedition against Tyrone and his return, which was by no means of the triumphant nature which the poet anticipated. How real that procession of Henry's through the city becomes to us as we look up the choir in Westminster Abbey, and see the 'bruised helmet,' traditionally held to be that of Agincourt, still hanging over the hero's grave, with, the great dint in it, probably from Alençon's sword! 'The quick forge and working-house of thought' brings it all before us, and then Henry's subsequent return to France.

At once (Act v. sc. 1) we reach the scene which has grown proverbial in English, representing Pistol's complete downfall, and the final disappearance of the last relic of Falstaff's old band. Fluellen is never more comically in earnest than in forcing his leek down poor Pistol's reluctant throat, the powers of sham and swagger vanish before the stout Welsh cudgel, a homely anticipation of Ithuriel's spear. He fully earns a right to his triumphant climax. 'When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that is all!' But the finishing touch for Pistol comes in Gower's plain spoken contempt, cooler than Fluellen's wrath, but more cutting. The quiet English captain, who has seen through the boaster from the beginning without caring to interfere with him, now steps forward and annihilates him with a few words. After that Pistol knows that he must get out of sight. His comrades are all dead, one way or another; his wife, with whom he might have sought refuge, poor foolish Mrs. Quickly, is dead too; the schemes and ambitions of that group of inimitable rogues all ended and done, and Pistol can but say of himself, piteously enough—

'Old do I wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled.'

It is all an utter failure, and nothing is left but to hide in the mud of the London slums. Truly Shakspeare works out his moral of these men's lives, or rather shows it working itself out so naturally, that we feel their story could not possibly have ended otherwise. Possibly it indicates that the Falstaff group took a strong hold of Shakspeare's fancy, besides being public favourites, when he follows them thus to their final break up.

Once more we are taken into the French king's palace, but the scene now presented is a different one from any we have seen there. Now the matter in hand is no longer to decide how to annihilate the daring English invader, but how to come to terms with him, and save France from the miseries upon which the Duke of Burgundy dwells. His elaborate description of the state of the country is weakened by over-minuteness—it seems hardly likely that a man in the position of mediator between France and England would stop to enumerate the particular weeds in the uncultivated fields of his native land. Though Henry can speechify himself on occasions, as we remember, he evidently thinks the duke's oration somewhat superfluous, and the soldierly directness of his reply makes a sharp contrast to Burgundy's figures of speech. If the French want peace they have it all in their own hands, and need not waste so many words about it. Certainly the peace preliminaries are got over in rapid style, but then we know that the negotiators must be got out of the way to give Henry a chance to court fair Katharine. In this scene Shakspeare makes no use of the hints of the chronicler, or of another dramatist, not even of Holinshed's quaint remark that 'a little spark of burning, fierie love

was kindled in King Henry's breast' the first time he saw the young lady. The writer of the *Famous Victories* has, indeed, a courtship scene, but his Henry goes to work in the Petruchio style and bullies the princess into consenting to marry him. That is far from our Henry's character. His love-making is like himself, free from sentimentality. It is too entirely honest and straightforward to use fancies and conceits, and under his real feeling lies the old mirth-loving temper, which sees the fun of the situation all the time. The young king finds himself in a perfectly new experience, thus talking of himself and his feelings to a young girl, and, like an Englishman, he is rather embarrassed till the ice is broken, especially as Katharine does not help him out a bit, and he is doubtful at first whether she understands him. However, after boldly telling her that she is like an angel, he makes better work of it. And then the new feelings which are rising within the successful warrior produce their natural effect, he begins to fancy himself not good enough for the girl he loves, to think himself 'such a plain king,' so little polished, that, if she understood his English better, she would think he had sold his farm to buy his crown. On the other hand, feeling his own sincerity, he cannot think that worthless, so out comes that manly defence of plain and simple truth, and the good heart, which 'shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly,' a speech which one would think would have roused up any girl to respond to it. But Katharine is terribly like a modern *jeune fille bien élevée*, she is so painfully proper and decorous that Henry cannot strike a spark out of her with all his ardour, she remains the same demure, elegant young lady. It must be remembered, however, that Henry's appeal must have been very bewildering to her, so unused to anybody so fresh and unconventional, and then her question is quite natural—'Could she love the enemy of France?' Only a lover could have maintained the sophistry with which Henry meets her on that point, taking, too, such a gallant plunge into French, not greatly clearing the matter thereby. Nevertheless, his '*fausse* French' has its effect upon Katharine, who thinks him capable of deceiving the 'most sage *demoiselle* dat is in France.' Hereupon Henry becomes more in earnest as he begins to hope for her love, in spite of his looks, of which he has such a poor opinion. Here he distinctly belies his own stately figure and beautiful features when he tells her that his outside cannot get worse than it is, but putting that aside as a trifle, he comes to the real point: Will she have him? Will she put off her maiden blushes, and rising to the occasion with the looks of an empress, say, 'Harry of England, I am thine'? Of course, Katharine says nothing of the sort; she would not be so improper for the world, yet it makes a pretty picture, the shy, hesitating girl being gradually swept along by the warmth and impetuosity of the 'best king of good fellows,' who will have his way, and get a kiss from his bride, in spite of all the little customs and

proprieties of a French court. No further obstacles now remain to Henry's wishes, as his terms are accepted with a good grace, and the way seems open for peace and union between the kingdoms, and all the good things expressed in the beautiful blessing of Queen Isabel. The play closes with a peal of victory, love, and prosperity, the brilliant triumph of Shakspeare's hero, most happy and stirring—if only we did not know what was coming. If we could only forget how soon 'this star of England' was to set, and how years of misery, strife, and bloodshed were to fill up the life of his unhappy son, so unlike all his anticipations, while the deadly struggle between France and England went on till Isabel's blessing was all read backwards, we might share the strain of triumph. But as far as Henry is concerned, the victory is perfect. He completely realises the thought of Hotspur, that the value of life does not depend on its length, but on its quality. As the epilogue says, he lived 'small time, but most greatly,' and as Shakspeare's beloved hero and ideal, he lives on for ever, 'a patterne of princehood, a lode star of honour, a mirrour of magnificence.'—(*The Chronicle.*)

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

THE MORALS OF CHESS.

'The entrance of the cell opens and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.'

THIS, one of the most picturesque of Shakespeare's stage directions, has I suppose never been forgotten by any sympathetic reader of the *Tempest*. It is so singular a touch of real, we might say familiar, life in the midst of that strange and brilliant fairy-land. Caliban and Sycorax, Ariel and his bewitching songs, the stately figure of Prospero, and the terrors of the awful shipwreck are still present with us, or rather we have been carried away by them to a state of being entirely remote from our usual life and habits. Suddenly we are brought into juxtaposition with an every-day pursuit, an amusement associated in most of our minds with the workman's club, the drawing-room, the deck of an outward-bound vessel, or the sick-room of a convalescent friend. We are so fascinated that we forget to think how unlikely it was that Prospero should have provided himself with board and men under the very difficult circumstances of his escape to the island. A greater magician than he had decreed their presence, and we are but too glad to continue spell-bound. But what we may perhaps venture to assert here is that this is an instance of Shakespeare's wonderful instructive sense of the 'fitness of things.' After the wild inimitable freaks of fancy and flights of imagination in which he has indulged, after the strong passion he has aroused in us, there is a sense of bracing and also of relief in the idea of a game of chess even when played by a pair of lovers. Here is a tribute to the logical faculty in man, a recognition of the powers of reason, as contrasted with the emotional part of his nature. This little incident has somewhat of the same 'value' in the composition that a straight line, a decisive angle, or a bit of architectural perspective has among the flowing draperies and intricate curves of a picture. We never appreciate poetry half so much as when it comes arm in arm with prose. Take away the 'catalogue of ships' from the *Iliad* and you detract somewhat from the vividness of the impression made by 'silver-footed Thetis' herself. The sea whence she rose was an actual thoroughfare for war and commerce. We must take all or none of what these great poets choose to give us. Few things more unmistakably characterise the true artist than his power of giving rest and steadfastness to the mind by introducing features of

this kind into his work, thus calling in the aid of the faculties of calculation, reasoning, and accurate observation, no less than of those which are usually termed poetical.

As has often been said, the most emotional of all the arts—music, poetry, (and may we not add dancing)—have their very roots entwined with the strictest laws of grammar, prosody, science and rhythm, and are subjected to as severe a discipline as any other study. Why, but because the mind of man instinctively felt the need of this kind of balance, even as Shakespeare may have done in the passage just quoted?

‘Ferdinand and Miranda (he would say to us) have undergone indeed many strange adventures, and been made acquainted with some most singular phenomena. But I desire you to believe that they were not only man and woman, but lady and gentleman, well-educated as yourselves, capable of reasoning as of feeling; and I cannot do this more effectually than by showing them to you playing at chess. Two and two made four even in the still-vexed Bermoothes. Kings and queens, bishops and pawns were just the same to these lovers as to yourselves, and notwithstanding her strange experiences, you may depend upon it that Miranda was well fitted to enter on ordinary life and to adorn the palace of young prince Ferdinand.’ And with this happy conviction we are dismissed.

But now, to turn to actual life, and to treat of chess in its relations with that. It will, we think, be found that one of the chief uses of this delightful game has been, not as occasionally happens with other pastimes, especially games of hazard, to be the resource of a weak or worn-out mind in moments of *ennui*, but to act as a strong counter-irritant in the case of a powerful nature when suffering from some painful emotion or enforced idleness. Its very intensity, fatiguing to minds of ordinary calibre when obliged to occupy themselves besides in ordinary ways, is to these its greatest recommendation. Charles I. playing chess when informed of his betrayal by the Scotch¹, Napoleon playing chess in his imprisonment at St. Helena, though men of widely differing character, had this in common, that they were accustomed to dealing with life and politics on a large scale, and to participating in events which to this day form some of the most momentous chapters in history.

As a counterpoise, some pursuit was necessary which should entirely take possession of the mind, and relieve it—not by the absence of pressure (impossible under the circumstances), but by temporarily shifting it.

Does not our own experience in a small way illustrate this? The greater and more sorrowful the vicissitudes, the keener the disappoint-

¹ Some readers may not be aware that a chessboard and chessmen belonging to Charles I., and given by him to one of his brave supporters, are still preserved in the family of the latter.

ments of life, the more may consolation be derived from a pastime which does away with chance, which throws everything on skill, and places cause and effect in so clear a relation to each other. It is a view in which there are no cross-lights, a history in which there can be no unexpected accidents, a reign of law, reason, and justice; a polity where no unworthy influences can find place.

Chess seems indeed to have more attractions for characters and nations of a romantic cast than for practical common-sense people. The latter may consider it as waste of time, and perhaps the fineness and intricacy of the manœuvres are beyond them, while in the East, side by side with legends of jinns, enchanted palaces, and beautiful sorceress queens, and in the midst of a life that seems to us like a waking day-dream, flourished this logical, rational, intellectual form of amusement—though perhaps only a distant cousin to what we call chess.

There, indeed, a man might lose his head for a thoughtless word, a bribe might pervert justice, and favouritism rule everything at Court; but equity seems to have taken refuge in the amusements of a people who had banished her from their affairs, and the mind which was vexed by the iniquities of government might console itself by the strict fairness of a game where none can suffer beyond his desert.

Chess, we observed, is a picture of life not as it is (as may be said of whist) but as it ought to be, or at least as the framers of the game thought it ought to be. Here we see the Whig doctrine that the 'King can do no wrong' pushed to its extreme. This great potentate ends by being able to do next to nothing, and a sad expensive incumbrance the "Home Rulers" (should there be such) among the pawns must think him. If he only might run a few risks now and then! As to the Queen. Woman, as she ought to be! Originative, enterprising, offensive, rapid (as is the way of women), versatile (as is also their way) ready to sacrifice herself, Alcestis-like, at any moment for her husband, commanding the chivalrous devotion of all the other pieces—the Marie Antoinette of the chequered field. She has no children, though, which makes her all the more public-spirited. The Bishops occupy the place of honour, as is due to their office and the religion they represent, next to royalty itself. One could wish they had a little more straightforwardness of character, something of the noble fearlessness of an Ambrose or a Ken, instead of always going in diagonals. Then, too, they represent two opposite schools of thought—the white and the black—which is to be regretted, though perhaps it seemed inevitable in those by-gone days. Now of course when the same prelate gets abused by turns in the *Record* and the *Church Times* there can be no such danger.

As to the Knights, they have a way of getting over difficulties by simply refusing to see them, which cannot be too highly praised, especially in the military and naval professions. It was in this spirit

that Lord Nelson put the glass to his blind eye when he did not choose to see the signal. Long life and health to our brave defenders, whose pluck and spirit and wealth of unexpected resources we can never admire sufficiently!

The Castles are at first sight the least interesting of all the pieces. We must respect their solid worth, but why should it be so inaccessible? Is it humility or sulkiness that makes them so slow to set in motion? Like Achilles lingering in his tent, they know their own value, and take care that every one else should acknowledge it too. *Bis dat qui cito dat* never entered their heavy old wooden heads. Even 'castling the king' is generally a cumbersome process, more congenial to mediæval than to modern warfare. How different from the cheerful alacrity of the knights, the easy oblique obligingness of the bishops, and the ready hearty service of the pawns! Still these sulky people, if you will only give them time enough, are of great service to their cause. And one cannot help liking their honesty. They are the country gentlemen and yeomanry of the chess board, eight miles from any railway station, and whose only paper is the *Wessex Chronicle*. If once penetrated with an idea, how affectionately and heartily they espouse it, be it attachment to Church and King, hatred of the French, loyalty to the Protestant succession, or abhorrence of Free Trade.

One always knows where to have them. If they could speak, their first, and probably their last, utterance would be 'True Blue.' There is a solid downright John Bullishness about them that eventually must carry weight, if only they are not cut off early by the clever tactics of some of their opponents.

When we come to the Pawns, we are again made to feel very strongly that we are living under a free constitutional government. There is no serfdom here. Not only has the subject a well-regulated liberty of action as long as he remains in his own class, but the highest dignities are thrown open to merit. Every midshipman may one day be an admiral, every curate an archbishop, every pawn may attain royalty. And this is more than can be said of any of the intermediate pieces—doubtless to remind us that the founders of a new dynasty are apt to be sons of the soil, and derive vigour from it.

How much too is in the power of the pawns! What obstructives they can be if they like! How hard to break through their ranks! How humiliating the fate of some bold knight hewn down unexpectedly by one of this heavy infantry! How faithful the guard they keep over queen or bishop entrusted to their care! How readily they lay down their—surely not ignoble—lives, when called upon, for the good of the State! What a grand sinking of the individual in the community, worthy of some old Spartan or Roman soldier! They die, knowing they will only be heaped up among the nameless slain.

Trophies and epitaphs are for generals, not for them! There may be victory if they survive, but there will be no Westminster Abbey for them if they fall. And are not these the true heroes?

'Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.'

In contrasting the game of chess with that of whist, we must all, I think, have felt how much more serious an affair the former is than the latter. Perhaps this is partly due to the effect produced upon us by what we may call the death of the pieces. Their rattle as they drop into the box is almost like the sound of stones on a coffin-lid. They are *quite* gone. Their course is run, and henceforth their place knows them as little as that of a departed man or woman remembers him or her. The parting has (with few exceptions) an irrevocableness about it very unlike the rapid disappearance of the cards at whist, which after all, are still on the table, and go to make tricks. But of our brave knight, it may be said, as of the Homeric hero (Il. xvi., 776)

'Large and at length he lies, nor dreams of the chariots of battle.'

The heat of strife is over, the brief period of activity at an end. The battle goes on, but the warriors pass away one by one, and those who remain fight the harder for the thought of those but now at their side, and now, who can say, fighting their battles o'er again amid the Elysian fields inhabited by the ghosts of departed chessmen?

There is one other aspect of chess, which, serious as it is, may perhaps be introduced here in conclusion. Some of us will remember a very striking sketch by a German artist¹ in which two figures are playing together—the one human, the other a spirit of evil. We feel, without a word of explanation being necessary, that nothing less than the eternal welfare of the man's soul is there at stake. Every move is to be watched with breathless interest, and the mind almost shrinks from dwelling on the close of the conflict, as piece by piece falls, and the opposing forces encircle more and more closely their bewildered victim. Now and then the great adversary may seem to sacrifice something, to offer some advantage, to place some tempting prize within reach of the other side. Then he is most to be feared. Yet we, who are lookers on, know that the man who is 'playing' with him will not be able to resist that temptation. It is against the rules of the game for bystanders to break silence, to put forth a hand. Yet it seems strange that he should not be aware of the wistful, intense

¹ Since writing this we have read with much pleasure and interest a chapter of the *Pillars of the House*, of which the 'Chess Players' Victory' may be considered the key-note. It will probably be fresh in the memories of most readers of the present pages.

gaze, of the unuttered entreaty of the spectators (human or angelic) who see the inevitable consequence of one false move. There! He has done it. For a moment he triumphs. The next shows him the fiery gulf opening beneath his feet, and the malignant glare of those baleful eyes,* as the mocking finger points out the one irretrievable false move, ere the pieces are flung aside for ever.

Now such a picture as this represents life accurately enough from one point of view. It brings out (and it is well such a truth should be brought out) the absolute impossibility of shifting human responsibility on to the shoulders of others. The isolation, the dead silence that reigns around any one playing at chess is no exaggerated type of the loneliness of every human soul, and of the single combat which each must wage with evil powers. It illustrates in the fullest way the doctrines of human free-will, of personal identity, and of the charge laid on the individual conscience. The player may barely know the moves, or he may be an accomplished and skilful one. Either way he must bear his own burden. And so with us all. Human free-will, human reason must do their work, if the great stake of life is to be won. But, as has been previously said, there is a Pelagianism about chess which requires to be counteracted by other doctrines no less important. It is however not within our present province to speak of these. Let us be content to enforce one thing, namely, that every one is answerable for his own actions, and that constant watchfulness is the only condition of success, or even of escape. For chess is an excellent picture of the struggles of the human soul in no respect more than this, that it displays it as vulnerable in many points at once. The checkmate we think we have so nearly led up to may have only been allowed by our foe to go so far as a blind to some manœuvre of his own. The harmless-looking pawn which he placed so quietly and even carelessly may hold the key of some most important position. While we are flying to take one of his knights we find ourselves suddenly bereft of our queen.

Is there any occasion to push the moral home?

And now we will take a farewell peep at Ferdinand and Miranda playing in their rocky cell. Play on, you happy and innocent lovers! You will soon be in the great world, and have far harder games and less lenient adversaries. Take care, Ferdinand, in the great game of politics. Perhaps you will puzzle your adversaries most by perfectly straight-

* 'On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the *Chess-player*, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker, and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy. They were allowed to do so; and being supplied with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The *Chess-player* presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could be well applied to any kind of gaming—from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to make copies of it.'—*Autobiography of Sarah Martin*, of Great Yarmouth (Religious Tract Society).

forward play—a thing they are not used to, and do not know what to make of. And you, dear, guileless Miranda, will you be up to all the moves of those intriguing courtiers? We almost hope not. To say the truth, our great confidence is that you will not see the charm of many of their poisoned baits, and that your simplicity will be your truest safeguard. Time, however, will gradually open your eyes.

Meanwhile, what better training can you have for future difficulties than a game of chess, and with such an opponent, who will teach you to conquer others as you have conquered himself, by the best arms of a woman—beauty, tenderness, meekness, sincerity, and purity.

VERITAS.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY.

HAVE ye never heard the story
How the Lily for her pride
Wears that robe of scarlet glory
Growing on the sad hill side,
Where the olives dark and hoary
Spread their branches far and wide.

Came the Master ere His ending
To that lonely garden glade.
When they heard His footsteps wending
Down the paths in midnight shade,
Every tree and blossom bending
Due and low reverence made.

But the Lily murmured proudly,
'In my spotless purity
I may lift my head; the Master
Will be cheered to look on me.'
And the night breeze whispered loudly,
'Better is humility.'

Onward came He sadly musing,
Till he paused before the place
Where the Lily stood, not choosing
To abase her stately grace,
And, humility refusing,
Dared to look upon His Face.

She, of her own beauty thinking,
Dared to look upon His Face :
And in that pure glory drinking
Felt how He excelled in grace,
Then in fear and wonder shrinking
Sought to find a lower place,

Bending downwards, drooping lowly,
Fell the Lily's stubborn head,
'Neath that gaze severe and holy
With the flush of shame grew red,
From each petal fading slowly
All her perfect whiteness fled.

KATE EMILY JONES.

S. Luke's, Stepney.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE BAND OF MERCY.

Spider. Here is Bee come full of troubles.

Bee. Chiefly to ask what is to be done to teach village boys not to be cruel ! Stoning frogs, and hunting cats, and playing horrible tricks with young birds.

Spider. Oh, don't go on ! You know our boys are really wonderfully improved in that respect.

Bee. How can you manage it, when their parents see no harm in it ?

Arachne. No, no, not quite that.

Bee. The men think it meritorious to tear out a bird's nest.

Arachne. Because they still think small birds noxious ; but there is more indifference than cruelty on their part.

Spider. Taking birds' eggs is not exactly cruelty.

Bee. O surely !

Arachne. My dear, there has been a good deal of compassion wasted on the desolation of the parent bird. There is real cruelty in taking the young ones when hatched, and of course it is a pity to meddle with nests at all, but it is plain that the old birds do not really grieve over the loss of eggs, and no cause is served by false sentiment, which is apt to send boys into the opposite extreme. To tell them that the old birds feel as their parents would, if they were all stolen is mere nonsense—creatures with no future and very little memory. Remember Sara Coleridge notes the disadvantage of such unreality in one of her letters.

Spider. There is an infant-school song where the old birds die of grief. The children laugh as they sing it—not that they are conscious of the absurdity ; but they don't pity the birds a bit.

Arachne. No, they would hardly be withheld from birds'-nesting by that consideration, which is not more real than the poetical Philomel running a thorn into her breast all the time she (not he) is singing.

Bee. But you would not encourage birds'-nesting ?

Arachne. Certainly not. I never gave halfpence to May-garlands decorated with strings of eggs, and I try in every reasonable way to have the nests spared. But I would not prevent a boy from collecting eggs in an intelligent way, and naming them—letting it be a rule to leave some in each nest. While I forbid, so far as I can, all taking of hatched birds, for they are nearly sure to die when taken, even if not made playthings, and the old birds grieve for them, though not to the tragical extent in the song.

Bee. That's all very well, but our village boys only want the pleasure of torturing.

Spider. The Band of Mercy is the thing for that.

Bee. How do you mean? Is it like the Band of Hope?

Spider. As one society is in some degree like another. This is in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and is the means for bringing it down to children. Each member on admission is made to promise to be kind to all animals, and not to ill-use them.

Bee. And then?

Spider. Then it is held out to the members that if they keep the promise they shall go to a festival once a year. Meantime the secretary, or some one concerned, keeps them up to it by a kind of lesson or lecture, at moderate intervals; telling them anecdotes of animals, and explaining why such and such things hurt them, or making them think of acts of kindness to be done. Then, if a cruel thing has been done, it is brought forward and investigated, and the boy ought to be suspended, and kept on probation in fear of losing the treat.

Bee. Is it only for boys?

Spider. Girls may be in it too; but we thought our boys would care for it more if they had it all to themselves.

Bee. How do you find out when a cruel thing has been done?

Spider. The boys are ready enough to tell of one another.

Bee. But that's telling tales.

Arachne. I do not think village boys—the little ones at least who go to school—have the objection to telling of one another that there is in public schools. After all, there is a good deal of false honour in that, and when there is a bad tone in the school, the silence is mischievous, though when there is a good tone, the boys are the best police for themselves. But in this matter, as there is no school punishment involved, and it is a question of the rules of the Band, I think there is no harm in the boys telling—if the auditor manages the case well.

Spider. Besides this, there are some natural history questions given out from the centre, and subjects for essays, for which prizes are given at the treat. There are books circulated, and each branch is expected to take the *Animal World*, which will supply plenty of stories for the lessons.

Arachne. You see ignorance and indifference are the causes of much of the cruelty.

Bee. Not all.

Arachne. No. Some comes from tyrannical love of using strength, and the excitement of producing an effect, and even seeing pain. But this—the demon side—is not so universal an instinct but that a wholesome public opinion can be created to check it.

Bee. You really think it can?

Spider. I can only tell you that our schoolmaster, who chiefly

manages ours, says that the boys are really merciful, and that he sees them shocked at things that in other places are thought nothing of. I knew myself of cats walking fearlessly about among them. Our own little dog, when we had him first, used to hide and crouch when he saw a village boy, and now he goes wagging his tail up to them. I know of another dog, too, who turned thirsty into a cottage garden, and was given water, and now he turns in every time he goes by for some. I know of the boys running to put a stone behind the wheel to rest a horse on a hill, and I am sure the general habit is good nature.

Bee. And now how to begin? To whom should we write?

Arachne. To the Editor of the *Band of Mercy Advocate*, 9, Paternoster Row. For four penny stamps inclosed, you may have a specimen of the card for members, and of the illustrated heading for the roll of members.

Bee. Have you a card?

Spider. Look here; it is very pretty, with birds and beasts. You see the declaration:—‘I promise to be kind to all animals within my reach, and to protect them as far as I can from harm and ill-usage.’ And then the prayer:—‘O Almighty Father, help me to keep my promise, and to be kind and gentle to all creatures that Thou hast made, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.’ Then is to come the name of the boy. And there are some texts round.

Arachne. If any one with pleasant grounds can be got to take it up, and make a centre for various places to meet for the treat and receive the prizes, all will be much more effective; but even where that is lacking, it is always possible to make a small beginning.

Spider. It may help you to see this page of report of the society in our county:—

‘The usefulness of Bands of Mercy in promoting amongst the rising generation a sympathetic interest in animals, and in educating children in true principles of love towards their mute friends from the best and highest motives, is so well known and acknowledged by all members of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that it is not needful to prove it now.

‘It seems to be admitted that where these Bands have for some time existed under proper management there is a marked change in the behaviour of children towards those animals with which they have been brought into contact.

‘There is no doubt a difficulty to find time for any extra lessons in most elementary schools; but when the school teachers and managers combine in their encouragement of Bands of Mercy, time will somehow be found. And it must not be forgotten that the “Humanity Series” of reading books is a useful help towards the good cause; and that during the reading lessons, as well as occasionally in the time for religious instruction, and especially in the “Object” lessons, much useful teaching about animals may be conveyed to the children in an attractive form. But there is no doubt that the greatest result is to be expected from special lessons on animals given by competent ladies out of school hours.

‘The B—— treat and the examination and essay prizes ought to afford sufficient encouragement to the children.

‘There is every reason to believe that the B—— Band of Mercy is increasing

in popularity, and that a good work is being effected in the cause of humanity by its means.

'The Secretary will be very glad to receive subscriptions for this special branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' work. He ventures to suggest that presents of books for the Library of the Band would be very acceptable; and that additional prizes offered by individuals would form increased encouragement to the children of the Band.

'If we can impress deeply upon the young our duty towards animals we may hope that in the next generation there will be less need than there is at present, for prosecutions on account of acts of cruelty.

'The B——Band of Mercy has at present branches in the following schools. [Fifteen are enumerated.]

'It is hoped that several more schools in the neighbourhood will before long join in this humane combination.'

Bee. How soon do the boys begin?

Spider. At eight years old.

Bee. But after all it is men who are cruel—carters and drovers.

Arachne. Men who are called on to make animals do what is impossible, or nearly so, without cruelty. But a carter who has been taught humanity in his boyhood is likely to try caresses instead of violence, and to encourage his horses instead of swearing at them. I do not think men grow brutal unless they have been cruel as boys. They will know how much more a horse will do for his master's voice of encouragement than from terror at his fury.

Bee. It is beginning at the right end.

Arachne. And remember that it has been said that ladies are the cruellest creatures of all, when they overload a fly, keep it for hours without giving horse or driver time to eat, expose both to bitter weather at night, and observe complacently, 'We don't mind keeping the carriage waiting, for we *haven't our own horses.*' I am not sure that this is not more cruel than the Hurlingham work, so happily stopped.

THE CRUSADER.

I.—OLD STYLE.

A KNIGHT rode forth at morning hour—
 Rode singing past her maiden bower ;
 He left his lands, his father's tower
 ' For God and for his ladye.'

A galley speeding o'er the main—
 A long, hot fight on Acre's plain,
 Where Moslem arrows flew like rain ;—
 ' For God and for his ladye.'

At sunset, with a captive band,
 They led him, bound of foot and hand,
 Before the tents upon the sand ;—
 ' For God and for his ladye.'

' Christ,' said the Soldan, ' or Mahoun ?'
 ' Christ,' answered he : the sword came down,
 And sped him forth to take his crown.
 Qui vicerit. . . . Amen !

II.—NEW STYLE.

HE stood up in the sunlight free,
 So brave and beautiful to see ;
 I said : ' Go forth, my own true knight,—
 God shall be with thee in the fight :—
 Dex aide !'

He might have heard an honoured name
 Go ringing through the courts of fame—
 Have won his country's proudest place ;—
 He clenched his teeth, and set his face :
 ' Dex aide !'

He heard the wail of want and wrong,—
 His eye was bright, his heart was strong ;
 He would not win him jewelled stars,
 Or high name in unrighteous wars.
 ' Dex aide !'

He said : ' I go forth on thy quest,—
I bear thy favour on my breast :—
Whether I die, or win this strife,
I am thine own—for death or life—

Dex aide !'

' Thine, thine for life and death !' I cried,
' And for that other world beside !—
Though never more thy face I see—
Go forth, beloved, God with thee !—

Dex aide !'

And so he went—thenceforth to drown
His life out in the toiling town
' Mid wrung, fierce hearts—unnamed, unknown,
. . . And so he died—my own, my own ! . . .

' Dex aide !'

A. WERNER.

Not.—Old French—Dieu Aide—God help.

THE DAWN OF LIFE.

Darkness is done, and the rising sun
Is tinging the Eastern hills :
Over the plain, in his golden train,
Sparkle the babbling rills.
Hark ! through the trees, the rustling breeze
Tells of the coming day ;
With many a note from his joyous throat,
Warbles the lark his lay.
Morning is breaking, nature awaking,
Calling with welc'ming hand :
Though still in its prime, in the hour-glass of Time
Hasten the grains of sand.
Our childhood is done, our manhood begun ;
We may no longer stay :
Ready for strife in the battle of life,
We enter the trodden way.
May we for aye, unerringly,
Walk steadfast in the light ;
And pass in peace, when life shall cease,
To where there is no more night !

H. O. OGILVIE-GRANT.

Spider Subjects.

ARACHNE does not know how it was that A Bee's final pages containing mention of Huber, Mr. Fawcett, and several more were missed among the MSS. She is very sorry for the loss.

The essay on discipline is best by J. M. B., A Bee is next best, Nightingale good, Vögelein and Clover, fair.

The history of Saladin is most tersely and effectively told by Water Wagtail. Bath Brick good. Nightingale is good, but too long. March Hare not well put together. Clover good. A Bee is mistaken in ascribing Mathilde to Madame de Staël, it is by Madame Cottin.

THE ADVANTAGES AND DANGERS OF DISCIPLINE.

WITHOUT discipline, no large body, whether students, soldiers, or workpeople, could possibly exist; for without discipline there can be no harmony.

If, in an orchestra, each musician were to play his instrument at the pace he fancied best suited to the music—beginning, pausing, and leaving off when he chose—with no attention to any one else, the result would be wild and discordant confusion. But attention and obedience to the bâton of the conductor will reduce this chaos to order; the discord will become harmony, and the melody will be clearly distinguished.

The chief advantages of discipline are, that it braces the character, teaches prompt obedience and punctuality, represses eccentricity, and induces self-control.

The true end of all discipline should be the formation of habits of self-discipline.

The chief danger of discipline is that, if injudiciously applied, it may weaken, instead of strengthening, the character by leading to blind reliance upon the judgment of a superior, and mechanical following of routine. Discipline sometimes tends to reduce a human being to a moving and breathing machine, though it *ought* to have the opposite effect.

A great deal depends upon personal character, both in the administrator and in the subject of discipline. Some natures are made hard and stiff by it, while others lose all individuality. Indeed, unless administered with a very discriminating hand, discipline is apt to exaggerate such natural defects as coldness and stiffness. Narrow-minded people, brought up under strict discipline, find it extremely difficult to accept or approve of, nay, sometimes, even to tolerate, anything outside of their own particular groove.

In some cases discipline is invaluable. Those natures which seem destitute of self-control must (unless they are to be a misery to themselves and everybody with whom they have to do) be placed under such discipline as will oblige them to exert or control themselves. Such

treatment may, no doubt, seem cruel at first, but it is the truest kindness in the end.

I have said that the end of all outward discipline should be the formation of habits of self-discipline ; but even in these it is necessary to be careful. Self-discipline is an absolute necessity ; but we must not make the rules we have laid down for ourselves a 'bed of Procrustes,'* but must be ready to give them up if another's necessity so require.

Self-discipline should make us cheerful under disappointments, and willing to give up our own will where no principle is at stake. If it does not do this, it cannot be of the right kind.

J. M. B. (*Exeter*).

HISTORY OF SALADIN.

IN the course of years much mystery and romance has gathered round the individual known to us as Saladin, and to the Mussulman world as Maleh-al-Nasser Salah-ed-deen Abu-Modhaffer Yusef. His name has become a synonym for a generous foe, heroic in his deeds, yet with a reverential tenderness for the vanquished, the fallen, and the defenceless. In fact, the image which the name of Saladin conjures up before us is that of the ideal knight, the hero of the *Talisman*, lacking the true faith, yet in all other respects noble, high-minded, and valorous as any Christian warrior.

Saladin was born in the year of the Hegira 532 (corresponding with our date 1137) at the castle of Teerit, on the Tigris. His father was governor of the castle, and in his youth he served under him and his uncle Shiracoh. His lot was cast in stormy times: the various dynasties of the eastern world were falling before the Turkish power, the Caliph of Bagdad was prisoner in all but name, and the great line of the Sejukian sultans had followed the usual round of Asiatic princes and were in the last stage of degeneracy and decay. By slow but certain steps the Turks had risen until under their chief Noured-deen they united the Moslem power from the Tigris to the Nile.

Noured-deen fought long and successfully with the newly-established Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, and checked their further conquests. Even his enemies admired his wisdom, courage, justice, and scrupulous integrity. Under this sultan Saladin spent his early years, sometimes serving under him directly, afterwards in Egypt under his uncle. At his death, Noured-deen made him head of the Egyptian army, and in 1171, by the sultan's command, he put a forcible end to the feeble Fatimite dynasty there. Though nominally holding the country under the sultan and the caliph of Bagdad, he soon resolved to be independent of both, and, in spite of their jealous watchfulness, gradually increased his power. He suffered a total defeat at Ramlah from Reginald de Chatillon ; yet, in 1183 he was in full possession of Syria and Egypt. The death, both of Noured-deen and his son, left him without a rival ; and from that time his sole desire was to expel the Christians from Palestine. The natural desire of possession was inflamed by religious zeal and an ardent wish for vengeance on Reginald de Chatillon, who had attacked a caravan of pilgrims on their way to Mecca, and, in

* *Vide Dairy Chain*

defiance of a four years' truce, had killed some and sold the rest into captivity. The famous battle of Tiberias, in July, 1187, which ruined the Christian cause in the Holy Land, was the proof of Saladin's revenge. Guy, king of Jerusalem, De Chatillon, the masters both of the Knight Templars and Hospitallers, were made prisoners, and most of the knights of the two orders lay dead upon the field which their desperate valour had failed to win. The grandmasters and the knights were instantly put to death before Saladin's tent, in expiation of the attack on the Mecca caravan, Guy de Lusignan's life was spared, De Chatillon was covered with abuse and insult, and only offered his life upon condition of apostasy. On his refusal, Saladin drew his scimitar and rushed upon him, and his guards soon completed the bloody deed.

The results of this victory gave Saladin possession of all the principal towns of the Holy Land except Jerusalem, which he immediately besieged. Resistance was hopeless, and the Holy City was surrendered after a siege of fourteen days. Saladin then laid siege to Tyre, the last remaining Christian stronghold, but his fleet was destroyed, and the attempt failed. The news of the capture of Jerusalem roused the zeal of Europe, and the most famous of the Crusades, the third, was started. From all parts of Europe the Christian hosts hurried to the relief of their brethren in distress, Richard of England, Philip of France, and several other princes leading the van. The hottest conflict raged round the walls of Acre; for two long years Christian and Moslem vied with each other in heroic acts. At one time the Christian knights penetrated the Saracen lines to Saladin's own tent, spreading carnage around them. At another Saladin succeeded in throwing strong re-inforcements into the city. In 1191 Acre at last surrendered to the united Christian force. Philip returned to France, leaving Richard Cœur de Lion to continue the struggle. He twice defeated Saladin in pitched battles, and captured Caesarea and Jaffa. In 1192 a truce was made by which the coast-line from Jaffa to Tyre was ceded to the Christians, and the rest of Palestine remained to the Sultan, only allowing the right of pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. A few months after March 4th, 1193, Saladin died of a bilious fever, which carried him off after twelve days illness, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

All historians, both of east and west, are profuse in their panegyrics of the valour, justice, and magnanimity Saladin displayed. He seems to have been simple, frugal, and exact in his mode of life, yet generous in his gifts and in the relief of others. In religion he was a fanatic, intolerant, narrow, and punctilious. He encouraged the study of the peculiar theology of his sect, but despised all ordinary literature and profane science. For an eastern monarch he was patient of injuries, and could not be called sanguinary. He was faithful in his engagements, and administered justice impartially; and his virtues won the respectful admiration of even his foes. After his death, his vast dominions were divided among his sixteen sons, the three eldest receiving the kingdoms of Egypt, Damascus, and Aleppo. The direct line of Saladin ended with his great-grandson Mulah-al-Nasser-Salah-ed-deen-Yusef, who was put to death by Hulagu-Khan, the leader of a band of Moguls, in 1260 A.D.

Three answers to the sun-dial question have been received, from A BEE, BOG-OAK, and VÖGELEIN. The last two have the advantage of being right, as the world goes ; and, on the other hand, A BEE will be right, whenever the sun rises in the west. We print the answer which gives *the reason why* solar time differs by four minutes for every degree of longitude.

Question.—It is 20 minutes past 10 by a sun-dial in west longitude, $1^{\circ} 20'$ on October 9th. Find the Greenwich and mean solar times.

Answer.—Because 360° are passed through by the sun in 24 hours, therefore 1° is passed through in 4 minutes ; therefore also, $20' = 1m. 20sec.$ difference in time ; and for $1^{\circ} 20' W.$ longitude we must *add* 5m. 20sec. to find true Greenwich solar time. The sum is worked thus :—

HR.	MIN.	SEC.	
10	20	0	True solar time in $1^{\circ} 20' W.$
	5	20	

10	25	20	True Greenwich solar time.
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12	38	{	Equation of time to be subtracted, as the sun before the clock.

10	12	42	Greenwich mean solar time on October 9th, 1883.
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—Bog-Oak.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Famous chairs in England.

Write the story of Waverley.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS.

An Old Reader and Lover of the Monthly Packet asks whether there is any foundation in fact for Austin Clare's story of *A Dream of Rubens* (S.P.C.K.)? whether there was a third centenary celebration of Rubens's birth at Antwerp in 1877, and whether such a picture as is there described was produced by two artists named Peter and Paul Brandt?

Louise would be glad to know how the word *Giaour* should be pronounced?

Can any one inform *A. B. C.*—(1) Whether photographs of the churches of S. Mary and S. Gabriel, Newington, London, are to be had? (2) Where photographs of the *Recording Angel* (Thorburn) may be procured? (3) Whether there has ever been a case of a person being re-confirmed? (4) Whether any one would undertake to read a short story (handwriting very distinct); a *bona fide* 'first attempt,' and give a candid opinion as to its merits?

(3) A person might ignorantly present himself, and the ceremony be performed, but a second real confirmation is as impossible as a second baptism.

Will the Editor of the *Monthly Packet* kindly inform *B. M.* in the April number, where *Gonthurn Bose* is situated? It is the name given to one of the pictures in the present exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* tell me the author of the following lines?—

'For words are weak and far to seek,
When wanted fifty-fold,
And then if silence will not speak
And trembling lip and changing cheek—
There's nothing told.'

Also in which number of *Blackwood's Magazine*—I believe between the years 1843-45—a story called 'A Tale of Expiation' is to be found?—*L. L. R.*

Could the Editor, or any reader of the *Monthly Packet*, give *Mona* the rest of the piece beginning—

'Good morrow, Vie, says he;
I'm mighty sick, says he'!

She thinks it is by Thackeray.

'There is no shadow where there is no sun,
There is no beauty where there is no shade;
And all things in two lines of beauty run,
Darkness and light; ebon and gold inlaid.'

I should be very much obliged to any of your readers who could tell me the author of these lines.—*M. A. I.* Address—*Miss Ingram, Chouves, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.*

Bufo would be much obliged if the Editor of the *Monthly Packet* would tell her where to find a poem containing the words—

'Wake again, primal ages!'

which she heard quoted in a sermon by Mr. Body. The succeeding lines begin with—

'Tell us——'

K. P. is anxious to know if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* can spare her a copy of a book now out of print, called *Acrostics*, by E. H. and A. H. She believes there are two small volumes containing Acrostics on literary or historical subjects. Full value given. Answers to Miss Penfold, 17, Cedars' Road, Clapham Common, S. W.

ANSWERS.

Meek Mouse.—Viscountess Enfield having noticed a question in the *Monthly Packet* relating to a very favourite historical tale of hers, begs to inform the inquirer that the name of the book is *The Diary of Martha Bethune Balliol*. The Jacobite hero is 'Charley Ratcliffe,' or rather the young Lord Derwentwater, son of the ill-fated nobleman who was beheaded after the Rebellion of 1715. The book came out in 1854.

Another lady offers to lend her copy if *Meek Mouse* will send her address to the Editor.

H. M. L.—Ann—or An is Man, headless without the first letter. O is nought, or nothing. All the rest follows naturally. The puzzle and answer are, we believe, to be found in Barrow's *Bible in Spain*.

To *F. W.*—There was a *Life of General Sir Ralph Abercromby* published about 1841, 2 vols. I had it when quite a child, but have never seen it since. As far as I remember there was a good account of the Egyptian Campaign, 1798.—*E. M. T.*

In a little book entitled *Little Things* it is mentioned that Southey calculated that by devoting ten minutes daily to the study of a language, a person might in seven years acquire a sufficient knowledge of a language to read it.—*E. M. T.*

The calculation inquired about by *E. J. W.* may be found, humorously given, in Southey's *Doctor*. I think he gives it as from Southey, written anonymously. I cannot see the book before writing, but I know the passage occurs in one of the five volumes of the original edition. I have occasionally acted on the suggestion during many past years.—*A. S.*

Autumn.—The original of this figure, which is in marble, forms a principal ornament of one of the entrance halls in the Uffizi at Florence, being one of the relics of antiquity which has survived to modern days. Its date cannot of course be known. It was dug up in a vineyard within the walls of Rome about 1550, and was valued at the time at about 500 crowns, or 1200*l.* Of the circumstances under which it was transferred to Florence we have no record. An admirable copy of the Florentine Boar in bronze was executed by Pietro Talce in the early part of the seventeenth century, and a base ornamented with reptiles, was added by the sculptor. It stands as a fountain in the Mercato Nuovo at Florence. Copy of the label attached to the model of the Florentine Boar in South Kensington.

Fairy Tales.—The author of *Odd and Ends of Work in a City Parish* regrets the unavoidable delay that has occurred in answering *F. B.*'s question in the December number. The collection of Fairy Tales she uses is one entitled *Forty Favourite Fairy Tales; or, Merry Tales for Little Folk*, edited by Madame de Chatelaine, and published by Crosby, Lockwood, and Co., London. It contains all the principal old English Fairy Tales. She also uses the little books, each containing one or two of the Fairy Tales, published by Warne, under the title of the *National Nursery Library*.

A. B.—The Questions on the Collects, on the Epistles, Gospels, from the *Monthly Paper*, are published separately, by Mr. W. Smith, 30, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

A. B. No. 1.—There is a curious woodcut of the *Creation* in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, printed by Kerberger about 1476. There is also one in a curious old English book of Bible prints, of which the title-page is missing.

If *A. B.* will write to the Mother Superintendent, House of Charity, 7, Johnstone Terrace, Edinburgh, she may be able to give her a little interesting information as regards her query in the *Monthly Packet* for April on the subject of a picture illustrating *The Beginning of Light*.

In Schnorr's *Bibel in Bildern* is a print representing the 'Work of each of the Six Days,' and a very impressive one of the 'Sabbath.' The representation of the 'Father of Heaven' is more in German than in English taste, but if you can admit the representation at all it is reverently and thoughtfully done in the *Bibel in Bildern*.

Answer to *A. B.*—'*The Holy Bible in Sculpture; or, The History's mentioned in the Old and New Testament lively represented in Copper Cuts.* London: Printed for Moses Pill, at the Angel in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1683;' contains a quaint representation of the Creation.

—*S. S. G.*

'Go where the morning-shineth,'

is still disputed. *A. A.* has them attributed to Lord Morpeth in *Christian Lyrics*. Another correspondent heard an old lady speak as one who knew they were his; and on the other hand *E. L. M.* says that the poem first appeared in a small book called *April Hours*, and that in the *Lyra Britannica* the lines are said to have been supplied by the author, Mrs. Simpson. We decidedly embrace the Simpson theory.—*Editor.*

Meek Mouse—

'I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,'

is from *Duty*, by Ellen Sturgis Hooper, an American, born 1812, died 1846.—*R. F. L.*

'There was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have nothing more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay?
For least said is soonest mended—ded—ded.

'The little maid replied—
Some say a little sighed—
And what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?'

I believe this is the old nursery rhyme which I used to tell my own children long ago. It used to be published with pretty pictures long ago!—*E. Daniell*.

In answer to *M. B.*—David thought there were three things God had created for no use—madmen, flies, and spiders; but he was rebuked by finding all three useful to himself. Madmen, when he feigned himself so at Gath; flies, when having taken Saul's spear the sleeping form of Abner was so much in his way that he feared to wake him, but a fly stung Abner and caused him to move; spiders, when Saul was pursuing him, and a spider having just spun her web across the mouth of his cave, Saul thought no one was there and passed on. The same legend of a spider's web is told of more than one saint.—*Bog-Oak*.

Members, over seventeen years, are wanted for a MS. magazine; subscriptions 2s. 6d. yearly. Also three drawing members. Rules sent on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope. Address—A. E. K., care of Miss Querner, 29, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, S. W.

The *Sister in Charge, All Hallows Mission House*, desires gratefully to acknowledge the following anonymous donations to this mission:—T. M. H. V., 10s.; H. L., 10s.; Sœur Cécil 5s.

Thankfully acknowledged for the *Pusey Memorial Fund*:—M. S., 5s.; G. D., 10s.

'THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.'—*Mrs. Fagg* begs to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, the following donations, which have been sent to her in answer to Miss Gordon Cumming's article, which appeared in the February number of the *Monthly Packet*:—Miss Menzies, 1l. 10s.; C. E., 1l. 10s.; Mr. Oliver, 1l.; M. A. F., 10s.; No name, Kidlington, 5s.; by Miss Silverlock, 1l.; Mrs. Sanger, 2s. 6d.; Miss Andrews, 2s. 6d.; Miss Greenfield, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Shepherd, 7s. 6d.; Miss Gray, 5s.; Miss Steinberry, 2s. 6d.; Miss Warrington, 2s. 6d.; Miss G. Beaman, 2s. 9d.; Miss K. Martin, 2s. 6d.; Miss K. Doble, 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Holt, 2s. 6d.; Master Sander, 1s. 8d.; Miss M. Sly, 1s. 7d.; Miss A. Kendall, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Hobson, 5s.; Miss Faulkener, 2s. 6d.; Miss Matthew, 7d.; Miss Webster, 2s. 6d.; by Mrs. Henderson, 9s. 2d. The sale for the Chinese Zenana Mission took place in April, and further donations and subscriptions are earnestly solicited. Address—*Mrs. Fagg*, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon.

The Wimbledon Art College offers a Scholarship of 30l. for two years to the daughters of clergymen. We fear it is too late to compete this year, but another year the intelligence may be welcome to candidates between seventeen and twenty-three.

We have just space to mention two well painted 'picture texts,' price 3s. 10d., to be had from Miss E. J. Riddell, 2, Hardwick Mount, Buxton, Derbyshire. They are so beautiful and suggestive that we wish we had room for description.

The Monthly Packet.

JUNE, 1883.

A PICTURE STORY.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER I.

A PORTRAIT.

It was a bright spring morning. Almost all the trees round Château Trémazan were in full leaf, and the few that had been too shy to put on summer clothing were shedding their brown sheaths this morning, and unfolding delicately creased leaflets to be smoothed by the sunshine; and the sunshine glittered over everything. It was so content at having the sky all to itself (for there were only a few faint clouds on the horizon) that it shone with extra brightness on the gilded vanes of the Château; on a glass ball placed so as to reflect the flower-beds, on the green shutter-blinds at every window of the long, irregularly built house, and also on the rippling river, only divided from the grounds of the Château by a road that led to Auray.

But though the golden sunshine was cheering and beautifying, yet to a close observer it brought into prominent notice the deficiencies of the Château de Trémazan, this large rambling old house beside the river. The terrace along one side bordered by tubs filled with myrtles and pomegranates, the carriage-drive up to the front door, and indeed the general air of the house, and a certain stately stiffness in the plan of the garden, told that it had belonged to people of distinction; but now, tokens of neglect and of poverty were plainly visible. Some of the upper windows were broken and the holes stuffed with hay; a gap in the hedge, that fenced the place from the road had been roughly mended with a few stakes; and at the corner scarcely out of sight was a range of outhouses, so tumble-down that it seemed as if they existed

for the sake of their picturesque appearance rather than for use. A few flowers, so irregularly set that they appeared to have come there of their own sweet will, straggled over the prim beds, but the grass between the borders was ready for hay-making, and grew in an untidy fashion. On the terrace side of the house the windows reached the ground, and a couple of peacocks were sunning themselves on the terrace, one strutted up and down with outspread tail, screaming to his mate to observe his beauty, while she, poor brown, quiet creature, sat perched on the edge of a myrtle tub.

The peacocks had the sunshine to themselves for a while; then a clear sweet voice broke into the charmed stillness of the place.

‘Alexis,’ it cried. ‘I want you, Alexis.’

Next moment there came round the corner of the house a girl about sixteen years old; tall, with a slender figure, as pliant as the willow sprays that dipped into the river. She ran on till she reached the terrace; her fair face though shaded by a sunburnt straw hat was freckled; her eyes were dark and full of sweetness, and her sunny auburn hair matched them admirably, though it was so much lighter in colour.

‘Where has the dear old fellow hidden himself?’ Célie said as she went along, ‘how tiresome he is. I told him I wanted all the pictures hung up again before mamma comes back.’

She crossed the terrace and went along a grass-grown path which led to the shrubberies on the farther side, but she could not find Alexis.

Then she came back to the terrace, and was passing in through an open window of the *salle-à-manger* when she was caught back by the grasp which a climbing rose, left all untrained beside the window, laid upon her pink cambric skirt. While she stopped to free herself she glanced into the room, and she saw that it was empty. ‘Where can he have hidden himself?’ she said again.

She stepped in and looked round her. The room was in such cool semi-darkness that Célie gave a sigh of content after her run in the sunshine. The floor was dark and slippery, and there were dark panelled walls; the ceiling had been gorgeously decorated, but the gilding of its mouldings, and of the chandelier, was black with age, and the tapestry-covered chairs looked threadbare; a long unpolished table stood in the middle of the room. A buffet was at one end, and at the side a dumbwaiter of three stages. But though this was the eating room of the Château it was evident that the family was not going to take there, this morning, their customary eleven o’clock breakfast.

Madame la Comtesse had gone off with Monsieur Louis, her youngest son, aged twelve, to Rennes; Monsieur Edmond, the eldest son, about six years older than Célie was out riding; and Mademoiselle Dupont, the governess, had declared herself too ill with sick headache to leave her room. The young girl therefore felt queen of the day, and she

resolved to spend it exactly as she liked. She had begun by carrying off her breakfast to the river side, for although the road intervened between this and the house, the river bank at one part was so steep that any one sitting just beneath, was completely sheltered from the ken of passers-by, and the girl had leave to go there alone. Of late too Mademoiselle Dupont's health had been delicate, and this had much relaxed the supervision she maintained over her pupil.

There was no one at home to prevent Célie from having the pictures hung as she chose in the *salle*. They had been taken down, and there they stood in rows against the wall in their blackened frames; while a pair of steps, some dusters, and a feather brush showed that the maids had been recently at work.

While Célie stood looking about her, a girl in a black gown with a blue apron, and square-topped, close-fitting, white cap, came running into the room with a burst of laughter. She left off laughing when she saw Mademoiselle de Trémazan.

'Where is Alexis?' said Célie; 'he was to be here waiting for me.'

'Yes, mademoiselle, and he was here till Françoise came and asked him to see to that hole in the turret roof, where the rain got in last week.'

'The hole in the roof could have waited,' said Mademoiselle de Trémazan impatiently.

The girl shook her head.

'Pardon, Mademoiselle. It is Monsieur Edmond who told Alexis to see to it the first opportunity, and Monsieur Edmond said that Alexis was to burn all the rubbish on the floor that had got wet.'

Célie clapped her hands.

'Oh, but I must see to this. I have all sorts of treasures in the turret. Come with me Marie-Jeanne, and I will see what Alexis is about.'

Outside the *salle* was a long passage running across the house, with rooms leading from it on the left. At its farthest end was the beginning of a spiral stone staircase occupying the round *tourelle* which could be seen from the back of Château Trémazan, and which on more than one story communicated with the bedroom galleries. Célie ran up this staircase so quickly that she was breathless when she reached the top, but she paused here in surprise. The turret-room, as it was called, literally the top floor of the *tourelle* with its conical unceiled roof, had been a favourite play haunt of Célie's childish days; but for some time past it had been so filled up by lumber of all kinds that she had not gone there. Now to her amazement Célie looked into a circular room about twelve feet across, clear of lumber—but the space outside it, and all the available nooks on the stairs were crammed with odds and ends—long rolls of paper, and several pictures still stood against the walls of the room, and an indescribable smell of mustiness and damp pervaded it.

Inside the room an old man with long white hair, covered with a broad-brimmed straw hat, was standing on a high box, while with arms stretched above his head, he was nailing a piece of wood on to the roof.

He had not heard Célie's footsteps, and when Marie-Jeanne called out 'Alexis' he turned round in such a hurry that he nearly fell off the box.

'Ah! it is Mademoiselle;' he pulled off his hat. 'Yes, yes, I am with you all in good time, but I have said to myself, "Alexis, my friend, you cannot do everything, and it is better to be scolded by Mademoiselle Célie than by Monsieur Edmond," and so I am mending this roof first.'

Célie smiled.

'But where have you put all the things that used to be here! Nothing must be destroyed until I have seen it.'

Alexis shrugged his shoulders and went back to his hammering.

'Mademoiselle may be easy,' he said over his shoulder. 'Françoise has carried all that was not too heavy to the *grénier*. Mademoiselle can go and look for herself; all are there, except a few things which Marie-Jeanne can carry there.'

He intended this as a dismissal, but Célie lingered while Marie-Jeanne, by pantomime, expressed her amusement at the notion that she could carry any of the heavy articles lying about to the *grénier* on the other side of the house.

It seemed as if the boxes and travelling trunks of generations had been preserved in this turret-room. Moth-eaten hair-trunks, some of black leather brown with age, and studded with small brass nails, were there in great variety of size and shape; cracked mirrors and blackened candelabra, old saddles, game bags, and fishing apparatus—it was a museum of decay. Célie went up to the pictures against the wall, and began to turn their faces to the light. The first was a gloomy landscape with a rent in the canvas; she decided that this might be added to the burning Edmond had ordered.

'Put this outside among the rubbish,' she said to Marie-Jeanne, and as the girl lifted it away Célie saw another picture behind, which she had not before noticed. The back of it was covered with cobwebs; when Célie turned it round, part of a projecting moulding fell off. The picture, too, was covered with cobwebs and dust, but when she had dusted it with her handkerchief Célie saw the portrait of a lovely woman dressed in white; it was not unlike Célie herself; the figure was more developed, and the face more thoughtful, but there was the same mingling of brightness and sweetness, and the same earnestness in the deep brown eyes.

'Alexis,' cried the girl, 'do tell me who this is;' but the old man went on hammering as if he did not hear her question, and presently Marie-Jeanne came back.

'You can carry this down stairs,' said Célie, pointing to the picture, 'and when you have cleaned it put it among the rest. I will find a place for it.'

As soon as the maid had carried away the portrait, Célie went up to the old man, and touched his arm.

He started and grumbled. When he turned round and saw his young mistress he looked surprised.

'*Dame!*' he said, 'I did not know you were here still, Mademoiselle Célie.'

'I am waiting for you to come with me, you can finish that old roof afterwards. I want to get all the pictures up before mamma comes back. Come, Alexis, do not keep me waiting, my old friend.'

When Célie said 'my old friend' Alexis felt bound to obey her wishes, and very soon he was on the high steps in the panelled room below, scolding the two maids whom he found laughing there.

'Have done,' he said, 'and hand me up a picture.'

Marie-Jeanne looked mischievous, and running to the other side of the room she pounced on the old picture which she had carried from the turret-room. She held it up to Alexis.

At the sight of it he almost tottered on the steps, and leaned against the wall. His long black eyes closed till they looked like lines as he darted a quick glance at Célie.

'Heavens!' he muttered as he saw her eyes fixed on the picture, 'how can this have happened.' Then aloud and angrily, 'Not that, not that, you simpleton, that is an old daub, take it back to where you found it—Ah meddlesome, good-for-nothing—' his voice sank into a frightened whisper as he saw Célie's eyes still fixed on the portrait which the girl was taking away.

'Stay, Marie-Jeanne,' Célie called out, 'I want to look at it; bring it here. Ah, it is beautiful; it is not a daub. I will find a place for it, Alexis, by and by.'

'Bah!' The old man's voice was at its shrillest; he turned away his brown wrinkled face, and his hands trembled with agitation; 'it is nothing, it has been sent up stairs years ago,' and then he went on muttering to himself.

Célie was not satisfied. She felt sure that the picture was a good one; there must be some reason for the old man's vexation, but she waited. The two maids went on handing up the large pictures, and moving the steps for Alexis, but Célie had lost her interest; she did not interfere in the proceedings, and the pictures were put back in their former places. Presently she said.

'That will do Marie-Jeanne, you can go now, you and Françoise too. I will give these small pictures to Alexis.'

'No, but no, mademoiselle, they are too heavy, and why should you do the work of these two lazy girls, they will only go and help one another into mischief, the good-for-nothings. I—' he turned round, but

the good-for-nothings had fled, and he was alone with his young mistress.

'See here, Alexis,' she said, 'you are on the top of the steps, and if I move them ever so little you will fall, do you understand?'

Alexis looked at her, his long dark eyes were full of alarm and entreaty, 'No, mademoiselle, I do not understand.'

'I am not going to move the steps,' she said laughing, 'but you must answer my questions. You must tell me all about that portrait. You know very well that it is not a daub, Alexis, and you know its history.'

'But mademoiselle—'

'No.' She shook her head at him in a half playful, half menacing way, which had always mastered him since she had been a little child. 'You need not argue, you have only to answer my questions. Tell me who that picture is a portrait of.'

'It is of no consequence; it is the unbelievable carelessness of those two magpies. Ah, if they—'

'Hush, Alexis, they had nothing to do with it. I told Marie-Jeanne to bring it here.'

'You, mademoiselle?' his face was full of such tragic horror that Célie laughed. 'But it is not worth talking about,' he went on, 'I shall presently put it back in its corner in the turret, and no one—' he looked entreatingly at the young girl, 'need ever know that it was seen down here.'

'Why, Alexis? What do you mean?'

There was a new expression in her eyes, and Alexis quailed before it; unconsciously his gaze strayed on to the beautiful picture face, Célie's resolute glance had made the likeness in her to the portrait yet more striking.

'Because, mademoiselle,' he said humbly, 'Madame la Comtesse would be deeply grieved.'

'Ah! now you have told me that, Alexis, you must tell me who the lady was. I am sure I am like her—I am related to her. Is it not so?'

Alexis shook his old head, and then his hands in despair.

'You will have to tell me sooner or later, and if you don't I shall ask mamma, and you say it would grieve her to think about this picture, Alexis.'

He sighed; then he came slowly down the steps, and Célie felt that he had yielded. She seated herself on the edge of the long bare table, and folded her hands.

'Ah, mademoiselle,' his voice was very sad, 'hate is a bad visitor in a house, and nothing has prospered at the Château since hate came here in the place of Mademoiselle Laure.'

'That is Mademoiselle Laure?' Célie pointed to the picture.

He bent his head and then he shook it.

'Yes and no, mademoiselle.'

'And what relation am I to her?'

'She was your aunt, mademoiselle.'

'She is my aunt, if she is alive.'

Alexis looked so very sad that C  lie began to think her aunt must after all be dead.

'When your aunt went away from here, Monsieur le Comte told me that she was for the future dead to him, and to every one at the Ch  teau, and that is why her portrait was in the turret-room with its face against the wall. Now, mademoiselle, I have answered your questions.'

He had seated himself on the lowest step; he rose as he said these words, and was going away.

'Stop a minute, Alexis. You have not told me what my aunt did to cause such anger; she must have done something very wicked.'

Alexis looked still sadder.

'On the contrary, she was the sweetest young lady of them all, mademoiselle. But she would not marry as Monsieur le Comte wished, and she would not take the veil in the convent. She—' he looked round him, and then he whispered, 'she married to please herself, and her husband was not noble, Mademoiselle C  lie.'

He looked at her, but there was no horror in her face.

'Ah,' he went on, 'it was a bad day for all when she left us. Nothing has gone right since then. She was the sunshine and joy of the place.'

Then, while C  lie stood, still gazing at her aunt's picture, he hobbled out of the room.

CHAPTER II.

SUZANNE.

MADemoiselle DUPONT stayed in her room till evening, but C  lie did not find the day long or lonely. She was absorbed by the story she had heard, and went on weaving it into a connected history, first of the past, and then of what might really exist at the present time. It was quite possible, the girl thought, as she paced up and down the shrubberies now pinching a bud off the Portugal laurels, now a leaf from a fragrant bay tree, covered with golden blossom—it was really quite possible that after all she possessed an aunt and cousins. C  lie had always longed for a sister. Her eldest brother, Edmond, was beautiful to look at, and perfect in all ways, but he regarded her as a child; and now her darling and best playfellow, Louis, had gone away to school, and of course he would never be the same again.

'He will never—never be the same!' she said, sorrowfully. 'He will despise girls when he comes home for the holidays.'

Besides, though she loved him so dearly, Louis had not been all that C  lie dreamed a girl friend might be. He had been a delightful and sympathetic companion when any plan or amusement had to be carried out, and he had always listened with interest to her complaints of Mademoiselle Dupont's strict rules ; but he had no ideas of his own, and C  lie had not felt able to confide her thoughts to this young brother. She had let herself down to his pursuits ; it would have bored him to listen to her puzzles about life. She had looked on to the time when her governess would leave her, and then she would spend every day with her sweet, gentle mother. To-day she got a glimpse into a possible future, different from any she had dreamed, and her heart went out to it in anticipation of an unknown delight. The shrubby walk led her into a wood, with thin tall trees thickly planted. Aunt Laure must have walked here, C  lie thought, and she had loved her brother, C  lie's father, just as C  lie loved Louis, and they had quarrelled, and he had died without forgiving her, and Laure had never come back to the home she had loved so dearly.

It was quite surprising to find that the day had slipped away, when Mademoiselle Dupont sent her a message by Marie-Jeanne, to say she was ready for supper.

'What have you done with your day ?' said Mademoiselle, when the meal was over.

C  lie's unusual silence had brought some inquisitiveness into the old parchment-coloured face opposite to her, a face shaped like a withered leaf, with two round eyes like black beads, more in harmony with the braids of false hair above them, than with the pallid, uneven, yellow skin, and colourless lips, pressed together now in a thin line, while the bead-like eyes moved restlessly.

C  lie started, and looking up, saw that her governess was on the alert.

'I watched Alexis hang the pictures,' she said, calmly ; 'and afterwards I went into the garden.'

'Is that all ?'

'Is not that enough ?' the girl said, carelessly ; and then she kept silence till they rose from the table.

She had always chafed under Mademoiselle's strict rules, but she valued her as a teacher ; Mademoiselle spoke English well, and could teach other languages ; she was also a good musician, and C  lie was wise enough to know that in an out-of-the-way place like Auray, these were solid advantages. Therefore, although she had never brought herself to love her governess, she behaved well to her ; but this suspicious mood was a new phase, and the girl felt ill-used, and worked at her embroidery in silence. It was a relief when Mademoiselle Dupont said at bedtime—

'It will be better to have a little change to-morrow ; we will go to Caer-frec, C  lie.'

Célie's vexation fled. This was a coveted expedition, dearer than ever now that it had become difficult, for in childish days Madame de Trémazan had often driven over with the children and their nurse to Caer-frec, and many a happy summer day had been spent playing in the shady wood, or at hide-and-seek in the deserted rooms of the splendid old manor house.

But there were no horses now at Trémazan fit to draw the lumbering old family coach. Edmond had a horse to ride, but when Madame started on her journey with Louis, she had been content to use a carriage hired for the occasion. In some ways Célie would have preferred to stay at home to-day; she wanted to go on dreaming about Aunt Laure in her old home; but it was a long time since she had seen the old manor house, so she said, 'Yes,' to Mademoiselle's proposal.

It was a cloudy morning, with a storm-brooding atmosphere, and the walk was a tiring one, over a long stretch of desolate heath, only varied by the sight of some huge mound or unearthed dolmen; or now and then a glimpse of the little inland sea of Morbihan, and its brown-sailed fishing boats.

After some time they reached a tree-shaded road, and then at a sudden turn in this, they found themselves on one side of a steep narrow valley, through which ran a brawling stream that almost circled the castle high up on its opposite bank. This was Château Caer-frec, and soon they came to a narrow path down the steep bank, and crossing the frail wooden bridge below, began to climb up to the entrance of the Château. The river made a moat on three sides of the brown square building; on the side that faced the open country the house had been strongly fortified; all the windows were barred with iron, and the heavy iron-studded door had a portcullis and an inner entrance.

Mademoiselle had grown tired and complaining.

'I am overpowered,' she said. 'I must rest at once.'

This was the usual formula when the governess and pupil reached Château Caer-frec, and it meant to Célie a complete afternoon of liberty to roam about the grounds.

'It is too long a walk, and I am tired,' Mademoiselle repeated. 'I will rest on the sofa in the room of Monsieur le Marquis.'

'Yes, you will rest, and I will stay in the gardens till you are ready to go home again.' Célie spoke mechanically.

Even in winter time Mademoiselle Dupont, the well-educated daughter of a rich parvenu, who had, however, died insolvent, preferred to stay alone in the cheerless chill state bed-chamber of the Marquis d'Argentan rather than to accept old Louison's invitation, to take a seat beside her fire in the porter's lodge.

Célie did not wait till the door was opened, but nodding to her governess, she made her way to the angle of the house. Here, what had been hitherto a dim murmur, made itself distinct as the roar of the river. The house was not very deep, and she soon reached the

back, with its high, blank, buttressed wall, surmounted by two rows of small circular windows peering down at the narrow terrace beneath them, and the bank which descended some thirty feet to the brawling stream below. The windows, however, could only blink and peep between the leaves of the trees, which made this bank in summer-time a hanging wood, often a delicious retreat from the fierce sunshine in the bare strip of garden on the farther side of the house. To-day the sun seemed to be taking a prolonged nap behind dull storm-laden clouds, the shade under the trees was gloomy, and the air oppressive.

Célie wandered on till she reached the foot of the bank, and found herself beside the clear brown stream. She lay down here watching the water, which sometimes churned into tawny fury against a block of stone in its bed, and then again flowed smoothly into a deep dark pool behind a projection of the bank. This pool was to-day unusually still; even the leaves overhead seemed to be listening for some coming sound, but the birds kept up an anxious twittering, the darkness so alarmed them.

Célie lay still, wishing that the Marquis d'Argentan would come back; *Caer-frec* was a dear old place, but it wanted a little excitement, and it seemed so miserable that no one should care what became of the grand old house or the splendid tapestry which *Louison* took out of its receptacle once a month or so, to see that it was not moth-eaten. When Célie was younger she used to go home and dream about the stitched knights and ladies on this tapestry; but for some time past she had felt impatient of their stillness, a great longing to see the old *Château* tenanted by living beings had taken possession of her; and now and then the old servant had said that she had better make the most of her days at *Caer-frec*, for some day the marquis would come back, and visitors would be shut out.

'After all he is noble,' Célie thought—for a vision of a proud, dark, stately man had risen up before her, a man who would probably exclude all strangers from the *Château*—'a noble could never be rude.'

From which observation it may be gathered that Célie had not mixed much with the outside world; indeed, in her innocence she believed that good birth and good breeding were inseparable. If the marquis came to *Caer-frec* he would be her mother's nearest neighbour; the families must see one another occasionally. By a natural sequence, for it did not seem as if she made any effort to turn her thoughts away from the master of *Caer-frec*, her mind settled on her aunt's marriage.

'I wonder what a man is like who is not noble?' Célie thought. 'There is *Alexis* and there are the innkeeper and the shop people at *Auray*. Ah, but these are not well-educated.' Surely her aunt could never have cared for a man who was altogether her inferior; and yet Célie was puzzled by the next question that came. How could any one

be well-educated who was not noble? The fact of Mademoiselle Dupont's existence rose in answer.

'But then she was educated to be a teacher; her father and mother were no doubt completely inferior.'

It was sad and humiliating that Aunt Laure should have so falsified the traditions painted on her lovely refined face.

'Then of course,' the sorrowful musing went on: 'the children will be like the father. Ah, by this time Aunt Laure has either died broken-hearted, or she has sunk to her husband's level. She is not a de Trémazan any longer.'

But at heart Célie was not convinced; unknowingly she had raised a large question, which she would need years of experience, and a far larger outlook on life than she possessed, to answer, and even then——

Before ten minutes had passed, the vision of a meeting with Aunt Laure had resumed its empire, and Célie began to long more than ever for her mother's return.

'I am sure the past ought to be forgotten,' she thought. 'There is something horrible and unchristian in such a long quarrel.'

As she lay she had been pulling up the grass in tufts, flinging it into the river. She was startled by a low cry, and then the water was violently stirred.

Just beyond her was a creek, in which was moored the old boat which had given her so much enjoyment when she had Louis for a companion. No one else ever used this boat; and yet, as Célie sat up listening, some one was certainly trying to push it off from its rusty moorings.

She rose softly, and going on a few steps, she peered between the thickly-planted trees. At first she could not make anything out; there seemed to be a dark grey veil between her and the boat; but after a minute or two of silent gazing, Célie's eyes opened widely, her rosy lips parted, and she could hardly keep herself from crying out.

A woman in a grey gown—as yet she could only see her skirt—was bending down trying to push the boat into the stream. In an instant Célie saw that the stranger had unfastened both the chain and the rope which held the boat, and that when it moved, it would drift out of reach into the middle of the stream. Célie hurried forward, snatched at the rope, and flung the loop at the end of it over the post to which it had been moored. Then she turned to look at her companion.

The stranger was standing upright. She was older and taller than Célie—handsome, but with less charm in her dark, gipsy-hued face; great dark, startled eyes, fringed by very long lashes, looked wonderingly at the apparition which had rendered her such signal service.

'Thank you,' and then she laughed, showing white pearly teeth between rather wide lips. 'I see I ought not to have loosed the rope, but I am not used to the country; I live in Paris.'

Something in the simplicity of her dress, and the graceful ease of her manner, had already told Célie that her new acquaintance was accustomed to strangers.

'You have never been here before,' she said timidly. It seemed to her, all at once, that this graceful young lady would not think as much of dear old Caer-frec as she did.

'No.' The tall slender girl shook her head; then she laughed merrily. 'When you started so suddenly out of the earth, I began to think I had come upon enchanted ground, and that here was a good fairy come to rescue me. We are staying at Vannes, but we wanted to see this place, so I persuaded my mother to let me drive over.'

'Are you alone?' said Célie, in a puzzled voice.

The girl smiled.

'I left the carriage and servants not far off,' she said; 'they are our own people, and I am quite safe, there is a maid in the carriage; but I wanted to see what the grounds were like, and when I saw the boat I longed for a row on the river.'

'Can you row?' Célie was becoming strongly attracted by her new acquaintance. 'I will row you if you like.'

'That will be charming.'

And between them the boat was soon pushed into the stream, and Célie began to use a pair of sculls with an ease which showed much practice.

'How well you do it, and how nice you look rowing! Will you think me indiscreet if I ask you what your name is?'

'My name is Célie—and yours?'

'I am Suzanne.' And then a quick blush spread over the girl's dark face. 'I dare say you can tell me,' she said, 'whether strangers are allowed to see over this Château?'

'Yes, certainly. Tourists often come here in the autumn. It is such a grand old house; it is quite the lion of the neighbourhood.'

'Is it habitable?'

Célie made a grimace, at which Suzanne laughed merrily.

'It would be an eerie place to live in, I fancy, more suited to rats and ghosts than to human beings.'

Suzanne shrugged her shoulders at this, and was silent for some time, while Célie, with swift, yet even strokes, rowed her down the tree-shaded river. But the girls were both too young and too bright for long-continued silence. Soon Suzanne asked if her companion had seen Paris, and then they talked about the gay city, which Célie had twice visited, drifting away from pictures to flowers and books, till these last suggested more interesting and more personal subjects. All at once Suzanne looked at her watch and gave a little cry of alarm.

'How late it is. I am so sorry,' she said; 'how selfish I have been. I meant you only to begin to row, but your bright talk

has kept me from remembering how the time was going. You must be tired; and now I must go home at once, or my mother will be anxious. Do you live near here?’

‘At Château Trémazan,’ said Célie, and she began to row to the landing-place. ‘I am so sorry you must go, the time has indeed flown.’

They landed; Suzanne held out her hand. Célie held it an instant; then meeting a smile in those bright, dark eyes, she put her arms round her new friend and kissed her on both cheeks. ‘I never had such a pleasant time before,’ she whispered; ‘if I could only see you again.’

Suzanne returned her kisses.

‘We shall meet again, I am sure of it—if Château Trémazan is not far away. May I ride over one day and see you?’

‘It would be very kind, but—’ Célie added doubtfully, ‘it would be a long ride from Vannes and back again.’

Suzanne laughed.

‘Perhaps I shall not have so far as from Vannes to come,’ she said. ‘You will soon know all about it; now good-bye.’

She had helped Célie to fasten the boat while she spoke, and now she sped lightly up the bank at the farther end from that by which Célie had descended.

Then the girl remembered that there was an old grass-grown avenue, with a pair of rusty entrance gates, on this side of Château Caer-frec, her new friend must have come in that way.

Célie felt dazed. How strange the whole meeting had been! ‘She went away as hurriedly as Cinderella did from the ball,’ Célie said to herself.

She looked at her watch and then she lay down on the bank again. Mademoiselle Dupont usually sent Louison to summon her, but it was still a little too early to go home. Her cheeks were still flushed with pleasure, yet as she lay looking up at the feathering, sparsely-leaved ash sprays overhead, her meeting with Suzanne seemed dream-like—far away from her already.

‘Surely I have not been asleep,’ said Célie, sitting upright on the bank.

Just then there came the sound of a low laugh. It was above her, and she looked up, almost expecting that the charming vision had returned.

Instead she saw broad-faced Louison in her borderless, long-tailed, white linen cap, nodding and smiling down at her. The old woman looked singularly picturesque, framed in by green leaves, in a thick blue woollen gown, with shoulder-straps instead of sleeves. She wore this over a white short-sleeved night-gown with a large fall-back collar, and her shapeless waist was girdled in by her apron-strings.

‘I laugh to see how Mademoiselle enjoys herself,’ she said; then she sighed, ‘it is sad that it is perhaps for the last time she will see the Château.’

Cécile pulled herself up by the grass tufts.

'What do you mean, Louison?'

Louison nodded and looked important.

'Yes, yes—it is true. Mademoiselle has often laughed at me when I have said Monsieur le Marquis was coming home, but *ma foi*, this is much worse than Monsieur le Marquis.' She sighed again; then she said, 'I have been telling everything to Mademoiselle Dupont.'

Cécile sprang up the bank, and took possession of one of Louison's brown wrists.

'You ought to have told me first, you bad old woman—you know you ought. What sort of an ogre story have you made up to keep me away from Caer-frec. Do you mean to say that I can never come again?'

'I don't say that, mademoiselle. There are two weeks—what do I know? perhaps three—before the family arrives.'

'What family?'

'Ah, mademoiselle, that is the news I have told to Mademoiselle Dupont. The master has let the Château and me and all that is here, to a family for a year to come.'

'But there is no harm in that, you silly old Louison. Tell me quick all you know about these people.'

Her bright eyes glowed with excitement, and her colour was like the delicate pink of a china rose. For an instant it seemed possible that Suzanne was one of these new comers.

Louison shook her head.

'I have nothing to tell, mademoiselle. There is new furniture coming for the eating-room and the *salon* and the library, and four of the bedrooms are to be made ready for use. But no, no, Mademoiselle Cécile,' she shook her head in deprecation of the hopeful excitement in the girl's face, 'these people can be nothing to you; they are not gentlefolks like you and Monsieur le Marquis—they are *nouveaux riches*, who have been once perhaps no better than André and me.'

'Nonsense!' said Cécile. 'How can it be possible that Monsieur d'Argentan would let his house to people like this?'

Louison nodded, and blinked both eyes at once.

'Mademoiselle must not tell; but it is Monsieur Le Clerc who has said it. He is the valet of Monsieur d'Argentan, and he came last week to see if the rooms could be lived in, and he said this family is so rich that it can pay for all the furniture that is wanted. "That is all right," says my man André. He can talk well, as Mademoiselle knows, though his lame leg will not let him move about. "Those are the right sort of people to come to Caer-frec, Monsieur Le Clerc." Mademoiselle, you should have seen the face of Monsieur Le Clerc; he has made a grimace. "Not so fast, if you please, Père André," he says, politely, though I could see he was scoffing. "Money is supreme at Paris, but in the country we want something more, I fancy. These

people are parvenus; they have not a drop of good blood——” “They are then *nouveaux riches*,” says André; and Monsieur Le Clerc nods, and says, “You will see that not one of the gentry will visit them. But it is a good thing for Monsieur d’Argentan; these people are willing to pay all he asks.”

Célie stood still and silent as the old woman turned away. It seemed so strange that such a change was going to happen; and then, as she went slowly to seek her governess, she began to wonder about parvenus. She must ask her mother the true meaning of the word. It was impossible that her charming new acquaintance could have anything to do with people despised by Monsieur d’Argentan’s valet.

‘You can never go to Caer-free while these new people are in possession,’ said Mademoiselle Dupont, in her harsh voice, as they began to walk home.

Célie did not answer. She was thinking about Suzanne and her promised visit; that would be full compensation for the loss of those days at Caer-free which had made her so happy.

‘After all I only dream there,’ she thought. ‘I was living a new life while I talked with Suzanne.’ And indeed it had seemed as if half-formed thoughts, which in her accustomed solitude would have drifted away into oblivion, had uttered themselves in words, and that a crowd of new feelings had darted into existence under the sympathetic eyes of her new friend. ‘She roused me so,’ Célie thought.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT LAURE.

THE inn at Vannes stands on the Grande Place, the most airy part of the town, for the ancient city itself is composed of twisted and narrow streets, where the houses project one story beyond another, the upper windows on either side approaching so closely that only a narrow strip of blue sky shows overhead. Open gutters run down the middle of the streets, and the age and crumbling appearance of most of these houses, which here and there show dark panelled walls through the open diamond-paned lattices, make them more attractive to the artist or the traveller in search of the picturesque than to an invalid, and therefore the chief inn has been wisely built in what is really a suburb outside the old walls which once sheltered Olivier de Clisson and other Breton heroes of chivalric days.

In the best room of this inn—a large *salon* with folding doors at one end, shutting off the bedroom—a lady was lying on a crimson velvet sofa, the edge of its high back studded with brass nails.

She looked tired, but there was no fretful or worn look on her face; instead, it seemed as if years of happiness must be stored in the sunshine of gladness that filled her eyes. There was a strong likeness in

the lady's face to the picture which Célie had found in the turret-room; but the restive expression had vanished, there was a freedom in the curve of the lips and in the open forehead not to be found in the portrait at Trémazan. There was a pensive look in this face, but it was full of rest.

The door opened, and in came the tall, dark-eyed girl who had told Célie that her name was Suzanne. A look of bright happiness shone out of her mother's eyes as the girl bent to kiss her. Then Suzanne flung herself on the floor beside the couch, keeping her mother's hand in hers.

'Were you frightened, mother? I did not think it was so late.'

'No, I was not frightened;' her mother smiled. 'The truth is that this place, which I knew so well years ago, has brought back many memories, and the time has not seemed long.'

'Even without me!' Suzanne spoke reproachfully, and gave the hand she held a little squeeze.

'Even without you! But then the memories go back to before you were born, my friend; naturally they part me from you.'

'Then I am jealous of them, and I refuse to believe that they can have made you happy. Ah, mother, what do I see? You have been crying.' She kissed the hand she held.

'But you know who must figure largely in these memories. You do not grudge him my tears,' said her mother, gravely.

'I am not sure. He always said to me, when he knew the end was near, "Suzanne, you must never let your bright mother mourn for me." I have always told you that the saddest part of death to my father was the certainty of your grief. He said once that he could never vex you, because he had so much to make up to you.'

A hot tear fell on Suzanne's hand, and looking up, she saw that her mother was crying quietly.

'That was his one thought, and yet it was his generosity that created it,' said Madame Saint Martin, 'for I never dreamed what happiness was, till I saw your father, my darling.'

'But you gave up everything for him—he always said so.'

Madame Saint Martin smiled. She could not bear to repeat to her child that the father who had left them alone in the world had been wrong in his idea, and yet whenever she looked back on her youth at Château Trémazan, she felt deeply thankful that her child's life had been free from the tyrannical restraints that had fettered hers.

Suzanne kept silence. She had never asked questions on this subject; her father had always forbidden it. Her mother's relations were never mentioned; she was ignorant even of their name, and while her father lived, she had felt little curiosity on this subject. She had gathered that her mother had displeased her family, and that she had not been forgiven. But Suzanne had had a tender grandfather

and grandmother, and plenty of friends, besides her two young sisters. Her life had been full of the pleasures of childhood; there had been no dull hours in it. Now she had lost father and sisters too.

'You have been to Caer-frec?' her mother said.

'Yes;' and then Suzanne looked down and felt very much ashamed, for she had promised to go over the house, and tell her all its deficiencies, so that Madame de Saint Martin might guess what was needed; and instead of this, she had suffered herself to be so taken up with a stranger that she had not been even inside the Château.

Her mother read the look correctly. 'What has happened, dear? Have you met with an adventure?'

'Yes; and I have been very thoughtless. I found a girl there beside the river: she helped me with the boat, and we rowed, and we talked, and the time passed so pleasantly that I forgot to go and look over the house. I had left Elodie in the carriage.'

Madame Saint Martin smiled.

'This girl must have been singularly fascinating. You do not take sudden fancies. Was she the porter's daughter?'

Suzanne flushed a little.

'No, mother, I am not quite so eccentric. She was a very charming girl of my own class; and meeting her there has given an extra charm to Caer-frec. She lives within a walk of the Château, she says. Oh, mother, she is delightful; and her eyes are just like yours.'

Madame Saint Martin gave a sudden exclamation. She fixed her eyes on her daughter, her lips trembled.

'Did she tell you her name?' she said in a faint voice—her face had become ghastly.

Suzanne jumped up and rang the bell. She was more abrupt in her movements than Célie was, but she looked full of practical energy.

'Darling mother! you are faint for want of your soup, and it is all my fault. I ought not to have forgotten the time.'

The servant came, and when Suzanne had given her orders and dismissed him, Madame Saint Martin repeated her question.

'Did this girl tell you her name?'

'Yes, mother; her name is Célie, and she told me she lived at Château Trémazan; so, perhaps, her name is Trémazan. I said I would go and see her.'

A deep flush had spread over her mother's face.

'And she, Suzanne, what did she answer?' her mother said in a low voice.

'She seemed delighted, but she said it would be a long ride from Vannes. I told her perhaps I should not have so far to go. Oh, mother, it will be such a pleasant surprise when she hears we are really at Caer-frec.'

Trouble was darkening in her mother's face.

'You seem very sure that she likes you. Take care, Suzanne.'

The girl gave her head a haughty toss, and her lip curled.

'Be easy, mother. When we parted I gave her my hand, and she, with a look in her eyes that I seem to know quite well, put her arms round me and kissed me.'

'Sweet girl,' Madame Saint Martin murmured, as she wiped her eyes, 'she is her mother over again.'

Suzanne started. For the last ten minutes she had felt in a mist—puzzled beyond any power of expression, and now, like lightning, came the key to this riddle.

She rose up and stood looking gravely at Madame Saint Martin.

'Mother, was your name De Trémazan?'

The pale woman on the sofa bowed her head, and then she passed her slender fingers slowly over her eyes. . . .

There was silence. . . . Suzanne longed to speak, but she saw that her mother was overwrought. An intense indignation against the unknown De Trémazans made the girl look more haughty than ever.

Madame Saint Martin rose and seated herself on the sofa. She was calm, and she beckoned her daughter to place herself beside her.

Suzanne obeyed.

'I had better, dear child, have taken you into council at first; but my hope was that you would be left in ignorance. I meant to remain passive in the hope that you would make a good impression on your aunt before she knew who you were.'

'She would have recognised the name,' said Suzanne.

'I am not sure of that. When I married your father, his name was simply Jean Royon; but when his father purchased the Saint Martin property he added the name to his own; though your father would never use the "de," which he said was an assumption of nobility. It is possible your aunt may know nothing of this change of name, though I think I signed myself Saint Martin when I last wrote to her.'

'You have treated me like a child,' Suzanne said reproachfully.

'Be patient. I ought, perhaps, to have consulted you, but I listened to my hopes, and thus was unreasonable.'

'You'—the girl pressed her mother's hand—'you are only too reasonable.'

Madame Saint Martin shook her head.

'I fear not,' she said; then very earnestly, 'Remember, Suzanne, the one act of mine, which the world calls unreasonable, I have never repented. From it sprang all the joy I have ever known.'

She relapsed into silence, and Suzanne felt that she must help her.

'You mean your marriage, darling mother.'

She bent her head.

'Yes, it must sound strange and unnatural to you, child, but I never pined after my people while your father lived, though sometimes I longed to see the old home again.'

'He made us all so happy,' said Suzanne pensively; then, with a

quick revulsion, 'but why then, mother, did you fix on Caer-frec as a residence?'

'I see now that I was unreal. Your father always wished me to be reconciled to my brother, but when I wrote, my letters came back to me unopened; and I sometimes think those I wrote to your aunt never reached her. When I heard of Edmond's death I wrote to her again, but her son sent back my letter, and forbade me to disturb his mother's grief.'

Suzanne started up with flaming cheeks.

'How shameful! It is like an old-fashioned story. Mother, I never thought such prejudices could have lived till now.'

'Be patient,' her mother said, 'or I shall call *you* prejudiced. Your father was more just—he was very ill then. When he saw my vexation he said, "Calm yourself, Laure. Remember this letter comes from a boy reared in old-fashioned ideas, who knows nothing of the outside world. When I am gone you must take Suzanne to Trémazan."'

'As if I would ever go there!' The girl had remained standing, and now she walked impatiently up and down the long room.

'But if your father wished it?' said her mother gravely.

The girl turned quickly on her.

'Can you not feel that that makes it harder? He was too noble, too large-hearted, to cherish any petty feelings, but I cannot forget that these people despised him, and actually gave you up because you loved him. Mother, how can you forgive?'

She spoke quietly now, but there was a set look on her dark face which grieved her mother more than her impatience had done. Suzanne looked implacable. Presently she sat down again.

'It is true, then, mother, that you have really taken Château Caer-frec in the hope of being forgiven by my aunt, and that is why you asked me not to tell my surname to-day.' There was unconcealed contempt in her voice.

Madame Saint Martin paused; then she said seriously—

'It was only for to-day I wished it. The people at the Château will know our name before we go there; but I did not want to create a prejudice in the neighbourhood sooner than I could help it. And remember, Suzanne, you do not know all the truth. My brother was angry when I told him I loved your father, but your aunt took my part always. Remember, too, that Edmond only thought of your father as a mere man of business. He had not talked with him and found out his rare qualities.'

She stopped. She hesitated to tell her child that if her brother had been less tyrannical she would never have married against his will. Then she began to see that this was necessary.

'My rebellion,' she went on, 'was simply against my brother, and he is dead, Suzanne. I would have waited patiently for his consent,

but I had to decide quickly. I loved your father. If I had remained at Trémazan I should probably have entered a convent to become a nun. Listen, Suzanne'—for the girl tried to speak—'in taking Caer-frec I followed your father's advice; but now my courage fails me. I dare not go to Trémazan. When you spoke of Célie just now I felt terrified at the idea of meeting my relatives.'

'It would not be fitting for you to go to Trémazan. Surely, mother, we can live at Caer-frec in peace. There is no fear of meeting these people who have so outraged you—they will keep out of our way, I fancy; and you have no wish to go to Trémazan.'

Her mother sighed.

'I do not say that. Since we came to Vannes my heart goes out to the old home. I had no quarrel with my father or my mother, Suzanne; they were strict and formal, perhaps, but I loved them, and your aunt Célie was my dear friend. She was my father's ward, and she lived with us long before she married Edmond.'

'Was she happy in her marriage?'

'I do not know.' Madame Saint Martin spoke gravely. She was wondering whether her sister-in-law's gentle spirit had been quite crushed by her husband's polite tyranny. Presently she turned to Suzanne with a smile.

'I am a coward, my child, and you must help me to be brave. If this sweet girl you saw to-day is your cousin, and your aunt is still unchanged, they may wish to be reconciled, and then there will only be your cousin Edmond's opposition to fear. It would make me very happy to be at peace with them all.'

Suzanne drew herself up haughtily. 'You forget me, mother. They will receive you because you are one of them; but I am different. I have my father's blood, and they will patronise and condescend and—Mother, I shall not be able to bear it.'

Madame Saint Martin looked uneasy. When she was younger, Suzanne had been very self-willed; no one but her father had ever been able to control her in these moods. Since his death she had, however, been very gentle. Her mother sat looking at her. She thought that even Edmond de Trémazan must own that Suzanne looked well-bred and distinguished. Then as she saw the scorn on her daughter's handsome face, she sighed again.

'It is the De Trémazan pride over again,' she said. 'I suppose it is in the blood. It would have been all so much easier if she had not known so soon.'

CHAPTER IV.

EDMOND'S NEWS.

DAYS have gone by; there has been a thunderstorm, and this has cleared the air; there is no trace left of the heavy atmosphere which

helped Célie to dream at Caer-frec on the day of her meeting with Suzanne.

It is six o'clock dinner-time at Château Trémazan. Mademoiselle Dupont had gone away this afternoon for a short holiday, and Célie is promoted to the honour of dining with her mother and brother. They are sitting at each end of the long table, whereon, except for the nosegays of spring flowers which Célie has provided, there is not much to see, although Madame de Trémazan has the dishes placed on the table to save trouble to the spoiled old servant Alexis. Célie's mother is small and slight in figure, and there is little beauty in her face. Her pale blue eyes have a look half startled, half shrinking, as if she lives in expectation of a rebuke, and she rarely asserts her opinion. She is looking now in rapt admiration at her son Edmond. You have only to look on the picture opposite to where Célie sits, and then you will see how like this young fellow is to his father; there is the same aquiline profile, and his fine eyebrows are arched over his dark blue eyes just as they are in the picture. He has fair hair too, and delicate long hands; he is as handsome a young fellow as you can wish to see; and now, as he answers his sister, he bends gracefully.

He is always polite to Célie; he thinks she is a pretty child, but untrained; she requires a good example to form her manners by. His mother, he knows, is inclined to give her too much liberty; but Edmond de Trémazan has never said this to his mother, for sometimes he thinks that it does not signify. He will certainly have no money to spare for a marriage portion for Célie, and he does not think she can wed without a larger one than her father has provided. It is almost a pity that she cannot at once enter a convent. The Trémazan estate is sadly impoverished, and it is Edmond's heritage—his share in his father's will being as large as his brother's and sister's put together; they have each a little property nearer the sea coast. Célie has seen little of her mother since her return, and when they have met, so many questions had to be asked and answered about the journey—an event in her mother's life—and about Louis and the school, and his schoolmates, that there was at first no chance of telling her news, or of her meeting with her new acquaintance. And when she found that Mademoiselle Dupont was going to Rennes for a few weeks, the girl decided to wait until she could get her mother all to herself.

Now Alexis has cleared the table and gone away, and as there is silence, the girl gives a timid glance at Edmond and a smile to her mother.

'What do you think is going to happen?' she says.

Edmond slightly raised his delicate eyebrows, but Célie thought he looked inquiring.

'I cannot guess,' said Madame de Trémazan, gently; the girl's animation somewhat roused her interest.

'Well, then'—Célie blushed with the importance of her tidings—

'Monsieur d'Argentan has let Château Caer-frec for two years, to some people from Paris.'

Edmond was listening attentively. 'I heard something about this,' he said to his mother. 'D'Argentan has had heavy losses I fancy, and he would do anything for money.'

'But is it not, then, a good thing?' said Madame de Trémazan, timidly. 'The place has been going to ruin for some time past, and it has become damp and almost uninhabitable.'

'That depends. Have you heard the name of these people, Célie?'

'No, I have not heard. I do not think Louison knows the name of these people, but she says she is sure no one will go to Caer-frec while they remain there.'

'Why?' He gave his sister a smile of compassion. 'These people may be pleasant, and there might be good shooting at Caer-frec if the birds were looked after.'

'I do not think'—Célie looked mysterious; secretly she was alarmed at the notion of contradicting her brother—'these are not people you would visit, brother; they are parvenus.'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'And who told you that, my little one? That may be only an idle report. I shall inquire, and probably I shall find that these are people with money. Nobles are so poor nowadays, my little sister, that if a man is better off than his neighbours, he is accused of having made his own money.'

He sat silent after this, looking fixedly at his father's portrait. Célie was silent too; her thoughts went on to the other discovery she had made during her mother's absence. She had said so confidently to herself that in Mademoiselle Dupont's holiday it would be easy to tell her mother about the picture, and then she should hear the true story of her Aunt Laure; but now Mademoiselle Dupont had gone, and it had suddenly grown difficult to approach such a delicate subject. Alexis had refused to hang up the banished portrait, but Célie had desired him to leave it down stairs, and there it stood with its face to the wall, out of sight, behind the large folding screen near the end of the dining-room.

Presently Madame de Trémazan said to Célie, 'What do you know about parvenus, my friend—they have not come into your world?'

The girl blushed deeply. Yesterday she had not been able to answer this question, though she had herself proposed it; but now the remembrance of her aunt's portrait seemed to make it clearer.

'I suppose they are rich people, are they not, who are not noble?'

Before his mother could answer, Edmond spoke. 'You do not know what you talk of, child. If that were all, parvenus would be harmless nobodies; but they are quite the reverse. They try to put themselves in the place of their superiors, and they imitate them in dress, and in other matters they are for ever flaunting their new possessions. Bah! it sickens me to think of what I saw the last time

I was in Paris. If there was a specially good horse or carriage to be noticed, it was certain to be the property of some *roturier* who keeps a dozen servants, where a poor nobleman contents himself with six. These people thrust themselves and their newly-purchased titles everywhere, while they do not know how to do anything as a gentleman or a lady would do it.'

As he spoke, the graceful young fellow rose, and drawing himself up to his full height, stood again looking sadly at his father's portrait.

Célie flushed and grew pale by turns; she had not thought parvenus could be like this; she had only thought of them as ignorant people unfortunately burdened with wealth that they did not know how to spend.

'But Edmond, I do not understand. Is it not then a good thing that the new people should imitate their betters and refine themselves?'

The young fellow's calm grace deserted him for an instant.

'Take care, Célie,' he said quickly, almost harshly, 'that is very dangerous doctrine. It would soon do away with class distinctions if it were a possibility; but remember the polish of the new man, or parvenu, or whatever you may call him, is never real—it is like the imitation lace which I have heard you despise, because it is cheap and cannot be washed,' he said, smiling.

Célie felt strangely obstinate; she accepted Edmond's opinion in most things, but to-day his ideas seemed narrow and prejudiced.

'Cannot these people, if they are well brought up, have good manners of their own, without imitating others?' she asked, timidly.

Edmond looked at Madame de Trémazan. 'Mother, Célie is growing too clever,' he smiled, benignly. 'Women, my dear child, conquer by their charm and by their sweetness; they should never argue.'

'Then why need they be taught?' she turned on him with a bright, saucy smile. 'All this time you might have been saved the expense of Mademoiselle Dupont.'

'You mistake—I do not complain of your accomplishments; you have some charming ones'—he nodded at her—'but a woman can do without ideas, Célie, unless indeed they be the ideas of her own people. Now run away, little one; I must talk business with my mother.'

Célie was not convinced; she cast a wistful glance back at the place where she had left the portrait. She could not have said when the consciousness first came to her, but she was beginning to feel rebellious under her brother's rule. The dreamy, unpractical girl had been too much absorbed in her own thoughts to realise what happened round her, but leaven was working in Célie. To-day she had noted her mother's meekness towards Edmond, and it had vexed her.

She acknowledged that Edmond was very good; he was charitable to the poor, he was always courteous and orderly in his conduct; she

could hardly see a fault in him; but yet in her heart to-day, as she received her dismissal, she could not help calling him a tyrant.

She went out into the garden and sauntered into a walk where the trees had been trained into a continued arch—a *berceau*, as it was called—always cool in the hottest of summer days. It was not hot now, but Célie's cheeks were flushed with vexation.

'Is this the way it began, I wonder, with my father and Aunt Laure?' she wondered. 'If my hair had been rough, or my dress untidy, then I could have borne Edmond's reproof, because he is head of the house, mother says; but the inside of my head belongs to me Surely a brother has no right to dictate ideas to his sister!'

She looked very like the disgraced portrait as she walked on to the end of the leafy cage.

Meantime Edmond did not find it easy to begin his talk with his mother. He walked up and down the room twice, and then he stopped again before his father's picture, but plainly, this made his task harder, for he had to turn his back on it and clear his throat twice before he began to speak.

'I have to say something very serious to you,' he said, 'if you can be good enough to listen to me.'

Madame de Trémazan bent her head; she knew this was what he expected, and she was far too well drilled even to feel that this preface was quite unnecessary from a son who ruled her implicitly.

'You heard that Monsieur d'Argentan has let Caer-frec?' he said.

'I heard Célie say so.'

'Yes; I have also heard that he has let it to some rich people for seventy-five thousand francs.'

'What a sum!' said Madame de Trémazan. But she did not look surprised; it seemed as if she had succeeded in banishing expression from her pale, timid face.

'I have been thinking about this.' His laboured smile deserted him and his voice sounded strained. 'I believe it will be better to sell Château Trémazan.'

His mother's eyes opened wider, but there was no other change in her face.

'Sell it? You think it is better, Edmond?' she said, dully.

'Yes,' he said, firmly. He knew very well that his mother would not dispute his will, whatever she might feel. 'There are debts which must be paid, and these will consume far more than the sum remaining at my bankers.'

'Debts!' She could not help a feeble interruption.

The tall young fellow hesitated, then with the perfect self-command that imposed on Célie, even while she rebelled under it, he said—

'I am not speaking only of debts contracted here; there is, of course, our bailiff's account—poor Janot! I believe it is a year since he had a sou from me,' he went on, a little more quickly. 'But when

I am in Paris I play cards, it amuses me ; other men of my class do it, as you know. I consider that a man should mix only with his fellows, and share their pursuits. I have no low tastes. I abhor the entertainments given at the Tuileries with the view of fusing classes together ; but,' he waved his hand, 'I will not weary you. We have now come, Janot tells me, to the end of our resources.'

There was a little pause, then his mother said, timidly—

'How then will you live, my son ?'

She only thought of this son, this Count de Trémazan, of whom she was so proud ; Célie, Louis, and herself were forgotten.

'I shall volunteer into some foreign service. Célie must go to the Sacré-Cœur. The sale of Trémazan will provide for me, and when she and Louis come of age, they come into possession of their respective portions ; you, mother, have your own little property in Lorraine. There is, as you know, a small house on it. I must suffer for my misfortunes.'

Madame de Trémazan had clasped her hands together to quiet the nervous trembling of her fingers. Crushed and dulled as she was by these years of slavery, first to her husband's mother, and since then to her husband and her son, she could not submit all at once to leave her old home. She had come to Trémazan in early childhood, the destined wife of its future master, many years older than she was. It seemed to her quiet soul that the world outside Trémazan must be chaos—a distracted place like Paris, of which her chief idea was that it made her ill, and swallowed up all the money that was wanted for other things. Then, too, these other things spoken of so calmly by her son were slowly making themselves real to the poor lady, and filling her with pain that felt incurable.

And now her son told her he had been in debt all this while to Janot, when she thought the money he spent on the estate was Edmond's. It had been, of course, right for Edmond to lose money at cards, because he said so ; but she could not keep back a deep sigh that seemed to go in search of this wasted gold. The keenest stab of all was the threatened banishment from her children ; love of her children was the one feeling that had been left free, that had not been crushed back into her heart by a frigid rebuke. Even her stately mother-in-law had left her free to reign among her little ones as she pleased, and with Célie and Louis, love for the sweet, patient mother was still the ruling instinct. She could not give up all her treasures ; already the parting from Louis had made her heart bleed ; and how could she live without Edmond ? It was necessary to her existence that he should rule her.

'Is there no other way than this ?' she said, in a feeble, choked voice. 'I—I—do not wish to leave you, Edmond.'

Something in her tone made him look round ; her frightened eyes were full of clinging grief.

Edmond bent down and kissed her forehead. After all, he loved his mother, and something in her eyes came between him and self.

'You will make a home for me in Lorraine, dear mother,' he said, caressingly. 'I shall devote to you all the time that can be spared from my military duties. It may be that you will see as much of me there as you do at Trémazan.'

'But, Edmond, Célie can stay with me. We can send away Mademoiselle Dupont. The child will be unhappy away from me.'

Edmond looked hard and serious.

'Célie is getting spoiled. Mother, I already see the mischief in her which ruined my unhappy aunt. You will have another low marriage if you do not send Célie to the convent.'

'But Célie does not think of marriage, my son; she is still a child.'

'She is sixteen,' he said, briefly.

There was a pause. Then his mother said—

'Edmond, I do not think your aunt Laure has been unhappy.' Then in a broken voice she added, 'I wish we could be friends with her again.'

His face became very stern.

'That is impossible, mother. If my father would not forgive her when she was dependent on her husband, how can we do so now that she is known to be a rich widow, able to dispose of her money as she pleases? It would be said that we courted her for the sake of Royon's money. No, that is impossible. Do not think of it for a moment.'

CHAPTER V.

AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

EDMOND could effectually conceal his feelings, but he had not succeeded in getting rid of them, and he felt bitter regret at the idea of giving up his birthplace. Trémazan was a small place compared with Caer-frec, but the De Trémazans had lived there for centuries, and had carried their heads high throughout the province of Morbihan. It seemed to the young fellow that so long as he had kept this desperate remedy to himself, it had been a mere far-off probability, now that it had been spoken of there was only time between it and its fulfilment. Tomorrow he must tell Janot to take the best means of finding a purchaser. His heart was very heavy.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, he ordered his horse. It was a raw-boned animal, brown, with heavy, white feet, and would have been better suited to draw the long, picturesque timber-cart than to carry the young lord, but Alexis brought it round from the stables with as much care and importance as if it had been a thoroughbred.

Célie stood watching her brother as he rode away.

'Suzanne said she would ride over,' the girl thought; 'she will ride a very different sort of horse.'

She was longing for her friend's visit, but she wanted to prepare her mother for it; and as yet she had had no opportunity of mentioning her adventure. Now, going back into the hall, she met Madame de Trémazan at the foot of the stairs.

'Célie, my child,' Madame de Trémazan's eyes looked lovingly at her daughter, 'let us be together as much as we can.'

'Yes, mother.' She bent down and held her forehead to be kissed. 'Shall I go to your room? I want to tell you something.'

They went up stairs to a pretty bed-chamber. Out of this were two smaller rooms, one was Madame de Trémazan's dressing room, and Célie slept in the other. In the larger room was a charming oak bedstead, with high head and footboard, both richly carved with figures and flowers. At the head were muslin hangings, but the end of the room near the door was arranged so as to form a study, a great black and gold screen intervening between it and the bed. The wall was lined with book-shelves, and in the window at this end was a quaint antique bureau, with writing materials arranged on it. In a corner stood an old spinning-wheel, and above this hung a guitar. A recess at the other end behind the screen was fitted up with a prayer-desk and a black crucifix, around which hung a rosary from Lourdes.

Madame de Trémazan seated herself in the only easy chair, for the room was simply furnished, and she pointed to a footstool close beside her. The girl seated herself, and then she sat playing with the long gold chain by which her mother's eyeglass was suspended from her waist. She did not know how to begin her story. If she had looked up, the craving fondness in her mother's worn face would have puzzled her.

'Mother,' she said, smiling a little nervously, for she knew that what she had to tell would startle Madame de Trémazan, 'while you were away with Louis I had an adventure.'

Her son's words came back to the mother, and she looked down anxiously at Célie.

'You will tell me what it was, my friend?'

'I am going to tell you. The day I went to Caer-frec I saw a girl there. We talked, and we liked one another, and she said she was staying at Vannes, and she would come here to see me. She may come, may she not? She is so tall and beautiful.'

The colour had deepened on Célie's cheeks, but it was such a relief to have got her secret into words that her restraint fled, and she looked up in her mother's face. Madame de Trémazan felt alarmed.

'But, Célie, who is she? You cannot visit a person unless you know her name. And who was with her, my child? This young girl had surely not come alone to Caer-frec?'

'No; her carriage and servants were waiting, and she had a maid

in the carriage. I was alone, too, mother,' Célie said, mischievously, 'for Mademoiselle was resting indoors. The girl told me her name was Suzanne. You will like her so very much; she is charming, and she has splendid dark eyes.'

'But, Célie,' her mother's voice had a timid, uncertain tone, 'what will Edmond think? My dear child, one never makes a new acquaintance unless one is introduced by a friend, or there is some connecting link, and even then one is very careful to ask questions beforehand. You have been rash, my dear child; but if your friend has been well brought up, she will not, I think, come unasked to Trémazan.'

'Oh, mother, do you think so? I long to see her again. I kissed her when we parted.'

Her mother sighed.

'I cannot think who she is, my child. Tall, and beautiful, and dark-eyed,' she said, slowly. 'There is no one at Vannes who corresponds with your account; but then there are, perhaps, persons living there, I have never heard of—persons you could not visit, Célie.'

'Well, we shall see,' the girl said, gaily. 'I know, if she comes, you will receive her kindly.' She felt sure that the sight of Suzanne would conquer her mother's prejudice. 'Now, mother, I want to show you something, if you will come down stairs again.'

It seemed to Célie that her mother was singularly quiet; she fancied it must be that she was still grieving over the parting from Louis. She felt courage now to show her the portrait. Even if her mother were somewhat vexed that she had become acquainted with this family trouble, it would serve to divert her thoughts.

A tap at the door, and when Madame de Trémazan said 'Come in,' Edmond entered. He looked at Célie, and hesitated; then he said—

'I have seen Janot; he wishes to talk to you about various matters. I said he might come to the Château to-morrow.'

'Very well,' his mother sighed.

'I also asked him about the people who have taken Caer-frec. He has not heard anything to their prejudice. They are a widow and her daughter who wish for retirement. He has promised to make a few more inquiries, and if these are satisfactory, there is, I suppose, no reason why we should not visit them.'

Célie looked up wonderingly, and Madame de Trémazan felt puzzled by her son's proposal.

A little flush rose on Edmond's face.

'I saw a young lady in Auray,' he said. 'I fancy she must be one of these new-comers. She is quite different from any one I have seen down here.'

Célie gave a little cry.

'It is Suzanne,' she said. 'I am sure it is Suzanne. Was she riding this way, Edmond?'

'No, this young lady was waiting outside the *patissier's* while her groom went into the shop. She was splendidly mounted too.' Then he recollected himself and said with polite wonder, 'Whom do you mean by Suzanne, my little sister?'

Madame de Trémazan looked up nervously, first at her son and then at Célié, and she fancied that it would be better to avoid a discussion.

'I will tell you presently, Edmond,' she said; 'now I want to ask about Janot. Célié will go away for a little while.'

Célié was glad of this dismissal. It was for one thing quite possible that Edmond would lecture her, and she was impatient to reach the road beside the river, for Suzanne could get back to Vannes by the road that passed Château Trémazan.

'If I can only see her and kiss my hand to her I shall be satisfied,' Célié thought, as she ran down stairs.

She could not have defined the extraordinary charm that attracted her in Suzanne, the charm that a graceful, perfectly-dressed woman exercises over a more homely companion. The qualities of this fascination may have no more solidity than the variegated plumage of the butterfly or the painted serpent skin; yet the power will last long after the love which it drew forth has subsided.

'I shall love to see her on horseback,' said Célié to herself. 'She will look beautiful.'

She paced up and down till she feared that her new friend must have gone back to Vannes by the high road; and then almost as the thought came, there was a clatter of horse's feet, a cloud of dust, a cry, and the sound of a dull fall.

Célié stood for an instant paralysed and blanched with fear, then crying out loudly—

'Help, help,' she ran back to the house and rang the alarm bell with all her might. She was dizzy and sick with apprehension, but when Edmond came rushing from his mother's room, and Alexis hobbled into the hall, followed by the maids, she had become calmer.

'Some one has been thrown from a horse—there,' she pointed before any one could speak, 'you must bring her in here, Edmond.' Something convinced her it was Suzanne who had met with an accident.

Then as the two men hurried away, Célié turned to the frightened maids clustered together in a corner.

'Bring the large sofa from the *salon* and set it here'—she was standing in the middle of the hall—'and you, Marie-Jeanne, fetch some pillows and coverings. Françoise must go for the doctor.'

Madame de Trémazan stood on the grand staircase listening in utter surprise—and indeed Célié had surprised herself, for her words had come with the inspiration a great need creates. Seeing her mother, she ran to her and hid her quivering face on her shoulder.

'Mother, oh mother! it is Suzanne thrown from her horse; it must be, and she is perhaps dying outside there.'

Then she broke into shuddering sobs, which terrified Madame de Trémazan. It was so unusual for Célie to give way to self-indulgence that in the midst of her sobs, the girl felt that her mother sighed and trembled; she raised her head from her shoulder and kissed her.

'Dear little mother,' she said, 'come and sit down. I have frightened you, and we must both be brave now.'

She seated her mother on the sofa which had been placed near the entrance-door, but she kept walking up and down. Very soon steps were heard outside and Célie went forward.

Edmond and a strange man in peasant costume were carrying the seemingly lifeless figure of a woman, while Alexis hobbled beside it holding up the long trailing skirt of the riding-habit; her hat had fallen off, and a mass of long dark hair fell over the pallid face and over Edmond's hands as he supported her head.

The eyes were closed, but Célie saw that it was Suzanne; she did not shrink or cry out. Her mother rose, and the senseless girl was placed on the sofa; then the women gathered round to try and restore consciousness.

Edmond sent the peasant for the doctor; then he and Alexis went back to see after the horse.

Suzanne soon revived, the ghastly pallor fled, and she moved in a way which showed that no serious injury had been suffered. At last she opened her eyes.

They looked dull and sightless, then as recollection came into the big, bright, dark orbs, Suzanne tried to raise herself, but her head was giddy, and she was glad to lie still, when the room seemed to go round and round her.

Madame de Trémazan went up to her.

'Are you in pain, my friend?' she said gently; 'the doctor has been sent for, but meantime can we do anything for you?'

Her quiet manner calmed Suzanne.

'I have been thrown, I suppose,' she said. 'No thank you, madame, I think I am only bruised, but my head is giddy.'

'Yes, you must lie still. I will tell my son you are not seriously hurt, he will be very glad.'

Edmond's anxious face was looking in from the doorway as his mother went towards him. Célie took her place beside the sofa.

'It is a sad way of paying your visit,' she said, and she took Suzanne's hand, 'but you are dearly welcome.'

Suzanne looked at her earnestly, and then recognition came. At Caer-frec Célie's large hat had shaded her face, and made her look years older than the fair-haired maiden who now stood gazing with shy admiration at her new friend.

Suzanne's earnestness changed into a look of anger. She sat upright and slid her feet to the ground.

'Is your name Célie de Trémazan, mademoiselle?' she said.

'Yes; you promised to come to Château Trémazan, and you are here.'

Célie smiled, although Suzanne's change of manner had disturbed her.

By a strong effort of will, Suzanne rose to her feet, but she instantly sank back on the sofa, putting her hand to her head.

'You must keep still, indeed you must,' Célie said anxiously, for Suzanne was trying to button her habit at the throat, though a return of pallor showed how unfit she was to move.

'May I ask for my hat?' she said formally, as if Célie were a complete stranger.

Célie looked at Marie-Jeanne, who went out to Alexis.

'The lady asks for her hat,' said the maid.

At this Madame de Trémazan, who stood talking to her son, came back into the hall.

'You are better, my dear child,' for Suzanne sat upright as she approached. 'The doctor is not at home, he has been sent for to Baud, and he cannot be here for some hours. My son thinks we had best send a message to your home, and you will remain our guest until the doctor permits you to travel.'

Though her words were formal she looked very kindly at Suzanne. But there was no answering smile on the girl's face.

'I cannot stay here, madame. I am not sure that I can ride, but if a carriage can be got from Auray I prefer to go home at once.'

She raised her hands to her head and began to coil up the long mass of dark, tangled hair.

Célie gently drew it from her hands.

'Fetch me a brush,' she said to Marie-Jeanne; and Suzanne yielded while her hair was smoothed into a close knot by Célie.

Madame de Trémazan had not answered; it seemed to her that her visitor was talking nonsense.

Suzanne spoke again. 'May I ask, madame, if you will be kind enough to send for a carriage without delay. I thank you for your kind intentions, but indeed I cannot remain here.'

She spoke like a princess, and Madame de Trémazan drew back, her gentle face full of trouble.

'Ask Monsieur Edmond to come here,' she said.

At the name Suzanne's face darkened; she bent her head slightly as Madame de Trémazan presented her son.

He began to express his regret for the accident and for the doctor's absence; he was going to ask if he could not send a message, but Suzanne interrupted him.

'Sir,' she said proudly, 'I regret extremely the trouble of which I,

or rather my horse, has been the cause. If you will kindly send to Auray for a carriage, I will deliver you from my presence.'

Edmond bowed.

'Pardon me, mademoiselle, but we think ourselves fortunate in having you for our guest. Will you not permit us to send the news of your accident to your family?'

Suzanne looked round her. Alexis stood in the doorway near enough to hear all that passed, while Marie-Jeanne and Françoise were nearer still.

'If you will send your people away,' Suzanne said in a low voice, 'I will show you that I cannot stay here.'

The servants were dismissed, the hall-door was closed. Edmond felt as much puzzled as his mother did, but Célie, by some strange insight, guessed the truth. She felt that Suzanne belonged to her lost Aunt Laure.

'Monsieur de Trémazan,' Suzanne drew herself up proudly, looking Célie thought splendidly beautiful, 'when I tell you that my name is Suzanne Royon Saint Martin, and that I am the daughter of Jean Royon and Laure de Trémazan, you will not ask me again to remain under your roof.'

He grew deadly pale, but Suzanne stood looking at him with a mocking smile, then she turned to Madame de Trémazan.

'I have only to go as far as Vannes, madame,' she said, 'and I am perfectly well able to go.'

There was silence. Then Edmond bowed ceremoniously and went out.

CHAPTER VI.

CÉLIE AND HER AUNT.

MADAME DE TRÉMAZAN and Célie had gone sadly into the dining-room, and Edmond followed them. He had re-appeared when the carriage arrived, and had offered to conduct his cousin to it, but she had passed him by with a stately curtsy, and had walked firmly across the hall and down the steps.

Edmond was very angry, but he admired Suzanne's pride; it was evident that these relatives would not again intrude. His anger was, however, ready to vent itself, for the scene he had gone through had exhausted his self-repression.

'Célie,' he said, as soon as he had closed the door behind him, 'what knowledge had you of—of that person?'

Madame de Trémazan tried to speak, but Célie prevented her.

'I met her at Caer-frec, and we agreed to be friends, but I did not know she was our cousin.'

Edmond's face stiffened, and his eyebrows met in a frown.

'You must not think of her as your cousin,' he said severely.

'Our father—and I think you will not dispute his will, Célie—destroyed that relationship when he disowned the Demoiselle de Trémazan, who had married Jean Royon. If Mademoiselle Royon had had the grace and good taste to remain silent, this *exclandre* need not have happened; it is a sad thing to have a woman's tongue.' Then he forced a smile, and said in his usual pleasant, fatherly tone, 'Try and forget what you have heard, my little Célie, and take this as a lesson against impetuous friendships.'

Célie's lips were pressed rebelliously together. She gave a rapid glance at her mother, and she saw that tears were running silently down her pale cheeks.

'Edmond,' the girl said, 'I cannot do either of these things. I cannot forget that I have an aunt and a cousin, and I am sure I should not have been drawn to Suzanne in such an irresistible way if there had not been this tie between us. You may keep me from seeing her, but I must still love her dearly.'

She was not defiant, but she looked deeply in earnest.

'Your aunt!' he said, 'what can you know about this unhappy history?'

Célie saw that her mother's face too was full of inquiry.

Instead of answering, she went behind the screen and brought out the picture. 'This is Suzanne's mother,' she said, 'and my aunt. Look at her well, Edmond, and tell me if she has not a good and sweet face. Why should we not be friends with her? She is one of us, and my mother loves her—'

At this Edmond started. Really he did not know of the picture's existence; he had been a mere child when it was banished, and now as he looked, the thought that such a refined being as this one on the canvas had given up all that he considered worth living for, for the love of such a person as he imagined Jean Royon, inflamed his pride.

'It is a charming picture,' he spoke sarcastically, 'but it is out of place here, and it had better be destroyed. Mother,' her silence irritated him, 'you, I am sure, do not sanction this childish fancy of Célie's.'

Madame de Trémazan sat trembling under her son's eyes, but Célie came to her help.

'Our mother is good, she cannot therefore teach me to hate people. Can you think it pleases our loving Father in Heaven, Edmond, that brothers and sisters and near relations should go on hating one another. Mother, you would like to be friends with my aunt; I know you would.' She bent down and kissed her mother's tear-stained face.

The young head of the house had recovered himself. He smiled at his sister, and spoke with that calm dignity which she always found unanswerable.

'We are going through some unnecessary excitement,' he said; 'at

your age, my sister, you are happily not called on to decide, but to obey. My mother will tell you on what we decide. Will you leave us ?'

He went to the door, and held it open.

Célie felt that as her mother sat silent she agreed with Edmond.

'Oh ! how hateful it is to be a girl,' she thought as she went ; ' why should men have their own way always ?'

All the spring flowers had faded, the delicate hues of pale blue and primrose, the innumerable and minute white flowers varied now with rose, now with green, the bright-eyed celandine which seemed to fling a golden glory on its surroundings, had all merged in somewhat coarse green leafage, while flowers of stronger hues, less likely to lose colour under the glowing summer sun, replaced them beside the now dusty roads, or on the parched waste. Flaunting scarlet poppies and the vivid blue of chicory gleamed beside bushes of tall golden ragwort, or on stony fields overgrown with corn marigolds. White ox-eye daisies too began to open their pinched black-edged buds and to warm their hard-looking yellow hearts in the sunshine.

To-day, however, there was no glitter on the flowers. Some of the poppy buds kept their fragile creased petals tightly folded within their green sheaths ; and the scarlet pimpernel, though it went on growing, and sent its delicate fibres into lumps of hard clay, had not so much as opened its beautiful purple and golden eyes since daybreak.

Summer weather indeed ! Old André was shivering beside a blazing fire, and Louison, sun-browned though she was, acknowledged that it felt chilly out of doors.

'Have you ever summer in Brittany ?' said the smart Parisian *femme de chambre*, who had come down stairs to fetch a herb tisane that Louison had concocted for her young mistress ; 'we have been two months in this country, and we see only rain and grey clouds ; it is dull enough to kill one. Truly Brittany is no better than a hole—it is not a country fit to live in.'

With this polite speech, which left André and Louison astonished and sulky, the dapper maid went swiftly across a vast hall paved with black and white marble, now green with damp, and then up the broad oak staircase.

At the top of this she opened the door of a vast gloomy room. Light came from one deeply recessed window at the farther end, and before it had reached the door, much of it became absorbed in the heavy blue and green tapestry stretched on the wall and on the floor in front of the sofa. In one corner stood a small bed, and outside this Suzanne was lying. Madame Saint Martin sat in the window-seat, but she rose when the maid came in.

'Set down the tisane,' she said, 'I will give it presently to Mademoiselle.'

'Is it raining still?' said Suzanne.

'No, mademoiselle.'

'Then, mother, you must go out. I see no use in the country unless one gets the pure air.' She gave a weary sigh.

'You will soon be able to enjoy it, my child,' her mother said in the bright confident tone which told she was used to an invalid.

Suzanne sighed, and turned her face to the tapestried wall.

On leaving Château Trémazan she had by a strong effort kept up till she reached Vannes, but she had then again become unconscious, and several weeks passed before she could be removed to Caer-frec.

She had told her adventure to her mother exactly as it had happened. She had determined to see Château Trémazan, and to insure secrecy she had, on leaving Auray, told her groom to ride slowly back to Vannes; she intended merely to look at the outside of the château, and then to rejoin him, but a barking dog had frightened her horse, and then a stone in the road, or some other obstacle, had caused him to stumble. She felt keenly that her mother listened in silence; she did not blame—for Suzanne was very weak and suffering when she told her tale—but the girl saw sorrow and disappointment in her mother's eyes. The doctor prescribed complete rest, perhaps for months, to Mademoiselle Saint Martin. He said there had been severe internal injury, and only care and rest would allow the fractured ligaments to unite again, and Suzanne had gone through hours of painful thought, lying, as the doctor ordered, in one fixed position.

She had not spoken again of Château Trémazan; her pride had suffered deeply in the consciousness that her mother disapproved her conduct, and Madame Saint Martin had been silent, because she fancied that prayer would help her daughter more really than reproof would.

'My mother, I wish you would go and get some air,' Suzanne said impatiently, 'the rain has kept you in these three days. You look white and moped.'

Madame Saint Martin rose and came up to her daughter.

'I am not moped, dear child, but I will go out and tell you whether the rain has spoiled the roses.'

Suzanne groaned when she was left alone.

'I would tell her if I could,' she said, 'but something always stops me. It is so humbling, so mean, to confess that I was no better than a hypocrite, that while I pretended to love and honour my mother, I did neither. I thought I did. Yes, yes, but that was just self-deceit. I knew what she wished, I held in my hand the power of helping her, and for my pride's sake, I gave it up. I did worse, I widened the distance between her and her people, and I cannot tell her I am sorry.'

She turned her face away again, and now that she was quite safe from any witness, Suzanne's tears flowed on to her pillow without restraint.

Meantime her mother had taken the same way that Célie took when she met Suzanne at Caer-frec.

The river was noisier than ever ; the rain had so swelled its volume that it rushed on at headlong pace to gain greater freedom. All at once, as Madame Saint Martin looked back, she saw two figures coming up the road that led to the entrance of the château.

As yet they had not had visitors, and Madame Saint Martin had rejoiced. Now she turned back to encounter these possible visitors ; one of them turned back, but she saw that the other was standing still, gazing fixedly at her. Then, stirred by a common impulse, the woman and the girl drew nearer to one another, till they stood face to face, the one a spring likeness of the other's autumn beauty.

'You are Célie de Trémazan ?'

Madame Saint Martin held out her hand with a smile that drew Célie's heart to her at once. The girl kissed her aunt's hand.

'You are my Aunt Laure,' she said. 'I have seen your picture at the château.'

Then the older woman drew Célie towards her and kissed her on both cheeks.

'You are a true De Trémazan, my child,' she said, 'but there is a look of your mother in you, Célie. Come in and rest, will you not ?'

Célie shook her head.

'I came to ask how Suzanne is. I came once before, aunt, but I only saw Louison.'

'Suzanne is better, but she will have to be very careful ; it is possible,' Madame Saint Martin looked grave, 'that she will never entirely regain her strength.'

Célie looked very sad.

'Ah, if she would only have stayed with us ! We should have so loved to nurse her.'

'You are very kind ; but are you sure, Célie,' a slight colour rose on her aunt's face, 'that Suzanne would have been a welcome visitor ?'

Célie flushed under her aunt's questioning eyes.

'My mother and I would have made her dearly welcome,' she said gravely.

Madame Saint Martin turned and led the way to the path, behind the house, overlooking the wood and the river.

'Is your mother well ?'

The girl felt that her aunt spoke timidly.

'I do not think she is well ; she looks so fagged and worried, and she has no one to tell her troubles to, Aunt Laure.'

Madame Saint Martin sighed.

'I think,' Célie said shyly, yet with a sense of relief at having found at last some one to whom she might speak openly, 'indeed, I am sure, that if you would come and see my mother it would be a great happiness to her.'

There was a pause, then her aunt said—

'I would go at once, dear child,' she said, 'but Château Trémazan

is your brother's house, and he might not wish me to visit there.' Again her eyes questioned Célie, and the girl hung her head. 'Can you bring your mother here, or can we meet on the way?' Her aunt smiled, for Célie seemed oppressed by her confusion.

'How good you are; when you have been so unkindly treated,' she said. 'Shall I tell my mother what you say, and then I can write to you? Aunt, you are so kind that it does not seem wrong to tell you, but I am very, very unhappy; ever since the day of Suzanne's accident there is nothing but trouble, and almost every day I find my mother crying. I think it is about business, because my governess has been sent away, and my mother told me we could not afford to keep her; and then Janot, the bailiff, comes nearly every day.'

Madame Saint Martin listened with deep interest.

'You poor dear child,' she said tenderly, 'I will not ask you to come in if you think it will vex your brother, although, as long as your mother lives, I do not acknowledge Edmond's right to control you. I believe your legal guardian is abroad? We will not get you into a scrape, you dear good child; it is so loving of you to come all this way to inquire for Suzanne.'

'It is not only that—' Célie hesitated. Face to face with her aunt, who looked so clever and fashionable, and at the same time so full of calm wisdom; it seemed to her that her little plan for reconciling the two families had been audacious. Surely her aunt had no need of friendship or kindness. Every one would be glad to know so distinguished-looking a woman.

'What is it, my child?' Her kind voice, and the sympathy in those dark eyes, stole into the poor girl's burdened heart and loosened the reserve she had been striving to maintain.

'I cannot help it, Aunt Laure, whether it is right or whether it is wrong, I must tell you. Ever since I knew about you—and that is only since I found your picture this spring—I have been longing to see you and my mother together. It seemed to me that it would be such almost impossible happiness if you came to Château Trémazan. Then when I knew about Suzanne—I loved her the moment I saw her—this wish would not let me rest. I have quarrelled with Edmond so that he will hardly speak to me, and I believe I am to be sent to a convent; but my mother pines after you, I am sure she does——' She stopped abruptly, for her aunt had put her handkerchief to her eyes, and Célie saw that she was crying.

'Go on, dear child,' her aunt said in a broken voice; 'let me know everything; I cannot tell you how you interest me.'

'If I tell you the rest, it will make you still more sad,' Célie spoke doubtfully, 'and though I have longed to see you, dear aunt, I do not want to make you unhappy.'

Madame Saint Martin dried her eyes and then she kissed Célie.

'It is difficult for you to understand, my child; but you have given

me joy as well as sorrow. There are no friends like one's own people, Célie, and as one gets older the ties that link us to our first years grow stronger. Your mother was my earliest and dearest friend ; she stood by me in my trouble, and even offended her husband by the fondness with which she clung to me. Think then what joy it is to me to be assured that her love has survived all these years of separation !'

'Oh !' said Célie, impetuously, 'it will do her so much good to see you, for she is going to be more unhappy than ever. Edmond is going to sell Château Trémazan. But I must go home now, dear aunt. My maid is waiting for me.'

'To sell the château !—I wish you could stay and tell me more.' Her aunt spoke slowly. Célie's news had bewildered her. Then after a minute she added, 'No, I will not keep you. You will give my message to your mother, and if she consents I will write to her and fix a place of meeting. Now good-bye, my precious child.'

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE CONQUERS.

THE young master of Trémazan looks ten years older than he did as he sits in his little business room, where another portrait of his handsome father hangs above his bureau. Baptiste Eustache Yves Edmond Louis de Trémazan looks very nearly as old as the picture does. He is deathly pale, and his eyes are half-closed with profound thought, but while the picture bears the proud self-reliant expression which says as plainly as words can speak, 'I am Count de Trémazan, and what I will is law for the world I live in,' there is on his son's downcast face a look of crushed despair. Some shock has recently passed over it, for his lips are parted as if they still wondered at what the ears had listened to, and his long, delicate hands are plunged into his fair hair as he sits before his writing-table utterly bewildered.

Janot, his man of business, has just left him ; but there is something deeper than a mere money trouble in Edmond's wrung face ; for the first time it bears the stamp of humiliation.

He rose at last and rang the bell.

'Tell my mother I wish to speak to her,' he said to Alexis when he appeared. 'If she is alone in her room I will go to her.'

Alexis did not return, but after a while Madame de Trémazan came in, followed by Célie.

Edmond rose and led his mother to the chair in which he had been sitting. He looked at Célie, and hesitated to speak.

'You do not want me, brother,' the girl came forward and laid her hand on his arm ; 'but my mother has asked me to come with her.'

Edmond bowed.

'I wished to talk to you, mother, on a specially private matter,' he said.

Madame de Trémazan's lips moved, but before she could speak, Célie had begun—

'Is it because you have heard we have been to Caer-frec?'

Edmond was surprised. He had so taught himself to consider Célie as a child, that her calm remonstrances took him at unawares and impressed him.

'If my mother wishes you to stay, you can of course do so,' he said gravely; 'but I own I should have preferred to talk over this matter alone with her.'

Then there was a pause, and both her children looked at Madame de Trémazan.

She quivered as a leaf does in autumn; so many years of repression had made her entirely distrustful of her own judgment; then a glance into Célie's sweet, earnest eyes, so like those of the firm friend on whom she had of late been leaning, brought back the new lessons she had been learning from Madame Saint Martin.

'Yes, Edmond, I have been twice to Caer-frec. Your aunt refuses to come to Château Trémazan, because she will not grieve you; but I feel deeply that this estrangement is not right; your aunt has not grieved you; it would make me very happy to see her here.'

It was so new to hear his mother put forward her own wishes, that although Edmond knew she had only done this as the strongest appeal she could make to him for the moment, he was silent from surprise; and Madame de Trémazan went on speaking—

'It is because I know you to be noble and high-minded, my son, that I put forward the highest reason; but there are many others. If you knew your Aunt Laure you would gather them for yourself; but besides these other reasons the social advantage to your sister would be very great.'

'I thought we had decided Célie's future,' he said dryly, with the same expression of abiding pain on his face.

'We talked about it; but I have spoken to Célie, and she does not wish to enter a convent,' his mother said, and then she looked up appealingly at the girl.

'No, Edmond; at present I do not feel that I have a vocation for the religious life. It may come to me some day, but I cannot go into a convent with the feelings I have at present.'

Edmond looked bitter as he turned to his mother.

'You see, madame, already the result of association with Madame Royon and her daughter. Hitherto, with one sad exception, the Demoiselles de Trémazan have obeyed the wish of those set in authority over them. We have had one fatal disgrace, and now I foresee another, unless you will assert yourself against the rationalistic and democratic spirit which has become rampant in these days.'

'Brother,' Célie spoke shyly, but she did not look frightened by her brother's denunciation, 'you are wrong if you think that my aunt's marriage brought any disgrace on her. She gained far more happiness

than she ever knew before; she has told me so. She is a most distinguished-looking woman, and she is as full of goodness as she is full of grace; and she dearly loves our mother—she would do anything to make her happy.'

She spoke significantly, and the young fellow shrugged his shoulders and turned away. This was worse than all—even than the blow he had that morning received—for he had been telling himself that so long as the De Trémazans remained true to one another, not even poverty could tarnish their name, when they had to bear it in a new home with much altered surroundings. It gave him keen suffering to hear his sister openly avow affection for persons of an inferior class, and to feel that she had doubtless been attracted by the vulgar wealth and style in which they were living. It was as much as he could do to preserve self-control. When he spoke again he turned still more away from Célie.

'As you have seen so much of Madame Royon,' he said, 'you have perhaps heard of her intention to purchase this place. May I ask if it was from you that she heard of my wish to sell Château Trémazan?'

'I told her,' said Célie, bluntly. 'She had known it some days before she saw my mother.'

He gave his sister an angry glance.

'I should have been more careful if I had suspected treachery in my own family,' he said, sternly, 'though I do not remember that I ever mentioned the possibility to you.'

'I told Célie that you meant to sell the château,' said Madame de Trémazan, 'and I did not say it was a secret.'

Célie was surprised by her mother's courage. She did not know how strongly Madame Saint Martin had urged on her sister the duty of protecting her daughter against Edmond's well-intentioned tyranny.

'And the result is that this lady comes forward and offers to purchase the château if I will sell it to her. You knew this?' he repeated.

His mother flushed.

'Yes, I knew that was her intention, but I told her that I feared you would not permit her to do it. And yet, Edmond,' she looked at him with eyes full of entreaty, 'your aunt has the kindest, noblest meaning in proposing it.'

He rose up and made a low bow, then by a gesture he drew his mother's attention to the portrait over the bureau.

'How do you think he would have considered such a proposal, mother? He would not have listened to it for an instant—neither will I. If——'

His eyes fell on Célie, and he checked himself. At that moment he longed to give vent to his wounded pride, to some of the anguish that tortured him; but Célie had put a barrier between them. She

was on the other side, and all he said might be repeated to the woman he so greatly despised.

'You do not then intend to sell the château?' his mother said. 'I thought Janot said there was no other way to pay the debts that have been incurred.'

'There is no other way; but some other purchaser will come forward if we only have patience. We are not obliged to take the first offer.'

The mother and daughter looked at one another; then Célie bent down and said, 'It is best for me to go away,' and though her mother's eyes asked her to stay, she went.

He looked relieved.

'You know why this sale must take place, mother. The land has been left neglected till it is going to ruin—there is not a farthing for necessary repairs. I will not take any more of your income from you,' he waved his hand as if to settle that question; 'I owe too much already. Janot says he and some other creditors can wait no longer. Judge, then, what a mortification it was to me, when Janot, who should have more respect for the family credit, came here this morning to press Madame Royon's offer on me. Mother,' he went up to her, took her hand, and kissed it, 'you think me hard and unreasonable, and yet I only try to act as I feel that my father would have acted.'

She looked troubled; the allusion to her husband shook her strongly.

'I want to tell you something, Edmond, and yet I scarcely know whether I am wise in telling it to you.'

'Let me hear it. I do not fancy anything can change my opinion.'

'I am not sure. I know, my son, it would have sadly grieved your father to see the château in the hands of strangers.'

'It would infinitely more grieve him to see it in the possession of Madame Royon.'

She shook her head.

'I am not thinking of that. Your aunt is a noble woman. She has no wish to live here. She only proposes to purchase this property in order to restore it to you.'

He started, but he did not speak; his face was immovable.

'And you imagine that I will accept such a gift,' he said, after a long pause.

'I told her you would refuse, and her answer was, "I think better of my nephew. If he so wills he may consider it an atonement made to the pride of the De Trémazans which I wounded by my marriage."'

'That was well said. She acknowledges her error, then?'

'No, for her life has been very happy, my son; but she can see that there are two sides to this question, and her atonement is offered to your view of it.'

'Bah, what sophistry!' He turned away.

'Have you then refused this offer?' his mother said.

'I have refused it; but, mother—you will keep this from Célie—Janot for the first time forgot himself. He did not say it in so many words, but he implied that a beggar cannot choose—worse than that,' he went on, hoarsely, 'he implied that a beggar has no right to choose.'

He sank down in his chair and covered his face. He was bewildered, hemmed in on all sides, for his own debts, acquired in Paris, took away from him all freedom. He was helpless in Janot's hands, unless indeed he went for aid to the money-lenders, and he knew that this would only plunge him into deeper ruin.

His mother went up to him and tried to take one of his hands, but he repelled her and sat still.

'Do not trouble about me,' he said at last. 'I am not worthy of it. I am not even able to save the name of De Trémazan from being trodden under foot.'

For once his mother took courage. She forgot all except that he had once lain at her breast a helpless infant; she folded him in her arms and tenderly kissed him.

'Mother,' he whispered, 'do not try to rob me of my courage; it is all I have left.'

The days slipped by. No new purchaser came forward, and Janot's manner had become boorish and unpleasant. One morning he told the young count that he wished to resign his post.

'I am plainly useless as an adviser,' he said, 'and I shall be glad to receive the money due to me without delay.'

Edmond made him no answer. He sat silent during the hours that followed, and now when he came in to the midday meal he was still silent, and neither his mother nor Célie disturbed him.

They had just finished, when Alexis came in to say that a carriage was driving in at the gates.

'We are engaged,' Edmond said, haughtily.

The old man looked at his mistress. But there was the sound of wheels, then steps crossed the hall, and a tall, dignified-looking woman appeared at the dining-room door.

Madame de Trémazan trembled, and Edmond grew white, but Célie advanced to greet her aunt.

'You are dearly welcome, my aunt,' she whispered. 'I am sure it will all be right now you are here.' Then she turned to the astonished old servant and bade him leave the room.

Madame de Trémazan had recovered her self-possession. She came forward with open arms to greet her sister; she smiled, and yet her eyes were full of tears. How young and bright they had both been when they were last together in the old home—when they were so harshly separated years ago! Who could say how much blessing and happiness had been torn out of their lives?

Madame Saint Martin tenderly returned her sister's kisses, and then she looked on to Edmond; but the mother could not find courage to present his aunt to her haughty nephew.

When he saw this gracious woman smiling on him, Edmond felt a strange, choking sensation; some mysterious force drew him towards his visitor, but a still stronger dislike kept him immovable.

She gave him no time in which to decide.

'You are Monsieur de Trémazan,' she said, and she came up to the table and placed on it some papers she held in her hand. 'I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but as you did not answer a letter I wrote to you some days ago it seemed best to call on you. Perhaps you did not receive my letter?'

Edmond bowed; he looked disconcerted. 'I received it, madame.'

'I learned this morning,' she went on, 'that Monsieur Janot had called together a meeting of people who would have given you some trouble, and that their intention was to sell their claims to a money-lender. There is no use in troubling you with details; but as I felt sure you would dislike this, I ventured to act for you. I now restore to you the papers Janot gave up to me. I can only beg you will forgive my interference.'

He bowed. It was a few moments before he spoke.

'Madame, I thank you for what you have done, but I can accept no further favours. My plans have been for some time settled. I leave Trémazan to-morrow.'

His aunt gave him a long, earnest look. 'You are about to join the Austrian army. You are a noble fellow,' she said. 'One of these days we shall be friends. Now, with your leave, I shall pass these papers on to your mother; you and she can settle afterwards who is to live in the château. Are you content, Célie?'

Célie put both arms round her aunt, and gratefully kissed her; Madame de Trémazan was crying.

After a few moments' struggle with himself Edmond went up to his aunt. He looked at her, and in spite of himself, a thrill went through him when her sweet, true eyes rested on his face.

'Madame,' he said, 'I will not let you think me ungrateful. I cannot accept your kindness, but I appreciate it from my heart. I see that I have wronged you. When I heard of your generous wish to buy this dear old place, I thought you only meant to heap coals of fire on my head. I ask you to pardon me. You—you have taught me a lesson I shall not forget.'

She held out her hand with a bright smile; then, as he raised it to his lips, she bent forward and kissed his forehead.

'I love you,' she said, gently, 'and if you will let me I will make you love me, Edmond, some day. Meantime, perhaps you will let me help Célie in taking care of your mother.'

A LOYAL MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A LOST BATTLE.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALBERT.

'My thoughts are working like a busy flame. . . .
My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts. . . .
My hands do join to finish the inventions :
And so my sins ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.'

—GEORGE HERBERT.

IN the course of two months Hetty Stewart, her engagement, her delinquencies, even the Oaklands adventure, which had been very exciting at the time, had passed away from the minds of Eastmarsh and its neighbourhood, and was talked of no more. Mrs. Lydiard, after some consideration, had decided that her own health and Conny's would not stand an English winter. Hetty's one wish was to leave Eastmarsh, but not England; strange to say, Cannes seemed now a real banishment, much worse than last year. But her natural course was to go with her aunt and cousin, whose pleasant English life had certainly been spoilt through her, and she made no objection.

So the little house on the hill was once more empty, and Mrs. Bell, thinking herself extremely ill-used, was left with Lily Wade to entertain her. This girl recovered her spirits a little when the Lydiards and Hetty were gone, and she was no longer constantly reminded of her ill doings. In that week at home she had seen her despised lover, the man in whose interest, as he now chose to pretend, Mr. Harvey had paid her all that attention. Lily did not believe this: she felt sure it was an excuse, made up at the moment in consequence of Miss Stewart's remonstrances. She knew, as she assured herself many times, that James admired her. But he was a coward, and when he found himself on the edge of a scrape, he drew back and shook her off as quickly as possible. Lily had no difficulty in arranging all this in her mind. She hated James, and still more cordially she hated Hetty. Her poor shallow mind was filled with triumph at her enemy's discomfiture.

'She has spoilt my life, and she deserves to have hers spoilt in return,' was the doctrine Lily believed in now.

All this did not make her any more amiable to her old lover, whose

constancy could not be doubted. In her present cattish, fiendish state of mind she tried to punish him for her own disappointment, and succeeded very well, by pretending one day to care for him a little, and treating him with complete heartlessness the next time they met. Having thus arranged his affairs, she came back to the Villa, leaving the foolish fellow more in love with her than ever, and began once more her course of novels with Mrs. Bell.

And Hetty was forgotten ! At Alding Place her name was never mentioned, and a succession of shooting parties seemed to take up all Herbert Ethelston's thoughts and time. There was only one house in that neighbourhood where two people sat and talked about her, and wondered what she was doing. Mrs. Landor had asked Hetty to write to her, but the girl had answered very doubtfully, though affectionately.

'I don't feel as if I could write letters,' she said. 'I shall never forget you, and we shall meet again some day.'

'Yes ; that I insist upon,' said Mrs. Landor.

The Cannes news was always to be heard from Mrs. Bell, with whom both Conny and her mother kept up an active correspondence ; but she and Mrs. Landor had never liked each other, and since the Oaklands day had avoided each other as much as possible. Also Bessie quite dreaded the sight of Lily Wade.

'Never let me be alone with her, Tom,' she said. 'I should attack the little wretch on the spot.'

Tom's parish affairs went on quietly through the early autumn. Albert Dane, about whom his mother had warned him, went to sea again, and there was a distinct improvement in the moral tone of the place. Harry was most steady and hopeful.

Old Slater found life dull, for not a single poaching case occurred during three months : it seemed as if the bad characters were going to let the squire shoot his game in peace. Slater and his master concluded that the fellows were frightened, and gave the credit to their own firmness in the case of Harry Dane. Mrs. Landor naturally gave the credit to Tom's influence with Harry, who in his turn influenced his old friends. At any rate the state of things was satisfactory, probably even to the partridges and pheasants, which must have preferred to die in a legal, regular fashion.

It was rather a gay autumn at Alding Place, with many visitors and dinner parties. Herbert's marriage would have interfered with all this. But no one seemed to remember that such an event had ever been on the cards at all. Hetty Stewart was gone, and to all appearance forgotten.

There was one man at Alding who did not share the general contentment. This was Harry Dane, whose old acquaintance with all the roughs and rascals of the neighbourhood might be supposed still to admit him to their counsels. For there was something in Harry

which made it impossible for the wildest old comrade to distrust him, though he had a good place at some Eastmarsh warehouses, and though Mr. Landor was his friend.

'Old Harry's turned soft!' that was the worst they said of him.

The end of November was come, with short days and foggy nights, and Harry was uneasy about his nephew Albert, who had always been to him like a younger brother or a son. When Albert came home to find Annie dead, he had taken no pains to hide his feelings towards Slater and the squire. A great deal of ranting and raving had been poured into Harry's ears, and into the ears of all the Dane clan, both steady and wild.

The wild ones had sworn with Albert to have their revenge on the squire. Harry had listened with deep sympathy, which yet did not overpower his reason, for he told Albert roughly that he was a fool, and would find himself in the wrong box, if he went plotting revenge with a lot of scamps like that. This tone of Harry's filled Albert with anger and scorn. He did not dare to sneer at his uncle to his face, but he went away and told his friends that the parson had turned Harry into 'a coward and a canting Methody.' Then he joined his ship again, and as long as he was safe on board all went on quietly at Alding.

But now, in these foggy November days, he was on shore again, and his uncle was in a state of dismal restlessness. Mischievous was brewing, he felt sure. The worst of it was that Albert did not come to see him, but was reported to be down the river, or about the wharves at Eastmarsh, a regular haunt of smugglers, poachers, and all kinds of amphibious rascals. Whispers reached Harry's ears now and then—for his old friends were not careful to hide things from him—which seemed to say that Albert was making himself the head of a gang with some villainous object or other, in which the worst characters he could pick up at the waterside were joined with the wildest and most daring of his cousins. Of course this was not in any way generally known; if the police had got wind of it the whole thing would have been spoilt. However Harry might choose to interfere with his own hand, no Dane could degrade himself by giving information which might lead to the ruin of a dozen of his relations, not to mention the bad old cronies who had been joined with him in many a midnight prank before now.

One evening at six o'clock, when the fog was rising fast, spreading itself in a damp blanket over the lower part of Eastmarsh, Harry came from his work on the hill, and instead of crossing the bridge on his way home, turned and went down to the waterside, picking his way through a confusion of timber and old boats. The fog, the mud, the darkness, the smell of the mud at low tide, all made this wharf a place to be avoided, but at the further end of it was a small, unsavoury public-house called the 'Lord Nelson,' much frequented by the river

people, and here Harry had reason to believe he would find his nephew Albert.

'We was a bad lot,' thought Harry as he stumbled along, 'but we did keep out o' stinking holes like this here.'

He had seen at dinner-time, loitering in High Street, one or two of Albert's friends, and had at once suspected that something was up. He went to them and asked if Albert was in the town.

'Yes,' they said, 'he slept last night at the Lord Nelson.'

Harry asked no more questions, but determined to find Albert and have it out with him.

Inside the little inn there was a noise of voices talking loud and eagerly, and a bright light shone through the red curtain. Close by rose the black masts of a small trading vessel, with a light on her deck which flickered up and down, now and then showing a sudden gleam of dark water beyond. Harry had not quite reached the inn door when it opened, throwing a stream of light across the wharf, and Albert came out alone. Harry with a quick movement stepped back into the darkness.

This was the very thing he wanted, to catch the lad away from his companions. Poor old Harry in that instant made up his mind that he would not be rough or cross with Albert. The question even flashed on his brain, How would it be to get him into the Rectory, and make Mr. Landor talk to him a bit? He had asked about him several times lately, and Harry had hardly known what to answer.

Albert was wrapped in a thick pea-coat, and carried a gun. Before putting on his hat he gave it a flourish in the air.

'Good luck to us, boys! Three-mile Corner at half-past ten. If any chap's late I'll shoot him.'

'There you go, mate, tellin' the whole town!' said a gruff voice from inside. 'If we comes to grief it'll be through you, and nobody else, mark my words.'

Then the door was shut, and Albert slowly groped his way towards the bridge. To anybody coming out of the lighted room, the darkness was intense, and made more confusing by the fog, which even deadened sound, so that in making for the lamp on the bridge, Albert was not at all aware that his uncle was following him.

Harry did not wish to show himself at once. In the first place he wanted to know which way Albert was going, either up into the town or along the causeway to Alding; in the second place he wanted to get him well out of hearing of his companions. So he took great pains to follow him quietly, and when the young man reached the bridge, waited a moment in the shadow to let him go on.

Albert turned to the right, towards the station and Alding; but as Harry stepped forward to follow him, he became aware that he stopped under the lamp in the middle of the bridge, put his gun down, pulled out a paper parcel from under his coat and began hurriedly

untying it. Harry, though not actually on the bridge, could see him quite clearly as he stood in the little circle of dim light, his wild, dark face bent over the parcel. Harry could see, too, what it was that he took out, touching it carefully and holding it up to the light with an admiring smile. It was one of those bead wreaths that one sees in the churchyards abroad, a very glittering one of black, gold, and silver, which the sailor had bought in some foreign town, and brought home carefully packed as the chief of his treasures.

After turning it round and gazing at it all over for a few moments, Albert wrapped it up again, buttoned his coat over it, picked up his gun and was off, walking quickly and lightly along the uneven pavement. As for Harry, the unknown spectator, this strange sight brought tears to his eyes. He knew well enough what the pretty thing was, and where it was going. All his old love for the wild boy was strong in his heart as he followed him over the bridge. He made up his mind to persuade Albert to go to the Rectory with him, and to give up any bad plans he might have for that night.

‘He only wants a talk with Mr. Landor,’ thought Harry, not doubting that any one else must feel Tom’s influence as he himself did.

Over the bridge and past the station he followed Albert cautiously, intending to come up with him on the causeway, and make him give an account of himself. To Harry the course of things seemed quite straightforward, but he was reckoning without his host. As soon as Albert reached the causeway he began to run, at first slowly, then, becoming conscious that some one was running after him, he quickened his pace, and raced like a greyhound along the level path beside the road. Harry called once or twice, but the runner did not pause or look round. Harry’s eyes were getting used to the darkness, which was less dense out here than nearer the lights of the town : the fog, too, was thinner away from the river, and seemed to glide about, rising and falling in long wreaths, so that once or twice Harry had a glimpse of his nephew as he ran. He was soon obliged to give up the pursuit ; Albert, being young and active, and not tired with a day’s work, distanced him more and more every moment. Very soon even the sound of his running feet reached Harry no longer. All he could do was to walk as fast as possible, hoping to catch his dear boy before he left the churchyard.

Harry possessed a small bull’s-eye lantern, and before leaving the open causeway for the tree-shaded roads about Alding, he stopped and lighted it. Then he walked on at a fine pace, without stopping again, and in a little more than half an hour found himself at the churchyard gate. He turned in, with his lantern carefully shaded, and took the path he knew well between the graves and through the wet grass to the corner where his little girl lay. He stole along noiselessly, stopped a few yards off, and let a ray of light fall on the grave. It was as he expected ; the bead wreath lay shining at the head, and

Albert had flung himself full length on the grass beside it, and was lying there motionless, with his face hidden against the grave. He had left his gun leaning against an old tomb close by. Harry stood still for a minute or two, watching him ; and then as he did not move he went up and touched him on the shoulder.

'Who's that shaving me ?' exclaimed Albert, springing fiercely up.

'It's only me, Albert,' Harry answered, meekly enough, turning the light on his own face.

'What do you want with me ? Can't you leave me alone ?'

'This ain't the place for quarrelling,' said Harry, looking down at the grave.

'Nor for spying neither, strikes me.'

'Come, lad, shake hands. I'm no spy. I mean you no harm.'

'Why have you come after me, then ?' said Albert sullenly, yet giving his hand, as if he was half ashamed of himself.

Harry at once told him the truth : how he had gone to look for him on the wharf, had seen him come out of the Lord Nelson and followed him.

'How did you know I was coming here ?' asked Albert. 'I thought some chap was running after me, so I thought I'd just get more way on, and leave him behind. But who'd have guessed 'twas you ?'

'Ay ! I saw you unpacking that there parcel on the bridge. That was how I knew you was coming here.'

'Ain't it pretty ?' said Albert. 'I picked it up at Dieppe a fortnight since. Their cemeteries is full of 'em. I thought as she should have something as no one else had here. That's what brought me to the churchyard, uncle—that's all. Ain't you going home ?'

'Not till I know what you and your mates is going to meet at Three-mile Corner for,' said Harry.

'No business o' yours,' Albert answered roughly.

But then, there seemed to be something in his uncle's stern, resolute air which puzzled him a little. After a moment he went on in a defiant manner—

'The time's come at last. We're going to give our friends a little trouble to-night. We say the squire's pheasants belongs to them as can catch 'em. Game's common property. *You* know that, uncle, though you've given up sport. Better come with us to-night, and see fair play. This is only the first night's performance, mind you. We're going to make their lives a burden to them.'

'They won't be prepared for you to-night, anyhow,' said Harry after a moment's silence. 'They think the poaching's stopped for good and all.'

'No ; we sha'n't have any real fun to-night. Don't know, though. That old rascal's ears are as sharp as a rabbit's. He'll be out, I bet you, and the squire too. And between you and me, uncle, they'll be rather warmly received.'

'You'll be hanged before you've done,' said Harry. 'The squire won't have forgotten you and your threats, you born idiot.'

'He owes me a life,' said Albert between his teeth. 'Ay, I told him so. Still, you mind, if anything happens, it'll be accident. I won't shoot him unless I'm obliged. You needn't trouble; there's no one to grieve for him. Since he's broke off with that young lady, I've no pity left.'

'Well,' said Harry, 'if any one had told me as my brother's son, as was to ha' been my own, would come and tell me about murdering a man in cold blood, I'd have said to his face he was a liar. Revenge for Annie, as lies here as still and peaceful as the very daisies, with her soul gone to the angels! You'll never see her again, you young fool, if that's what you expect.'

'Why, uncle, you might be the parson himself,' said Albert, laughing. 'Never you mind; I'll make it straight with Annie, if we do meet again.'

'Now, Albert, I'll have no more o' this nonsense,' said Harry in a sudden rage. 'You come along with me, and stop in my house till to-morrow morning. I'll have no such doings if I can hinder 'em.'

As he spoke he seized Albert by the collar. The young man struggled to free himself, but could not at once do so, for Harry was taller and stronger than he was. The little lantern was flung to the ground and broken: it went out, leaving them in darkness. Albert in wild passion struck his uncle in the face, and then, in the dark silence among the graves, close by the girl's grave whom they had both loved so much, the two men fought for several minutes. At last Albert gave Harry a blow which half stunned him, and knocked him down on the grass. Then he sprang away from him, seized his gun, and fled out of the churchyard.

When Harry, slowly recovering, got up and called him, he had been gone many minutes, and was far beyond recall. Harry picked up the remains of his lantern, and went home to his house, almost too confused at first to understand anything, or to know what he ought to do next.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WARNING.

'O Johnnie! for my blessing,
To the greenwood dinna gang!'
—*Johnnie of Braidislee.*

THERE was a small dinner party at Alding Place that night—Colonel Page, his nephew, and another man who had been shooting with Herbert, besides two ladies, an agreeable mother and daughter, who were staying in the house.

About nine o'clock, before dinner was over, the butler came quietly up to Herbert, and handed him a small folded piece of paper, crumpled, and not very clean. Herbert took it and laid it down beside him, not reading it at once, for he was deep in talk with Mrs. de Cressy. But his eyes wandered to it once or twice, and presently in a moment's pause he opened it.

'Do not go out to-night if you hear that there is rogues about. This is a friendly warning.'

Herbert looked round at the butler.

'Who brought this?' he asked, in a low voice.

'I can't say, sir. It was taken in at the back door. Some man with his head muffled up, they told me.'

'Send word to Slater that I shall want him at eleven.'

Margaret was looking at him anxiously from the other end of the table. Miss de Cressy, who thought him charming, was looking too, with curiosity and interest in her bright eyes.

Herbert himself gave no sign of being disturbed, but went on talking quietly to his neighbour about anything but the troubles of a squire.

Meanwhile, Harry Dane, having done his best, as he thought, to keep Mr. Ethelston out of danger, tramped away through the mud and darkness to the Rectory. The fog had thickened, and now that his lantern was broken, he had some difficulty in finding his way. He nearly tumbled into ditches once or twice, for he chose to make a short cut across the fields, trusting to his lifelong knowledge of all the ground about Alding, and anxious not to be late for his appointment. Mr. Landor had told him to come at nine o'clock that evening. He had been delayed, first by the necessity of thinking things over, then, by writing that note, which exercised him sorely, and then by loitering about Alding Place, in the vain hope of getting his note direct in the squire's own hands. At last, hearing the stable clock strike nine, he muffled his face up and went to the back door, rather alarming the young maid-servant who opened it, by his grim appearance, and the very gruff voice in which he told her to take that bit of paper to the squire, and look sharp about it.

It was not far from ten o'clock when he reached the Rectory, but Tom had not given him up. He and his mother were in the study, where a bright fire was burning; the whole house seemed a blaze of light to Harry's dazzled eyes, and he almost staggered into the room. Mrs. Landor was standing up when he came in, with her knitting in her hand, ready to go away. She stared at Harry in amazement as he stood there in the light; and Tom, seeing the look in her face, turned round and was startled too. Harry was generally so careful to be neat and spruce when he paid them these evening visits; he used to wear his velveteen coat, and do his best to brush the curl out of his hair. But to-night he had forgotten to make himself smart, and

was dressed in his rough working clothes, stained all over with mud from his various tumbles. His hair was in wild matted confusion, his face was red and swelled from that scuffle in the churchyard, his boots—such boots surely never entered a civilised house before. He looked stupid and staring, as if he could not see, and grumbled out, 'Good evening,' in the voice of a cross old dog.

Tom's first feeling was deep pain and sorrow; he thought Harry was done for at last. What but long hours at the public house could have brought a man into such a state as this!

Mrs. Landor, at her first glance, had thought the same, but she saw in a moment that she was mistaken, and knew by instinct that Harry had something terrible on his mind. For the poor fellow, as his sight and his senses came back to him, and as he met the eyes of his friends, dropped his eyes to his dress, to his black hands resting on the back of a chair, and his face flushed still deeper under the rough tanned skin.

'Well, I never!' he muttered to himself. 'I must be crazy, I think. I'll go right off home and clean myself.'

'No, no, you are quite late enough as it is,' said Mrs. Landor. 'What is the matter, Harry? Has anything happened to you?'

'No, ma'am,' said Harry, slowly; 'I ain't fit—' and he turned towards the door.

But Tom came forward and stopped him, with eager friendliness, for by this time he was come to his mother's opinion.

'Don't go, Harry. Sit down and talk, as you are here. Why didn't you come at nine? Were you kept late at work?'

Harry said 'No.' He felt miserable, and wished he had not come, for with Mr. and Mrs. Landor it seemed useless to pretend that nothing was wrong. Yet he did not want to tell his trouble, for he hoped that to-night, at least, there would be no more serious mischief than the death of a few pheasants, and to-morrow he promised himself to get hold of Albert and insist on his going away, either to join his ship, or to his father at Harwich. He felt unwilling that the lad should come to harm, badly as he had behaved. His thoughts were interrupted by Mrs. Landor's telling him again to sit down, and asking if the children were well.

'All right, thank you, ma'am,' said Harry. 'But I'd best go home.'

But they would not part with him so easily.

'Come, Harry,' said Tom, 'you are in some trouble, I can see. You had better tell me all about it.'

'Do you mind me?' said Mrs. Landor. 'If you do, I'll go away.'

'No,' Harry answered, looking up at her. 'Well, I know there'll be mischief to-night. I've tried to stop it, but I ain't easy in my mind, by no means.'

'Poaching mischief?' said Tom.

'Ay, sir.'

'Some of your people are concerned in it, then?'

'Yes, worse luck, they are.'

'What have you done to stop it?'

'Well, sir, next to nothing. I collared the leader, but he was too many for me, and got away. Then I wrote a bit of a note, and went up to the house, and sent it in to the squire. That was what made me late of coming here—and trying a short cut in the dark as well.'

Harry smiled grimly as he looked down again at his boots. His senses were coming back to him in the warm comfortable room, with the two kind and eager listeners.

'What did you say in your note? Tell us the whole story,' said Tom.

'I asked Mr. Ethelston if he'd please not go out to-night, because there's rogues abroad.'

'Why shouldn't he go out? Ah, I begin to see,' said Tom. 'This is Albert's affair, isn't it? He means to punish Mr. Ethelston for keeping Slater. You think Mr. Ethelston would not be safe among them? Am I right?'

'You know all about it, sir,' said Harry, staring.

'Of course I do. I have known it for months, and Mr. Ethelston knows it too. I was warned long ago to keep an eye on Albert—not by the squire, he has never mentioned it to me. But I thought 'Albert was at sea!'

'He's been ashore a week or so.'

'Well, Harry, this is a very serious business. Look here, old fellow. Do you know what will be the effect of that note of yours?'

'What, sir?'

'Mr. Ethelston will go out at once, and he and the keepers will be hunting all over the place for these fellows. In the dark and the confusion—who knows what may happen! With their notions of revenge too! Come along, Harry, we must be off at once.'

'Oh, Tom, stop a moment,' cried his mother. 'What good will you do by going? If you had a strong force of police now, to take these men up! Couldn't we send to Eastmarsh? Had not you better go yourself and fetch them? How can you two do any good at all?'

'There's no time to be running after the police, if Mr. Landor wants to see the fun,' said Harry, who was looking as much excited as the rector himself. 'They was to meet at Three-mile Corner at half-past ten, and that's close on the covers. We might meet 'em and turn 'em back. They wouldn't never go on in spite of him.'

Harry looked at Mrs. Landor, and nodded his head towards her son.

'You are wrong. They don't know him as you do,' said Mrs.

Landor. 'Tom, you are running yourself and Harry into needless danger.'

Tom hardly listened. He was in the hall, putting his coat on. Harry followed him out there. Bessie remained standing in the study; some terror had seized her, and Tom could hear it in her voice, when, after a moment, she called him back into the room. When he came to her she was pale and trembling; she drew him close to her, and laid her head against his shoulder, without speaking.

'You are afraid for me,' said Tom, in a low voice. 'There is no danger, dear. These fellows are thorough cowards, and even if we can't stop them at the outset, every extra man will be a help to the keepers. Besides, how can I sit here by the fire, while Herbert is in danger? He is, you know. That rascal Albert might shoot him from behind a tree.'

'Or you!'

'Me! Why should anybody shoot me?' said Tom, with a little laugh.

'Will you take your father's revolver? I can load it in a moment.'

'Certainly not. I don't want to kill any one. I'll take a stick,' said Tom; 'and now, good-night. Come, I thought soldiers' wives were brave.'

His mother kissed him silently, and let him go. Then she followed him into the hall, and lighted a lantern for him, and wished him and Harry good night in a cheerful voice at the door. Long after the faint dancing light had disappeared in the foggy darkness, she stood watching and listening in the porch. Then she went up to her own room, and opened a window that looked towards Alding Place, and sat down near it to wait for the sounds she expected.

(To be continued.)

PHILIP : A FAILURE

VIII.

GRANDFATHER.

As an outcome of this visit, she went early in the next week with her Aunt Ashe to see her grandfather. Oliver had said in his easy way that of course his mother should call for her and take her to the city; and Oliver had a way of settling matters that no one cared to dispute.

Aunt Burnside acquiesced with a little protest—

‘I would have taken you myself in an omnibus—an omnibus is good enough for *me*; but of course Harriet thinks there’s no way of getting through London except behind two horses of her own.’

‘It certainly is the pleasantest way,’ said Belle, who was waiting with her bonnet on. ‘There, I hear the sound of wheels; won’t you wish me success, Aunt Jane?’

‘Success!’ Mrs. Burnside repeated, slowly. ‘Well, my dear, if you should take father’s fancy, I won’t grudge it, I’m sure. Better you than Oliver Ashe, an idle, good-for-nothing young fellow, who openly reckons on the money coming to him, and treats us all as if he had it safe in the bank already. There’s many a slip between cup and lip, she added, with a shake of her head.

‘Oh, no rivalry,’ said Belle, lightly; ‘I want nothing of my grandfather that belongs to any one else, only that he should not quite hate me. I don’t mean to be at all afraid of him,’ she said, laying a gloved hand on her aunt’s shoulder, and turning a smiling face towards her as she wished her good-bye.

‘He was papa’s father, after all, and I’d like to like him a little,’ she said to herself as she ran down stairs.

Once seated in the carriage, and bowling along in easy luxuriance, her spirits rose perceptibly. She loved the pleasant things of this life, the ‘cushioned ease’ that softens all the angles and carries one through the world in drowsy forgetfulness of the hard and stony way which other feet have to tread. She was honest in telling herself that her heart craved for these things; and indeed of late her inward longing for a fuller life had spoken with an imperious voice. The sights she had seen, the sorrows she had for a moment shared, had shaken her out of her apathy, but they had wakened as yet only a deep desire to escape from them to some new standpoint where she should not feel their pressure. So it was that her aunt’s timid feeling of her ground found Belle well prepared, and ready to meet her half way.

'I thought you would like the carriage open, though it is a little fresh,' she said. 'Shall Tomkins get you another wrap, dear? No! You must tell me just what you like best, and what we shall do after seeing grandpapa. I am going to carry you home with me to dinner, when Oliver will be released, poor boy. He would have come with me this morning, but he had a little business of his own to attend to.'

'He seems to have a great deal of leisure,' said Belle, falling in easily with this scheme.

'Oh, Philip does the work,' said Mrs. Ashe indifferently. 'There really isn't more to do than he can accomplish; but Oliver is glad to be attentive to his grandfather, and it pleases him to see him there. Of course Philip has a salary.'

'And not Oliver?' Belle asked, with some curiosity.

'Oliver takes no salary,' his mother answered hastily. 'Sometimes grandpapa gives him a little present I believe, but he gets nothing regularly. I should not like it, and besides, he does not require it.'

'Philip does. I hope he is well paid.'

'Oh, I don't know, I'm sure. I never question your aunt about these things. They live pretty comfortably, don't they, for people in their position? Of course I know it is not what you have been used to, and that is why I am anxious you should come and stay with me for a little. Everybody will be leaving London presently, and you must come with us to the seaside.'

'If it might be,' said Belle, with a sigh, 'but my grandfather has the ordering of my life, and he might object.'

'I think he will not. Will you tell me, dear? Forgive me for asking, but are you quite dependent on him?'

Belle opened her eyes softly.

'Oh, no; papa left me some money, not very much, but enough to live on, I suppose. There is no obligation, except that it was his wish I should be left in my grandfather's care.'

'Then I am sure it can be arranged,' said Mrs. Ashe, hopefully; 'we must get Philip to persuade him. The young man has some influence over my father, it seems, and we must turn it to account.'

'I'd rather ask him myself,' said Belle, feeling an unaccountable dislike to this proposal. 'Please say nothing to Philip about it.'

'Very well.' Mrs. Ashe promised reluctantly. 'But I think it would have been best. It is sometimes difficult to understand my father's little ways.'

One of these little ways presently received an illustration. As the carriage turned into a narrow, dingy courtyard, in the heart of the city, and drew up at the door of the small office, Philip came out to them to say that Mr. Barbour would see Belle—alone. The message—greatly softened in its passage—had been that he entirely declined to see Mrs. Ashe.

Belle stepped out lightly, and followed Philip.

'I am not afraid of him,' she said, lifting her head proudly. 'Is this your room, Philip, and your desk? Does Oliver condescend to sit on that other high stool?' She looked about the narrow room curiously. 'You want the window open, instead of a fire, and some flowers. Why don't you have some flowers?'

'Very unbusinesslike,' said Philip, laughing.

The door of the counting-house where old Mr. Barbour sat was left open, that he might the better keep a watchful eye on the young men; and Belle, turning suddenly, saw an erect figure seated within.

She looked at Philip, and saying, 'I wish to go alone,' she crossed the threshold, and closed the door gently behind her. She went up to the old man very softly. There was a look about the thin figure, the sloping shoulders and grey head, that stirred tremulous memories. Her father had been a scholar, and had aged long before his time. He looked at her with a close, examining gaze; the eyes under the bushy grey brows were keen and piercing yet.

'So you are my boy David's girl?' he said at last.

'I am Belle,' she said, simply. 'Grandfather, won't you say you are glad to see me?'

'Bah!' said the old man; 'empty forms. How can I tell whether I'm glad to see you, till I know something about you. Very likely now, you're like all the rest, wishing me in my grave that you may spend my money on ribbons and gewgaws. Ah, you are all the same, all the same.'

'I wish nothing of you,' she answered, with an upward movement of her head, 'but a little kindness. Your money is nothing to me, but for papa's sake, for I suppose you cared a little for him, when he was a boy at least, I thought you might be glad to see me.'

The tears rushed unbidden to her eyes, as the thought of that lost father struck her like a sudden desolation.

'There—don't cry,' said the old man, testily; 'I can't bear crying women. What is it you want, a new gown? He began to fumble for his purse.

Belle laid her hand on his, unable to check a smile, though her eyes were wet.

'I have far more dresses than I can wear. Do you think that is all that a woman needs in the world, grandpapa? Please put away your purse. Since you insist on my being a beggar, I will ask one thing of you.'

'I knew it would come,' he muttered dryly, to himself; 'it always does. But they'll have to wait a while. I'll teach them a fine lesson in patience. I'm under eighty yet, and stronger than the youngest of them. Come, then, out with it. What is it that you want?' he said aloud.

'I want to go with my Aunt Ashe to the seaside,' she said, with simple directness.

'So you are tired already of Jane Burnside,' he said, with a chuckle, 'and you want to try Harriet Ashe instead. Harriet's a flighty fool, but I thought Jane had a grain of sense. What has she done to you?'

'Nothing,' said Belle, with a touch of coldness; 'except shown me great kindness.'

'Then why do you wish to leave her?'

'I don't know,' she answered doubtfully; 'I think I can hardly tell you, grandpapa.'

'Is it on Philip's account?' he asked, with sharp suspicion.

'No,' said Belle, surprised. 'Why should I want to go away because of Philip? He is like a brother to me. No brother could be kinder or more thoughtful.'

'And Oliver Ashe—is he like a brother too?'

'He is my cousin,' she answered, as if that explained everything. 'Grandfather, I can't tell you why I want to go away, except that I have been in great trouble lately, and—I want to forget it for a little if I can.'

She longed, she hardly knew why, to draw some word of sympathy from him. Was not her loss his too? She could not understand his coldness, forgetting or unknowing that age blunts the edge of pain. As she looked at him, and saw again that shadowy, fleeting likeness, she felt a great wave of compassion go out towards this solitary, unloving old man.

'Oh, grandpapa,' she said, laying her hand on his, 'don't you understand? You loved him too.'

'My boy David,' he muttered, 'he was the best of them all, and he's taken and I'm left. There, girl,' he turned to her sharply as if ashamed of his emotion, 'do what you like, take your own way; and if any of them thwart you, come to me, and I'll settle with them. Not one of them all could hold a candle to my boy David.'

'No one will be anything but kind to me, grandfather,' she said gratefully, 'and I may come again to see you very soon, may I not?'

She hardly waited for his grudging assent; all her gentler feelings were awakened as she remembered the tie that linked them in one common sorrow.

'Yes, I am going now,' she said with a smile as he moved impatiently in his chair. 'Next time I will come when business hours are over. Good-bye; I am glad you loved papa,' she said softly, stooping down and kissing the old hand that lay on the desk.

'Have you arranged it, Belle? How did you get on? I saw my father watching you from the window; I think he must have been pleased,' said Mrs. Ashe eagerly, as the carriage rolled out of the yard.

'He is not what they called him,' said Belle earnestly; 'he is

better than he seems. He only wants a little warmth and love in his life; we all need that, I think, to make us good.'

'There is plenty in store for you,' her aunt answered, smiling; but Belle was looking down the long street with eyes that saw only one green corner of earth in the far south, and she did not hear. 'You must have thought it strange I did not go with you to my father's room,' Mrs. Ashe said after a pause, feeling that some explanation of the family ways was due to Belle.

But Belle was ready to think nothing strange—when all was so difficult to understand—about her new relations, and she answered quietly—

'Aunt Burnside told me she hardly ever saw him either. I think it is a pity.'

'You must not think I stay away for the same reason as your Aunt Jane,' said Mrs. Ashe with gentle eagerness. 'I should think it quite indelicate to push myself in against his expressed wish. So long as he is kind to Oliver, I am content to be overlooked. It is so many years since I left home; indeed I was quite a child when I married, for though I was the youngest, I was the first to go,' she blushed faintly with conscious merit, 'and my father can never forget that Oliver was his first grandchild. You come next, Belle, but then your father so rarely came to England, and indeed we never saw your mother.'

'I have no memory of mamma, and papa never spoke of her. And where does Philip come in?'

'You forget Philip is no relation at all,' Mrs. Ashe spoke in a tone of slight reproof, 'though I don't wonder at your mistake. Jane brings him so much forward, just as if he were one of the family. I must say I think she might keep him more in the background, after marrying so much beneath her.'

'I know all about that. Philip told me himself. His father was a shopkeeper—no, a carpenter, I think it was. He counts it no disgrace; indeed he seems to take a pride in it.'

'People pique themselves on the strangest things,' said Mrs. Ashe with an air of wisdom; 'but of course we can't be expected to enter into his views. Now, dear, where shall we go? It is far too early for the Park. Will you come and help me to do a little shopping?'

Belle assented readily. She had not been able to throw aside the problem that Philip's thoughts and his chosen way of life offered her with the easy indifference of her aunt, but for a little she was glad to banish all the new perplexities that assailed her, and to take the full pleasure of the hour.

The shopping, where her correct taste had room to display itself, the drive afterwards, and the little dinner at which Oliver presided, treating her with a charming mixture of cousinly familiarity and chivalrous respect; how she enjoyed them all after the privation of

the past weeks ! She felt at ease among all the appliances that wealth had gathered in her aunt's home ; her heart seemed to expand, and for the first time, since the deep shadow of loss had fallen on her life, she found herself chatting gaily, and making lively rejoinders to Oliver's sallies.

He insisted on driving home with her, and pleaded eloquently that she should at once fix the time of her return to his mother's house : but Belle would not do that.

'I can't be so ungrateful as to run away at once,' she said ; 'you must learn patience, Cousin Oliver.'

'But I don't like having to wait for anything I have set my heart on ; I'm a spoilt boy, no one ever says No to me.'

'Then it is quite time some one should,' she answered lightly, running up the steps and leaving him.

She went at once to her own sitting-room, and stood by the open window looking out thoughtfully. The life here seemed sadly narrow after that she had been sharing ; she felt it would require an effort to take up the burden of the days that Aunt Burnside's company made so prosaic. Yet she did not wish to be ungrateful. Was it this that made her unwilling to fix the time of turning her back on it, or was it that, in spite of its negations, the life that Philip willed to live had something high in it from which she could not so lightly sever herself ?

At that moment, Philip knocked at her door.

'Come in,' she said gaily, 'do you want to hear about my frivolous day ? Oh, it has been one of triumph !'

'You have made a conquest of your grandfather at any rate,' said Philip, smiling. 'He bade me give you this, to get a new dress with.'

He held out a cheque to her. Belle looked at the amount with uplifted brows. It was for 50*l*.

'What extravagant ideas my grandfather has of a woman's vanity,' she said. 'I don't want this money ; I have enough for all my wants. You take it, Philip.'

She threw the paper carelessly across the table to him. Philip folded it and handed it back.

'You know I can't take it,' he said, gravely.

'I did not mean for yourself,' she blushed hotly over cheek and brow, 'I meant for some of your poor people. I thought money was always the great thing that was wanted.'

'Money is the easiest sort of help one can give, but it is a long way from being the best. I don't think it would do you much good if I spent this for you.'

'I didn't intend it to do me good,' she smiled at him. 'I suppose you mean that I ought to do my own charities ? Well, I can send it to that wretched family you took me to see. I meant to do

something for them before,' she said remorsefully; 'but—I forgot.'

'The baby is dead,' said Philip, quietly, 'and if you would save the father and mother from something worse than death, you will not send them any part of this money.'

She looked up startled.

'Dead? and I have been so happy to-day. Poor little baby!'

While she spoke there came in at the open window a sound of voices in loud and angry dispute. Philip went to it and looked down on the lane beneath. He turned to Belle, and she was surprised at the expression of keen and silent disappointment that shadowed his face.

'Will you come here a moment?' he asked gently.

She went to his side and glanced down. A man and a woman—so degraded as to bear about them scarcely any trace of manhood and womanhood—were reeling together down the street, their voices loud with drunken anger and mutual recrimination. Behind them, holding some tattered rags about her, bare-headed and with matted hair, came a child, stirring the light summer dust carelessly with her naked feet, too sorrowfully used to the sad spectacle her parents offered to show the slightest wonder or interest in their sad progress.

While Belle looked down shudderingly, a bird alighted on one of the trees that flung its green shade over the high wall opposite, and began to sing. The child looked up sharply, and then stooped with savage glee to pick up a stone. In that old, keen face, Belle recognised the girl whom Philip had sent, on the night of their visit to Williams, to fetch bread for her brothers and sisters. She drew back with a shiver.

'You will give them up,' she said; 'they are not human; such lives are not worth saving.'

Philip did not answer her. Two days before he had, with much trouble to himself, persuaded Williams's master to give him the one more chance that was to be his salvation, and here was his reward. It was a keen disappointment, and for a moment her words found an echo in his heart, but only for a moment; the next his face wore its old brightness. He had faith in God and in man, and so he could be patient.

'Give them up? Not yet,' he said cheerfully; 'but you see now why I can't give them your money.'

'Philip,' she said with a little smiling frown, 'I wonder how it is that you always make me feel in the wrong! Come, we must go down stairs; your mother will wonder what has become of us.'

Oliver's handsome face rose before her as she spoke. In his company she felt at ease and thoroughly satisfied with herself. Which was the worthier mood

IX.

BY-PATH MEADOW.

THE weeks passed and Belle still made one of the household at Westminster. Hot July had come, and everybody, except those to whom the seasons bring no hope of change, was leaving town, escaping to the seaside or the hills. There was nothing to wait for except the choice of a place, and on that point Mrs. Ashe was tardy in deciding; the scale dipping now on the side of a fashionable watering-place, now in favour of an old-fashioned country house in Scotland where Oliver might join his mother and cousin in the autumn.

Belle, invited to pass judgment, gave in her adhesion to the quieter place. To be lonely in the middle of a crowd is surely the worst form of solitude, whereas of the silence of hills and moors she could never grow weary. There was a restful peace in the very thought of the tranquil, still country, that was inexpressibly soothing. She was impatient of her aunt's delays and elderly hesitations; the desire to escape from her present life was growing imperious. Once away from it, she told herself that she would judge of it more calmly, would understand many things that were an enigma to her; would come back strong to bear much against which she now secretly rebelled.

For that she was coming back she always told herself—when difficult things should grow easy, life be made happy in some undefined way, and dissatisfaction die. So she dreamed as others dream, reaping her harvest before she had sowed a single seed.

Philip, told of the new scheme, said nothing at all except what he had always said, that she must judge for herself. Belle never knew what battles he fought for her, what victories he won in the hours she spent alone in her room, or at what a price of unfailing gentleness and patience on his part her aunt's complaisance was bought. But in spite of herself she was growing; her standard was being raised; the silent influence of a well-spent life was making itself felt.

She found herself listening to Philip's schemes with a deepening interest, even to her own surprise offering to help him. Some of his earnest efforts were directed to the improvement of the 'hands' employed in a large factory on the river's bank of whom Marty Barnet was one. The entire freedom of the life has its dire temptations, as he well knew; in its very independence lies its chief source of danger. Set adrift early in the evening without—in many cases—the safeguard of home ties, what wonder that these young people should find their way to the low music-halls and dancing saloons—who can blame them that they indulge their natural, God-given desire for cheerful society, for brightness and laughter?

'Is it nothing to us that they should be left to find these in places where our very thoughts refuse to follow them?' Philip would plead:

‘they are most of them quite young girls, and some of them come from the country where they have mothers and sisters.’

‘What can one do?’ said Belle, looking up, perplexed. ‘There are so many of them.’

She was beginning uneasily to understand that these things belonged to her womanhood; that she could not shut her ears to the cry of her sisters’ need.

‘I’d like to teach them to read good literature, and sew, and cook, and sing,’ said Philip energetically. ‘The School Board will do that for the younger ones, but these are beyond its reach. You saw Marty Barnett—it is out of rough material like that one would have to work; Marty is civilised compared to many of the untaught savages I could show you, and there is no one to care for them, poor little women. They are treated as if they were only machines, to do so many hours of work daily; that accomplished, they may make what wreck of their lives they choose. Of course this is not the case everywhere—it is the exception, I am glad to say; but I speak only of what I know.’

‘I might teach them to sew,’ said Belle, ‘only I am going away, you know. When I come back, perhaps——’ she hesitated, her colour rising, for she saw that he was not listening. He was looking absently out in front of him; her half unwilling proposal had not reached his ears. He was facing the difficulty as was his way, determined to find a solution for it.

‘We must save Marty—for Alice’s sake,’ he said at last, half to himself. Then he turned to her with his bright smile—

‘You see the fine, big schemes turn out for the most part air castles, blown down with a breath, but the old sure way is to begin with a single stone on the solid earth. I want to get hold of all these poor children, and I’ll begin with Marty.’

‘What will you do for her?’ said Belle, with some curiosity.

‘Catch her first,’ he laughed, ‘and then tame her if I can. Marty is getting beyond Alice’s influence, and something must be done for her. I have an idea of getting up a little class—there are one or two who would join, I think—and we might begin with some simple, popular subject, and illustrate it with pictures or experiments. I wonder if I could get up enough chemistry to make a little lecture on health, for instance, or food. They know no more how to take care of their bodies than they do of their souls, poor children.’

‘You think they would listen to a lecture like that?’

‘One could but try. There is no use in being blind to the fact that one has dangerous rivals. The very brilliance and warmth of the public halls is against us.’

‘If you require a room, here is one,’ she said simply.

‘Your pretty room!’ he looked round him slowly at the flowers, the pictures, all the dainty appliances she had gathered about her,

and then he thought of those others—women too—whom he hoped to befriend.

‘It would be desecration,’ he said involuntarily.

‘You said it was mine to do what I chose with,’ she turned to him, moved to sudden generosity; ‘let me give it to you for these poor girls. You said they ought to share our pretty things; let them have mine. I am going away. I do not want it; you would not take the money—let me do something to help.’

It was not much, truly, the giving to others what she no longer needed for herself, but to look at Philip’s bright face you would have thought she had done something very noble. Who so quick as he to discern a generous impulse in another; he who never dreamed that he inspired it?

‘I’ll get hold of them now,’ he said, tossing back his head with a characteristic movement. ‘They will come out of curiosity to begin with; the great thing is to get a beginning.’

‘What is all this you are plotting?’ said Mrs. Burnside, coming in heavy-footed, a combative look on her good-natured face. ‘I warn you, Philip, I won’t stand any more nonsense. You have turned the house upside down already with your classes for this and classes for that. You might as well make me the matron of a Reformatory at once. I’m ashamed to look the neighbours in the face.’

‘It is I who am the culprit this time, auntie,’ said Belle, looking up with a smile. ‘Philip has been telling me that I am very selfish—you know you have, Philip—and I want him to make use of my room while I am gone—to give some pleasure to others. You will have one or two girls instead of me, that is all, and they won’t be half the plague to you that I have been.’

‘Now Philip,’ Mrs. Burnside began,—but he went up to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

‘I want your help, mother,’ he said, pleadingly. ‘Indeed I can’t get on without it; we’ll talk it over by and by.’

‘Philip,’ she began again, ‘if you think to get round me that way you are much mistaken, and teaching Belle to be just the same, as if one of you wasn’t enough to try the patience of Job himself.’

‘No, auntie,’ Belle sprang up, the ready tears rising to her dark eyes, ‘I am not like Philip. I am a coward. I dare not help him myself, but you will help him. Please say you will help him.’

‘You are going to your Aunt Ashe and her fine friends. I don’t think it need concern you what I do or don’t do,’ said Mrs. Burnside with cold jealousy. ‘And though its little enough I think of him, Oliver Ashe knows better what is due to his mother than to fill her house with the refuse of the streets; I will say that for him,’ she added, leaving the room with an offended air.

Belle shrank back and covered her face. It was true that she herself was turning her back on opportunity, and courting ease and

pleasure. Who was she that she should preach self-denial to another?

Philip, guessing something perhaps of the hot shame within her, said lightly after a little pause—

‘I haven’t thanked you yet. I will use the room if mother consents. I could not have hoped for anything half so pretty.’

‘Don’t make me more ashamed,’ she said, dropping her hands. ‘Please go now to your mother. I know she is waiting for you.’

She was ashamed, but all the same she packed her trunks that night, half scorning herself the while. She was under no illusion; the way that Philip chose was too hard for her feet to follow; she could admire, but she could not imitate.

There was but one day left before that on which she was to join the Ashes. She began it by being reconciled to her aunt. Hers was, after all, a loving nature that shrank in dread of coldness or dispeace; of those little estrangements in family life that widen imperceptibly into impassable breaches. Her aunt took her penitent kiss with good-natured readiness; as usual Philip had borne the brunt of her displeasure, and her anger was all spent.

‘I’m quick, but no one ever said of me that I bore a grudge,’ she said, complacently; ‘and I’m sure, my dear, if it makes you happier to live with your Aunt Ashe, you are very welcome. There’s no accounting for tastes in this world, and I’m not the one to deny that everybody has a right to choose. My door won’t be shut against you when you care to come back.’

‘I am coming home in the autumn—for this is home, Aunt Burnside,’ Belle said, eagerly, without a doubt of herself.

‘Well, my dear, time will show; but Harriet isn’t the woman I take her for if she doesn’t put different notions in your head. There was always a lightness about Harriet, and she never took to any but showy people. You will find our ways much too plain after hers, or I’m much mistaken.’

Belle lifted her head proudly, but she left the room silently. Why did they all think her so frivolous—so incapable of a sympathetic sharing of their lives? Even Philip, who had nothing but good thoughts about any one, had not dreamed of asking her to share his chosen work. He had seemed to think it only natural that she should go and enjoy herself, leaving the burden to him. She was mortified and shaken in her contentment about herself. The tears rose unbidden as she leaned out of her window. She was glad to be going away, she told herself, where no one would expect anything of her but what she could easily give, where duty and pleasure would go hand in hand.

The day had been hot and sultry, and she felt languid and out of spirits. The sun was dipping westwards now; she saw its reflected glow on the opposite trees. All at once she determined to go out.

She would go and see Alice. Philip had said that Alice would help her; she would show him and her aunt that she was not altogether the proud, vain girl they took her for.

She dressed hastily, and ran down stairs softly to avoid her aunt's questions. She had a quick eye, and instinctively took the right turns. As she reached the thoroughfare near the river, the gates of a large building were suddenly opened, and a great wave of men and women swept boisterously into the street. They were the 'hands' from a Farmer's Works released for the night.

She stepped hastily into the middle of the road as the rough crowd passed her. She had no time to single Marty out from among the bold-faced, loud-voiced girls, exchanging coarse jests with their male companions, laughing and chattering at the pitch of their unrestrained voices. She hurried on with cheeks that flamed under the glances and the comments that were freely passed on her dress and appearance; it was for such as these that she had given up her best-prized treasures—these bold, unabashed girls would stare with their prying, irreverent eyes at the things that were sacred to her because they belonged to her happy past. She wondered with a shuddering disgust how Philip could stoop to befriend them.

The crowd soon dispersed, the girls hurrying to their poor lodgings, soon to reappear, their working dress exchanged for such tawdry finery as they possessed. Those who followed the way Belle took were soon lost among the crowd. She half repented of her resolution, but she did not turn back, and she soon reached the house in the narrow lane which she remembered well. The door stood half open, and she entered without announcing herself. She knocked at the parlour door on the right of the little passage, and receiving no answer, turned the handle softly. A little boy, who was lying on the rug with an open book before him, started up. It was Jim, the small School-Board scholar and runner of errands.

'I have come to see Alice.' Belle advanced with a smile. 'Is she not in?'

'She's with old Peters up stairs,' the boy answered, unwillingly, returning to the rug and his book.

'I will wait till she comes down. What are you reading?' she asked, standing and looking down on him.

He handed her the book. It was a greasy but strongly-bound copy of *Robinson Crusoe*; she guessed before turning to the fly-leaf that it came from Philip's upper shelf. The boy watched her uneasily, longing to escape, yet afraid to trust his treasure to her hands.

Just then a hasty step was heard outside, and Marty bounced in. She was tricked out in that melancholy caricature of the latest fashion that might make the most inveterate worshipper of dress in love with simplicity. At another time Belle might have smiled, but Marty's bold bearing and flaunted finery only awoke her dislike.

'What's come o' the tea?' said Marty sharply to the child, only noticing Belle's presence by a cool nod and stare. 'You might ha' seen to it—you that's got nothing to do.'

'I like that!' said the boy, with sulky indignation. 'As if it ain't your turn to get it; and there ain't no hurry; besides, Davie's not come home.'

'I'm in a hurry,' said Marty, grandly, flouncing across the room, and taking the cups with an unnecessary rattle from a cupboard. 'Davie ain't the only one to be considered in this house, whatever he may think, and so I tell you.'

She set the loaf and a plate, with a large unsightly lump of butter on it, down with a thump on the bare table.

'If it's to meet Dan Smith you're in such a hurry, you'd better look out. If Davie catches you keeping company with him, you'll see what you'll get. I see him a whispering at the door with you, I did,' said the boy, angrily, with some idea of defending his absent brother's rights.

'You hold your tongue, and mind your own business,' said Marty, only restrained by Belle's presence from a different retort.

Belle rose with a strong desire to escape.

'I will come and see Alice another day,' she began.

'You'll find her up stairs with old Peters if you want *her*,' said Marty, with a toss and a giggle. 'How was I to know you wanted Alice? I thought it was Davie you came to see.'

Belle rose and left the room, but at the foot of the stairs she paused. She had come to see Alice—it would be cowardly to turn back. She climbed the long stair slowly till she reached the garret where David Barnet worked and dreamed. The door of the neighbouring room stood slightly open, and she heard the sound of a voice reading slowly in a broad accent. The words that fell on her ears with clear distinctness were these—

'Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels: so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Wherefore as still they went on they wished for a better way. Now a little before them there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let's go over it." Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. "It is according to my wish," said Christian; "here is easiest going. Come, good Hopeful, come, let us go over."'

Belle stood still, arrested by the sound of the labouring voice that seemed to give its fullest meaning to each word. She had forgotten her errand, and was waiting curiously to hear more, when Alice's voice interrupted the reader.

'There is some one waiting outside,' she said; 'I heard the step.'

'It is I, Alice.' Belle pushed open the door softly. 'May I come in?'

It was, as she thought, the old man she had seen before who was the reader. He paused, one finger marking the place, and looked up. The blind girl sat on a low stool at his feet, her fingers busy with some knitting. The room was poorly, even meanly furnished; it was littered with shavings, some wood lay stacked in one corner, in another a bundle of long, gilded slips caught the light; on the smouldering handful of fire a pot of glue was simmering. The old man earned a scanty living by making cheap picture frames.

Yet, poor as were the surroundings, the faces of the two who sat by the narrow window were full of an enviable peace. They had forgotten for a little the labour and the sorrow of life, for had they not been journeying with Christian and Hopeful by that pleasant river of God that flows through a meadow 'curiously beautified with lilies, and green all the year long,' Doubting Castle and Giant Despair as yet undreamed of?

'Oh, I am so glad, I hoped you would come again,' said Alice, rising and going fearlessly forward to meet her. 'It is the lady, Mr. Peters, the dear lady I told you of, who is Philip's friend.'

'You are kindly welcome,' he said, rising and placing a chair for her.

'Mr. Peters has been reading to me.' Alice turned to Belle with her gentle smile. 'He is my kind master; I come here to school to him; it is the best hour of all the day to me.'

'She's a good lass,' said the old man roughly, deprecating this praise, 'and worth a bit o' trouble.'

He put a shaving between the leaves to mark his place, and shut the book, taking off his spectacles and wiping them. He clearly looked on the visit as an interruption to be borne with patience.

'Please don't stop for me,' said Belle, noticing his action. 'I heard what you read, and I should like to hear more. It was out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was it not? I have not seen the book since I was a child.'

'Then I don't give much for you,' said Peters, unconsciously paraphrasing Dr. Johnson's remark to Bishop Percy's flippant daughter. 'With the Bible and Bunyan and Shakspeare, a man has as much furniture as one head can hold, I reckon. I don't hold with your modern stuff, not I; cheap and nasty, I call it.'

'I can learn; it is not too late,' said Belle, in nowise offended by this blunt rejoinder; 'I have found out since I came here—to London—that there is a great deal I don't know.'

'Ah, but she has seen so much, and knows so many things that we never heard of. All the great pictures that you tell me about, dear master, and that Davie is to see for himself some day, and places that must be nearly as beautiful as the Land of Beulah, I think.'

'Davie had better stick to the shop,' said the old man, gruffly, glancing at Belle; 'it's a poor trade making picters. I've framed many a one in my day—with good gold too, to set it off; none of your German rubbish; and I never see the one yet that was worth all the hopes—ay, and the prayers and tears, that was painted into it. Folks will buy stuff to put on their backs or in their insides, fast enough; but you come to the market with what they don't want and can do without, and you'll find it's a very different story. You may cry up your wares till you're hoarse; there isn't a one will so much as turn his head to look at you.'

'But many people earn their living by painting pictures,' said Belle. 'It is a recognised profession; and don't you think that where the gift has been given, it cannot be restrained?'

'Gift!' said the old man, contemptuously. 'What I say is this—them that encourages the lad to turn his back on a honest trade is doing him no good turn, and is robbing the orphan child of his daily bread. I've seen what comes of settin' one's hopes on picters.' He shook his head at the remembrance.

'But not Davie—not our Davie; you told me yourself that his picture was beautiful,' said Alice, wistfully, looking at him appealingly.

'I've seen many a worse,' he said, relenting under that look, 'and I won't say the lad hasn't got the knack of the thing; but what I says I'll always say. Let him stick to the grocery business; folks must eat.'

'He talks like that to tease me,' Alice turned gaily to Belle, 'and to keep me from being too proud of my Davie. It is his way to talk like that, but he is going to make the most beautiful frame for the picture, and to take it himself to the place where people go to see such things. Oh, you must not believe the half that he says; come and see it for yourself.'

She drew Belle into the adjoining garret, unlocking the door with a key which she took from her pocket. She moved fearlessly about the little room, turning the easel to the light, and so deftly ranging matters to show the picture off to the best advantage, that Belle almost refused to believe that the beautiful eyes were darkened. The sketch, for it was little more as yet, was that of a young girl standing on a river's brink. The water had but touched her bare feet, rippling and eddying about them, but beyond it flowed broad and swift and dark. The face was lighted up, and the eyes had a far-off look, as if they were fixed on some unpainted distance that was very fair to see.

'It is *Much Afraid*,' said Alice, clasping her hands; and Belle knew whence the artist had drawn his inspiration.

'You remember how timid she was, and how desponding and how fearful it made her to think that she must cross the wide flood with never

a bridge to make it easy. But now, you see, she has forgotten all that, and they say that she went across the river singing, though no one could tell what the words were. Perhaps it was the New Song we shall all learn one day. They tell me she is like me.'

'She is very like you, Alice, and she does not look afraid.'

'No,' said Alice, simply, 'why should she? It is Home that lies there on the other side.'

Belle forgot to admire or to criticise the picture, and thus, perhaps, gave it highest praise. It was crude and all unskilled, but she was thinking only of what it suggested to her. She had been resting for a little moment within sight of the Delectable Mountains, and she turned with a sigh to the common world—the world of sordid, vulgar interests, that awaited Alice below, and yet that seemed in nowise to disturb her gentle serenity.

'Alice, will you give me a cup of tea before I go home?' she asked, as she took the blind girl's hand to lead her down the long stair.

'I will, indeed,' said Alice, smiling gratefully. 'I know that our ways are not like yours, but it makes me very proud that you will do us this honour.'

Surely it was a small thing to do to bring so glad a light to the girl's gentle face; but Belle doubted a little of the wisdom of her offer when she noticed the dark contraction of David Barnet's brow, and the low-bred, ill-concealed titter with which Marty met all her remarks.

There was a large family of boys and girls gathered round the table in the small, shabby parlour; there had been loud voices and angry wrangling that were hushed at once when Alice's soft step was heard. Alice carried gentle peace with her wherever she went, and not one even of that rough company would willingly have wounded her. In her blindness seeing nothing of the angry, spiteful looks that were freely enough exchanged though tongues were restrained in her presence, she interpreted everything with a large lovingness that thought no evil. Like Philip, she made men noble because she believed them so. Belle understood their friendship now. Here, in a life surrounded by conditions of the roughest and coarsest, there grew the sweetest charities, tenderest tolerance, faithfulest forbearance. If these things struck her with surprise they surely filled her with envy too, and the envy that teaches one to aspire is no evil thing.

But David Barnet was not blind: he was indeed keenly alive, with an artist's sensitiveness, to the ugliness and bareness of his home, and it annoyed him that Belle should see it. He probably exaggerated its effect upon her. In her new magnanimity she failed to notice the cracked and disfigured china, the coarse slices of bread and butter that the young Barnets were devouring with healthy appetites; she even tolerated Marty's company, and tried to be at ease under the many

pairs of round young eyes that were open to her every movement. David's ill-concealed annoyance cost her only a smile.

'You have not come again to see my pictures,' she said, turning to him. 'I have been looking at yours.'

David looked at Alice with a darker flush on his cheek, and she, as if able to read his glance, said, reassuringly—

'Miss Barbour likes it, Davie.'

'Yes,' said Belle, afraid to praise too much, 'I think it is wonderful ; it is a great thing to have such a gift. I have some engravings that I think might help you ; one from a favourite picture in a Roman church is not unlike yours in conception. Will you care to look over them ? I am going from home ; they are at your disposal.'

'Thank you,' said David, ungraciously ; 'but it would be no use to send them here. I can't keep hold of the trifles I've got, much less look after other people's property.'

'Then you must come and study them in my house. Philip is going to use my room while I am gone.' She turned to Alice : 'He wants to get up some little entertainments for the factory girls. Do you think you could persuade Marty to go to them ?'

'Don't you take any trouble with Marty, Miss Barbour,' said David decidedly, 'she ain't worth it ; and if it were not for Alice there I'd have turned her to the door long since. She's a bad girl—a disgrace to us all, that's what she is. I'll do it yet, if she doesn't behave better.'

Marty, sheltering herself from reproof behind Belle's presence, had hastily disappeared some time before, and the younger members of the family listened open-mouthed to this threat.

'Dear Davie, she will be good,' said Alice, a shadow crossing her happy face.

'Don't say that,' Belle turned to him earnestly. 'It isn't I who am interesting myself in her. I am going away, as I told you. It is Philip. You know him, he is your friend. I think that anybody he cares about must grow better.'

'Yes, yes,' said Alice, eagerly, 'he is our best friend ; he will help Marty too. She will go ; she would do anything for Philip.'

David was moodily silent, but at his sister's entreaties he promised to use his influence with Marty, and with this assurance Belle went away.

It was yet early and quite light, and she declined the young man's awkward offer to accompany her. She passed through the streets unmolested, and reached home before her aunt had time to grow anxious on her account.

'Am I too late ?' she asked, showing a bright face at the parlour door. 'Has Philip come home, and is he very impatient ?'

'He is not in yet ; he is off after that useless creature Williams. like enough. I'm sure I might as well be a single woman, without

either son or niece, for all the good I get of their company. Where have you been, if I may ask ?

'I've been in the chamber called Peace, I think,' said Belle, with a mischievous smile, 'but I have turned my back on it, and I am going to try how I like Vanity Fair. Did By-path Meadows lead to it, auntie, do you know ? It was "easy going," at any rate.'

'Dear, dear, that foolish talk pleases you young people,' said Mrs. Burnside, reprovingly. 'Go and take off your hat, my dear, and come to tea. I suppose it is the thought of your trip to-morrow that has put you in such fine spirits, but I don't hold with that light way of speaking, myself. You will see Vanity Fair, sure enough, in your Aunt Ashe's company ; if I could make equally sure of your giving them Christian's answer when they offer you their wares there would be some comfort in sending you.

She spoke without petulance and with something of commiseration that touched Belle.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CC.

1618—1617.

THE ADDLED PARLIAMENT AND THE LAST STATES GENERAL.

THERE was a certain similarity in the original constitutions of all the chief European countries. All contained the same classes—the king and the nobility, who were of the conquering Teutonic line; the burghers, who were the more intelligent remnant of the subjugated races dwelling in cities; the peasantry or serfs attached to the soil, and the clergy, who might be taken from all these classes, and whose influence pervaded the whole.

The nobility had begun by being almost the equals and always the rivals of the king, and there had been a popular assembly, known in England as Witenagemot, in France as States General, in Germany as Reichstag or Diet, in Spain as Cortes, in Scandinavia as Thing, where all freemen had a right to confer with the king and his office bearers, and which was generally held in the open air.

A *Parlement* or consultation in France meant the meeting of the chief of a province with his principal vassals, clergy, and burghers, to do justice in great causes, and to obtain money for the needful expenses.

The word was applied in England to what had once been the Witenagemot, when Simon de Montfort obtained its renewal; and it included not merely the nobles, but the knights of the shire representing each county, and the burgesses representing each borough and city. In the reign of Edward I. was established the great rule that taxes must only be imposed with the consent of all the orders of the State. Moreover, custom and unwritten law reduced younger sons of nobles to the level of the commonalty, and they, as well as the actual peer, the head of the family, were subject to taxation. The clergy in convocation taxed themselves.

In France parliaments remained the provincial courts they had previously been. That of Paris was, of course, the King's Court of Justice, and the members were the immediate vassals of the Crown, but as they were unwilling and incompetent to deal with the administration of justice, St. Louis added lawyers to it, as magistrates who sat there in right of the royal appointment. Each great old province had its parliament, of nobles, clergy, and magistrates, and edicts became law on being registered in each parliament, while, of course, that of Paris was the most important, though neither it nor any of the others could

originate a measure, and it was doubtful whether it could refuse one decreed by the king. All his taxes and imposts were registered by the parliaments, and were paid by the burghers and peasants. The clergy and nobles were exempt, as the clergy were supposed to pray for the nation, the nobles to fight for it; and the nobles included not merely the head of the family, but all members thereof to the remotest generation.

The States General included the representation of all the cities, and these formed what was called the Third Estate. Power of remonstrance was supposed to exist in this body, but it was so seldom assembled that no one exactly knew its powers. It was usually convoked as a concession in the midst of the strife of factions, and generally broke up without having accomplished anything.

The greater feudal nobility had in all these countries been formidable rivals to the Crown. In Germany, they had quite overshadowed it, and become independent cities, interspersed with equally free cities. In England, the Crown had struggled with them, till in the Wars of the Roses they had destroyed one another's power, and the relentless hand of the Tudors cut off all who showed signs of a dangerous tendency to ambition. The Wars of Religion had produced the same effect in France, while in Spain, the kings had triumphed by using the forces of one part of their dominions against the other.

Thus in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Crown was far more powerful in all these lands than ever before, and kings and statesmen viewed these popular assemblies as perilous, barbarous things, to be avoided as much as possible, kept down, and silenced.

Education and civilisation had, however, done much to render the Third Estate much more resolute than of old. Lawyers were no longer clergy, but men trained in jurisprudence, and in France forming a very large class in all the provincial parliaments. Merchants and chief tradesfolk were often wealthier, better educated, and more refined than the nobles, and besides these the English country gentlemen, who furnished the knights of the shire, were a sturdy race, far from deficient in intelligence, and many of them having studied in the Inns of Court as part of their education. The depression of the nobles had brought these to the front. While the magistracy in France, having been for the most part favourable to Henri IV. as the legal sovereign, had been favoured by him, Elizabeth had always loved her Commons and paid court to the people, though she showed herself resolved to tolerate no presumption on the part of their representatives. To rule without demands for money had been one great object of her statecraft and secret of her popularity, while that of Sully had been to recruit the ruined finances of the kingdom. Each had been unscrupulous. Elizabeth had, like her grandfather, trusted to the dues obtainable by indirect methods, fines imposed in the Star Chamber, fees on conferring knighthood, the sale of licences, and the like; and she had gratified

her courtiers by gifts of monopolies of the sale of certain articles which cost her nothing, but gave them large revenues.

Henri IV. and Sully had to ask no one's leave for taxation, and their great object was to keep their nobles quiet. So they had created all manner of offices about the Court, and attached pensions to them, and by the advice of M. Paulet they raised large sums by letting the magistrates secure the succession of their offices to their sons. But as they were good managers, and really loved the people, their taxation had not been oppressive, and fatal as the system was, everybody had acquiesced.

What was tolerable under a Henri IV. or an Elizabeth was, however, a very different matter in the weak and lavish hands that succeeded them. James gave to all his favourites, multiplied monopolies for them, levied customs at the seaports, demanded forced loans never repaid, and raised money by inventing offices at Court and selling them, insisting on gentlemen being knighted at a price of from 60*l.* to 300*l.*; still it was unavoidable that he should at times assemble a Parliament. He did so for the third time in 1614, encouraged by Sir Francis Bacon and Sir Henry Neville, who undertook to manage the Commons with the help of a few more. They were therefore called the undertakers. However, the Commons were not so easily managed as the undertakers expected. They held that the customs and loans ought not to be taken without their consent, and absolutely refused to vote the King any money till he had given redress for these grievances. The scheme of the undertakers came to light, and gave great offence, though James tried to deny it; but a letter of Sir Henry Neville's confuted him; but he regarded all the complaints of his Commons as mere presumption. He sent a message that he would dissolve Parliament at once unless the taxes he asked were instantly voted.

The Commons, undaunted, answered that they would grant no supplies till he had redressed their grievances. Thereupon he is said to have sent for them to Whitehall, and torn up all their Bills before their faces. On the 7th of June he dissolved the Parliament, and committed five members to the Tower for violence of speech. Not a Bill had been passed, and this was therefore called the Addled Parliament. For six years James contrived to reign without summoning another, raising money by fines, impositions, customs, and all sorts of semi-legal shifts and oppressions, in which he held himself justified by what in his eyes was the factious and disloyal opposition of the Parliament.

The same year, 1614, saw the last popular assembly in France. There Marie de Medici had become Regent in 1610. Her chief characteristic in the eyes of her husband had been her intense obstinacy, which had led to many quarrels with him. He wrote to the governess of the young Dauphin, Madame de Montglas: 'I am displeased that you do not tell me that you whipped my son, for I will and command you to whip him every time he shows himself obstinate about anything wrong, knowing by my own experience that nothing is of so much use.'

The Dauphin was only nine years old at the time of Henri's death, and the King had probably not perceived how much inferior to himself in brain power and force of character nature had made the child, or he might have rather enjoined a training in thinking and acting independently, whereas his chief dread seems to have been that Queen Marie's sullen tenacity of purpose should have been inherited. This obstinacy had made her persist in keeping about her the favourite companion of her youth, Leonora Galigai, contrary to the advice of her own family and the desire of Henri. The toleration Henri exacted for his own transgressions was purchased by his endurance of this intriguing woman, and her adventurer husband, Concino Concini, but hitherto their influence had only been exercised in domestic matters in the palace, much to the King's provocation, but not to the public injury.

At first, however, Marie becomingly announced that she should follow her husband's policy. She spent the morning in business, ordering the Chancellor, Sully, and the other ministers, to come every morning at eleven o'clock with an account of all that was going on, in the presence of the princes of the blood and other persons of rank. After her dinner, until three o'clock, she gave audience to people on business; she then shut herself up in her private room, but returned in an hour to the apartment where all the Court might be assembled, and nobles and ladies might come and go on the easy terms that prevailed in the French royal household till it was stiffened by its Spanish queens. Between seven and eight o'clock, good-nights passed round, and the Queen remained with her inner circle of intimates, such as the old Duchess of Guise, with all her sons and daughters, Bassompierre, Grammont, Rochefoucauld, &c. They stayed till ten o'clock, when the Queen supped, and lastly spent her last and most intimate hour with the Signora Concini, who was with her again in the early morning, but at this period never showed herself in attendance in the assembled Court.

Leonora was a small, thin, pale woman in bad health, who always went about veiled, as a protection, she said, from the *jettatura*, or evil eye, the great terror of Italians. She was full of ability and intrigue, with a nervous excitability about her, which she used to work off by rolling little balls of wax between her fingers as she talked—an unfortunate diversion, since wax was connected in the popular mind with sorcery. Otherwise she was very cautious, and kept entirely in the background in order that her influence over her mistress might excite no jealousy; but she is said to have taken large bribes from those who wanted appointments. Her husband, Signor Concini, slept in a little lodge at the end of the garden of the Louvre. He was of better birth than she, and was a fine, tall, handsome, dark man, well trained in all bodily exercises, brave, liberal, and inclined to magnificence, and bold and licentious in *repartees* in his semi-Italian tongue, for he had

never properly learnt French. Scandal said he was the Queen's lover, and being aware of this, Marie appeared to keep him at a distance; but he made a great boast of his power and influence, as if everything depended on him. Sully sent one of his secretaries to call on him, and offered to be of service to him, but Concini showed himself offended that the Duke had not paid his respects in person, adding, 'If M. de Sully wants anything, he will be in more need of our assistance than we of his!'

The Queen retained her husband's ministers, most of whom were old men, Sully, at fifty, being the youngest. She preferred, however, the remains of the League, and she added to the estates of the house of Guise by promoting the marriage of the Duke with the young widowed Duchess of Montpensier, who was the only heiress of the great house of Joyeuse, after the Cardinal Duke. She had, however, confirmed the Edict of Nantes, and in the existing humour of France, nothing was so much dreaded as another civil war, and the general sentiment was, 'Talk no more of Huguenots and Papists, but let all be good Frenchmen alike.' The Queen invited the Duke of Bouillon from Sedan, and wrote herself to Duplessis Mornay. The dispute about Juliers was still undecided, and Prince Maurice was besieging the fortress. The death of Henri IV. had for a time prevented the outbreak of the great German war that was impending, though the Queen was bound to permit the march of the troops that had been guaranteed. They never went into action, for Juliers having surrendered to Maurice, the Princes of Brandenburg and Neuburg held possession of the duchies of Cleves and Juliers while the Emperor was appealed to.

The Prince of Condé had heard the news of the death of Henri IV. at Milan, where the Count of Fuentes, purely for the sake of embroiling France, as it appears, urged him to set up a claim to the throne as the true heir, all the children of Marie de Medici being illegitimate; but he was too wise to be tempted by the promise of Spanish aid, and he came home through Brussels, without choosing to see his wife, for he had actually applied to the Pope to declare his marriage null. Though bred up as a Catholic from his birth, he was considered as a sort of head by the Huguenots, who hastened to meet him. Bouillon and Sully came as far as Senlis, and he rode into Paris at the head of 1,500 gentlemen. The Queen was very gracious to him, and no doubt was much obliged to him for neither disputing her son's crown nor her own regency, and she showed her gratitude by considerable grants out of the treasury that Sully had amassed with so much pride, and which she was soon scattering in all directions in gifts to every one whom she either loved or feared.

She took the young King to be crowned at Rheims on the 17th of October, 1610, and he there took two inconsistent oaths, one to extirpate heresy, the other to observe the Edict of Nantes. He was a dull boy, and probably understood the meaning of neither. The Court was in a quarrelsome state, and the disputes about precedence were

hot and violent, especially as Concini had been made Marquis d'Ancre and first gentleman of the bedchamber, a dignity which conflicted with that of the Duke of Bellegarde, the first equerry. They challenged one another, and the Queen had to place them both under arrest, for this was a period of most fierce and murderous duelling.

On one point all were of one mind, everybody was demanding grants, governments of provinces or cities, pensions or augmentation of pensions, and all turned against Sully, who guarded the treasury—his pride and delight—like his own child, and refused every one whom he could refuse. Sometimes he was told of grants made by the late King, and these he knew to be false and treated with scorn, even though some of them bore the impress of the Great Seal of Henri IV., which ought to have been broken, but which the Chancellor had basely kept, in order to antedate certain commissions.

Every one, except Guise and Bellegarde, demanded that the stern old watch-dog should be dismissed; and Marie, on the 26th of January, 1611, asked him to give up his office of superintendent of the finance and Captain of the Bastille, offering him 300,000 livres in compensation. Cardinal de Joyeuse that same winter found the Concini element unbearable, and set out for Rome, and the Queen also contrived politely to send the Duke of Epemon into the provinces, so that the Court was entirely changed.

Sully was still Grand Master of the Ordnance and Governor of Poitou, and he now repaired to the General Assembly of the Huguenots, which, in conformity with the Edict of Nantes, the Queen had permitted to be convoked at Saumur in May. The Huguenots at this time had only five hundred congregations in fifteen provinces, whence seventy members, lay and clerical, were chosen. The great nobles, Bouillon, Sully, Tremouille, Rohan, and Soubise, were also invited. The governor of Saumur was Duplessis Mornay, who was elected President of the Assembly. This was a great offence to Bouillon, who had changed the place of the assembly from Châtelherault in order not to be in Sully's government, and who now ascribed the choice of Mornay in his stead to the old Duke's jealousy, and tried to gain over the Duke de Rohan. He failed, however; Rohan was a man of great ability and good sense, honest, true, and faithful, and so staunch that he became the great champion of the falling cause of the Huguenots. The majority of the Assembly agreed in intreating Sully not to part with his remaining offices for any consideration in money, and Mornay brought about a reconciliation between the two Dukes, but Bouillon's words showed that the old offence still rankled. 'Let us forget the past,' he said; 'I will be your friend and servant. If you are ever attacked for your religion at Sully, I will bring my cannon to defend you, as heartily as you prepared those of the arsenal to ruin me at Sedan.'

The Huguenots sent up a list of thirty-seven demands to the Court. One was that their faith should no longer be stigmatised as *La Religion*

prétendus Réformés; another that they might keep their places of security ten years longer, and that when a fief passed from a Huguenot to a Catholic lord, the residents upon it should not be deprived of their place of worship. Two commissaries from the Government were present and on their side made demands to which Bouillon must have acceded, but Rohan held out for resistance, and thus there was a division in the Huguenot party, which was more weakened by toleration than by persecution. However, the General Assembly was looked on with evil eyes by the Court, and above all by the cleverest man there, Armand de Richelieu, who, as the younger brother of a Duke, was already, at twenty-seven years old, Bishop of Luçon. His statesman's eye saw that all assemblies and free discussions tended to encourage resistance to the monarchical power, and it was the principle of ministers of the seventeenth century to gather all power into the royal hands.

Marie had the Medici taste for art, and she employed the greatest artist of the time, Peter Paul Rubens, on a series of pictures for the Luxembourg Palace, which are now in the Louvre. They are in the style of allegorical mythology, then popular, showing the Queen enthroned, and supported on clouds by all manner of Virtues, Powers, and Deities, so that it is quite a relief to come to the only one that condescends to ordinary life, where Marie is receiving a medallion from her husband over the head of their little son, and Henri's grand eagle profile and grey beard stand out as far more worthy of the brush of Rubens than all the substantial Flemish-looking deities around.

Rubens had not even one such good subject when he painted the ceilings of Whitehall in the same mythological style, with King James, ermined, robed, crowned, and sceptred, looking extremely uncomfortable among the clouds, where various large female Virtues are chasing away the contrary Vices.

Meantime the renewed activity of the Church did not slacken, although the Court was little influenced by principle. Pierre de Bérulle, sprung of a family employed in the Parliament of Paris, was a devoted priest who had given up the family inheritance to work in the Church. Cardinal du Perron had said of him, 'If you wish to convince heretics, bring them to me; if you would convert them, take them to the Bishop of Geneva (François de Sales); if both to convert and convince them, take them to the Abbé de Bérulle.'

The good men here mentioned, together with Father Cotton, and Vincent de Paul, a young and most pious and charitable man growing up among them, were specially grieved at the neglect and almost heathen state of ignorance of the country parishes, where scarcely any religious instruction was given. Sermons were hardly ever preached, and as to personal religion, it was the common custom before a first Communion to collect together all the boys of a parish and require from them *en masse* a so-called confession of their sins.

The extreme ignorance and want of spiritual quickening of the priesthood was rightly judged to be the cause of this lamentable state of things, and after much consultation, De Bérulle brought forward a plan which had been suggested to him by a good lady, Madame Acarie, of founding an association of clergy, not bound by any new rule, but merely to carry out their ordination vows to the utmost of their power. Such an association had already been at work in Italy, having been commenced by S. Filippo Neri, and had done good service in awakening zeal among the priesthood. The difficulty was to find a head for it. Modesty and diffidence made Bérulle hang back, until he was absolutely commanded by Cardinal de Joyeuse, Gondi, Archbishop of Paris, and even the Queen: and in 1611, he, with four other chosen clergy, opened a house at Paris which was known as the Oratory. When asked what their rule was, they answered in S. Paul's words: 'Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing, but in everything, with prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God.' Here they studied the Scriptures and prayed, receiving among them for a time such clergy or candidates for Holy Orders as wished to learn habits of deeper devotion, or to obtain further instruction. They did what we now should call mission work in Paris, and as their numbers increased they had houses in other towns, and seminaries or theological colleges, in which they educated many clergy to a far higher estimate of their office. A priest who was an Oratorian was not thus a member of any order, he was only freshly bound to his vows.

A great revival was also taking place in the Order of S. Benedict; among the monks beginning from the Abbey of S. Vanne; among the nuns at Port Royal, where the young abbess, Angélique Arnauld, so irregularly brought in, gradually awoke to a sense of her trust and responsibility, and threw herself into the reformation of her own convent. With great difficulty, she enforced the rule she had sworn to observe. Her own father and mother viewed their exclusion from the cloistered precincts as a cruel and unfilial act, and the tears, objurgations and faintings on both sides, on the day they tried to take her by storm, made *la journée du Guichet*, as it was called, memorable as the victory of rule and order. The nuns of Port Royal became again what their founders had imagined, full of intense devotion and self-sacrifice, and Angélique was chosen by the Superior of the whole Order, the Abbot of Cîteaux, to bring discipline back into other convents, above all that of Maubuisson, whence Antoinette d'Estrées had been expelled for gross misconduct.

Angélique and four nuns were installed there, and had daily encounters with the old nuns accustomed to laxity and misrule, but her gentle firmness was gaining the day, when Antoinette made her escape, and gathering about her a whole band of reckless, ruffianly gentlemen, to whom the whole matter was a joke, she descended on Maubuisson at

midnight, and actually turned the Abbess of Port Royal out into the fields with all the nuns and novices who adhered to her. Most of them had never been on foot outside a cloister in their lives, but Mère Angélique made them walk two and two, telling their beads, with their veils down, through the mud and mire till at sunrise they reached the nearest place of shelter. The Provost Marshal of Paris, however, came to the rescue, and again carried off Madame de Maubuisson to well-merited imprisonment, while Madame de Port Royal succeeded in establishing the same perfect rule and devotion as in her own house.

Thus there is much to remind us that—

‘Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode’;

and the road is desert indeed when we turn our eyes to the main stream of events in France, where there seemed, since Sully’s fall, to be no idea of virtue or patriotism, only of mutual jealousy and hatred among the Princes of the blood and great nobles, who were united in nothing but hatred to the favourites of the Queen Regent, who now bore the title of Marquis and Marquise d’Ancre, Concini having further been made a Marshal of France. He liked dice much better than State papers, and troubled himself little with business, and the Queen’s only notion of government was through petty Court schemes and intrigues.

Marie wanted to marry her second son to the little heiress of Montpensier, but the boy died at four years old, and the child was reserved for his infant brother Gaston. The Count de Soissons, at the same time, actually promised his daughter to the only son of Concini, but this proceeding on the part of a Prince of the blood royal was so shocking to the French nobility that representations were made to the Queen. She herself was angered at such presumption, and told Concini that it must not be, whereupon he awkwardly informed Soissons that his wife objected to the match, thus putting on him the double disgrace of offering his son to the favourites, and then being refused by them.

The Princes all began to unite against the favourite, while Marie on her side strengthened herself by a treaty of marriage, giving her eldest daughter Elisabeth to Philip, Prince of the Asturias and heir of Spain, and receiving in return Anne of Austria, the eldest Spanish Infanta, as a wife to the young King. This was a shock to the whole Protestant party on the Continent, and it inspired James I. with an unfortunate desire for the like connection for his own children. The treaty was concluded without the consent of the Parliament of Paris, and it greatly offended not only the Huguenots but the adherents of the old traditional line of policy which set France against Spain. The two Bourbons, Condé and Soissons, united with Bouillon and most of the

Huguenots, left the court, seized Mezières, and broke into open revolt.

The Queen pacified them by large subsidies, giving up cities to them and promising the convocation of the States-General. She was, however, resolved that this should be deferred till her son was of age.

Kings of France attain their majority on entering their fourteenth year, and on the 2nd of October, 1614, Louis XIII., accompanied by his mother, his little brother Gaston, Duke of Anjou, and all the chief *grandeues*, appeared at the Parliament of Paris. A curtained purple velvet couch or throne was the royal station when the Kings appeared at this Parliament, and their sessions upon it were called *beds of justice*. These were held whenever there was an *Edict* to be registered, especially if the King wanted to overpower any resistance on the part of the Parliament.

On this bed of justice, young Louis XIII. confirmed the *Edict* of Nantes and engaged to observe the laws. His mother then resigned the regency, and he begged her to continue to administer his affairs. Thus her power depended on him, and could not be taken away by the Princes.

The King opened the States-General on the 27th of October, 1614, three months after the dissolution of the *Addled Parliament*. An attempt was made by the clergy, 140 in number, to procure the acceptance of the decrees of the Council of Trent, but this was defeated. The nobles demanded that the *Paulette* (the payment for the inheritance of offices) should be abolished, but as such payment alone secured all the magistracies from being absorbed by the nobles, the Third Estate resisted it, and likewise demanded the reduction of the taxes, and a modification of the system of courtiers' pensions, which weighed so heavily on the people. Under Henri IV. the number of offices about the royal person and the pensions attached to them had been nearly doubled, and as neither nobles nor clergy paid taxes, the burden imposed on the burghers and peasantry was becoming more and more severe, and made itself the more felt because of the loss of Sully's economical hand, and on account of the lavish gifts of the Queen, while the Marquise d'Ancre took bribes for all the appointments of the Church and State resting with the Crown.

The Auvergnat deputy, Savaron, representative of Clermont, was sent to the chamber of nobles to support the demand, and he fearlessly told these haughty aristocrats 'that the King was obliged to buy the fidelity of the greedy nobles, and that their excessive expenses forced the people to eat grass like cattle,' and that if the people, who bore the burthen of their pensions, were not relieved, they might shake off the yoke as the Franks had done that of the Romans.

His words were slow in being fulfilled, but fulfilled they were, in the most fearful manner, after nearly two centuries. At the moment, there was such a storm of fury from the gentlemen that the clergy were

forced to interfere and mediate between them. An apology was demanded from Savaron, but he only answered that he had not intended any affront, adding that he had borne arms for five years before becoming a magistrate, and was ready to answer in either profession. As this was not conciliatory, the Civil Lieutenant of Paris, de Mesures, was chosen to speak, but he did not mend matters by comparing the three orders to three sons of the same house, of which the clergy was the eldest, the nobility the second, the Third Estate the youngest. The elder sons, he said, often devoured their house, while the younger one made them illustrious!

The noblemen were more angry still at this assumption that all were brethren, and complained to the King, who ordered the Third Estate to satisfy the gentlemen, but nothing could be obtained more than that the offence was not intentional. After all, the equality asserted was not of all mankind, it was only that of the lawyers or magistracy, the *noblesse de la robe*, as they called themselves.

Each order was jealous of the other, neither understood that union in bearing one another's burthens could alone have prevented oppression, or brought true strength and glory to the crown or the nation. Three months passed away in disputes; then Marie de Medici insisted that each order should present its *cahier*, or portfolio, containing their requests. They were brought on the 23rd of February, 1615.

The Baron of Senecey presented the *cahier* of the nobility; Miron, Provost of Paris, that of the Third Estate; Armand de Richelieu, Bishop of Luçon, that of the clergy, and his harangue, begging for the publication of the decrees of Trent and the recall of the Jesuits to the University, was so eloquent as entirely to obliterate all the force of the other two.

The next day, when the deputies of the Third Estate came to the door of the chamber to resume their discussion, they found it closed. The hangings had been removed, the benches taken away, and orders to disperse were sent to them from the King. There were shouts of rage and shame, but the deputies were powerless. Vague promises came from Court that the pensions should be diminished, that the Paulette should be done away with, and the farmers of the taxes—who were much like the publicans of old—should be restrained. But not one of these promises were ever kept.

And thus a shiftY woman and a dull boy overthrew the remnant of the representation of the people of France, and confirmed the fatal predominance of the Crown and immunities and oppressions of the nobility. The States-General did not meet again till 1789. Happily for us Parliament met in 1620, after an interval of six years instead of a hundred and seventy-five.

Louis XIII. was very slow, backward, and indolent, and hated all kinds of study. He seemed much attached to Alexandre de Vendôme, his half brother, the second son of Gabrielle; but the Queen

fearing that this might prove a perilous influence, sent the lad off to Malta, he being a Knight of S. John. Then, to divert her son's mind, she looked for another companion for him. He was very fond of hawks, merlins, and all the varieties of falcons, keeping his rooms full of them, and a playmate was therefore chosen for him who should be learned in falconry and nothing else. This person was found in Charles Albert de Luynes, a remarkably handsome man of about thirty, very poor, but reckoned as a gentleman. An office was created for him by the title of *Maitre de la Volerie du Cabinet*, and the Queen and her friends thought there was no fear of his aspiring beyond hawks, or of his teaching his master to interfere with the favourites.

Soon after the Queen set off southwards to exchange her daughter for the Spanish Infanta. It was a slow progress, for the little Elisabeth had the small-pox on the road, and had to wait at Poitiers for her recovery. On the 18th of November she was espoused at Bordeaux to the Duke of Guise as proxy for the Prince of Asturias, and on the same day the Duke of Uzeda, representing her brother, married Anne of Austria at Burgos.

On the 9th of November, 1615, two splendid tents were erected on the Isle of Pheasants in the middle of the boundary river Bidassoa, and there the two young ladies were exchanged for one another, Anne having first signed a renunciation of all possible rights to the Crown of Spain for herself and her heirs. She was six days older than the King, a fair girl with beautiful hair; but no one paid much heed to her, her young husband least of all. He apparently attended to nothing but his hawks and hounds, while disputes ran high between Condé and the Marquis d'Ancre; reconciliations were attempted and quarrels broke out again, and every prince or great nobleman was disgusted and on the verge of rebellion.

Concini saw that universal hatred was directed against him and his wife, and would fain have escaped. His only daughter died at thirteen in 1617, and his grief was very great. Marshal Bassompierre went to see them, and condoled with them, and the Marquis then said that not only was he overwhelmed with sorrow for his daughter, but that he foresaw his own approaching ruin. He implored his wife to return to Italy with him while yet there was time; but she declared that it would be cowardly and ungrateful to forsake the Queen after all her benefactions.

After all, they were not malicious favourites. They had been like tame animals about the Court, and all they can be accused of is of receiving the wealth that the Queen heaped upon them, and accepting the bribes freely offered, while they were incapable of strengthening her hands against the anarchy of the nobility, and they had acquiesced in the effacement of the King and his entire want of training in his duties.

Luynes, however, was resolved to rise on the ruins of the favourites.

He constantly talked to the King of the bondage in which they kept him ; and Louis, at sixteen, felt some stirrings of ambition, and considerable interest in a plot which gave him no trouble. .

Several men whom Luynes trusted were brought to the palace and employed about the hawks. Luynes also confided in one of the captains of the guards, the Baron de Vitry, whom he had observed never to salute when d'Ancre passed by. After making Vitry take an oath of secrecy, Luynes told him of the plot and brought him to the King, who gave him orders to shoot down Concini, promising him the marshal's *bâton* if he complied. Vitry consented, drew his brother and brother-in-law into the scheme, and then chose out other gentlemen, whom he posted in different parts of the court of the Louvre.

For the 25th of April the King had announced a hunting party, and stationed horses and a carriage in readiness for an escape in case of failure. One of the guards was stationed at the gate of the Louvre to watch for the marquis's coming from his own house to go to his wife's apartments in the Louvre, and await a summons from the Queen. At ten o'clock the guard saw him, and called Vitry, who came out, collecting all whom he had stationed in the court, each of them with a pistol under his cloak. They met Concini and thirty gentlemen attendants, and Vitry was in such haste that he would have passed him if his brother-in-law, M. de Hallier, had not said, 'Brother, there's the marshal!'

'Where?' cried Vitry.

'Here,' cried another, firing the first shot ; others did the same, Concini dropped on his knees, Vitry and the rest despatched him with their swords, and instantly stripped the body of everything valuable.

The young King looked out at the window with his great carabine, and called out 'Thanks, friends, now I am a King.' He desired that his father's old counsellors should be sent for, and there were loud cries of '*Vive le Roi !*' in response.

The tidings came to the Queen Mother, who began to weep and lament, but for her own fall, not for that of her friends, whom she accused of having brought her into trouble. Some one said, 'Ah ! madame, you alone can restrain the poor *maréchale* when she hears this terrible news.'

'I have something else to do,' she almost brutally answered. 'You don't know how to tell her ? Go and sing in her ears *L'hanno ammazzato.*'

Nor would she give the unhappy woman a shelter in her rooms. She presently sent for the King, but he would not come ; indeed he was standing on a billiard-table, receiving compliments from the former malcontents, who seem to have considered that a murder by command of a King was no crime.

The unfortunate Leonora was found on her bed, the mattress stuffed with her jewels. She was dragged to the Bastille, and her husband's body was buried at night under the organ at the church of S. Germain ;

but the populace tore it up, dragged it about the streets, and finally burnt it. Luynes pretended to think all sorts of dangers to the King might lurk in his mother's apartments. He actually came and searched them for barrels of gunpowder prepared to blow up the Court. He shut the Queen up closely, and would not let her see any one, not even her children, and at last, as a favour, she was permitted to retire to Blois.

The little son of Concini, a boy of twelve, was arrested, and kept without clothes or food for a whole day. Then the Count of Fieschi, equerry to the young Queen, brought him to her and told her no one could dance a *branle* so well. Anne of Austria gave him some sweetmeats, made him dance, and he was then imprisoned at Nantes.

Leonora, destitute of everything, was shut up in the Conciergerie, and the Parliament were called on to try her for treason and sorcery!

The proofs were, her consultations with a Jew physician, whom the Grand Duke of Tuscany had sent with his daughter; her having had a newly killed cock applied to her head when in great pain; her trick of rolling wax in her fingers; her possession of the schemes of nativity of the Queen and her children; and her ascendancy over the Queen. She replied calmly and sensibly to all the interrogations, and one of her replies has become proverbial. When she was asked by what witchcraft she had enthralled the Queen, she answered, 'Only by the power of a strong mind over a weak one.'

All that really was proved was, that the poor woman had lived in constant dread of being a mark for sorcery, and that her supposed incantations were only intended to protect herself. Her doom was, however, decided, though five judges refused to take part in it, and the Procureur-Général Bret only agreed to the sentence because Luynes gave him his word of honour that she would be pardoned.

The sentence was that she should be beheaded and afterwards burnt, her goods confiscated, and her son's blood attainted. She had only expected to be banished, and she cried aloud in her native tongue, *Oimé, poveretta!*

There was no pardon for her, and she underwent her sentence with great courage and composure, only, as she saw the assembled crowds, saying, 'What a number of people to see one poor afflicted woman!' Her demeanour changed their hatred into pity, and assuredly no woman was ever more cruelly and unjustly treated.

Though Louis XIII. talked of his father's counsellors, there was no more place for the best of them—Sully and Duplessis Mornay. Once indeed he did send for Sully, who walked grand, stiff, and grave through a laughing host of fashionable youths, who were sneering at the dress of the last generation.

'Sire,' he said to the young King, 'when your Majesty's father did me the honour to speak with me on business, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons.'

Louis never requested an interview with him again, and Sully bitterly felt the contrast. He often took out and kissed the medalion of the head of the great Henri, which hung by a chain round his neck, speaking of him as his dear master. The duke retired to his estates, and spent his time between Sully, Chateau Villebon, and at La Chapelle d'Angillon, a stately ducal palace, where he kept an almost regal Court, so much so that the domestic doctor declared himself to have visited eighty sick gentlemen and soldiers in one morning, without perceiving any diminution in the train or difficulty in performing the service of the house.

It was managed with great grandeur and austerity. The duke spent some time every morning in prayer and reading; then went to work with four secretaries on his memoirs, which were all addressed to himself—'You were wounded—you climbed a tree—you advised the King.' He also attended to business, for he was still Grand Master of the Ordnance and Governor of Poitou and Rochelle, and was the adviser of all the Huguenots.

Afterwards he went for a short walk. Then a great bell was rung, and the whole household stood marshalled in order to see him march out, his equerries and gentlemen before him, then two Swiss guards, and then himself, with a favoured friend or two; French and Swiss guards came behind, and two porters last. Dinner was in the great hall, the duke and duchess sitting on armchairs, all his family on stools. Only the chief guests, gentlemen and ladies of honour, dined with him; but there was a second table for the younger folk in another hall. After sitting for some time after dinner, there ensued another stately walk with all the same ceremonies, or a drive in the park with the duchess. Then followed a few more hours of business and a supper in the same order.

Many Roman Catholics were in his household, and he took care that they should diligently follow their religion, though he does not seem to have been as fond of sermons as were most of the Huguenots. His wife had been a Roman Catholic, but joined him in worship on her marriage. Still, however, when in the castle of Villebon, she used to haunt a private gallery where she could hear the Hours sung in an adjoining church, and she and her daughter, the Duchess of Rohan, washed all the altar linen with their own hands. Yet when the duke, in 1641, was dying, at eighty-two years of age, she refused to admit some Capuchin friars, whom he had wished to see, sending word that if they persisted in trying to enter, they should be thrown into the moat. She probably could not bear that his death should contradict his life. She worked tapestry beautifully, and was a dame with all the nobility, grandeur, and good sense that befitted the wife of Maximilien de Rosny.

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

LETTER IX.

THE ROUGHNESSES OF FAMILY LIFE.

MY DEAR A——,—The rough edges of family life! What is to be done about them? There are so many, and they are so sharp. I say that to myself just as you do—or, at least, I have said it—very often forgetting that I had myself contributed to increase their number. You see, there are two ways, both for you and me, of looking at our surroundings. Either they must fit themselves to us, or we must fit ourselves to them. Edges are sharp because they touch tender places. If, instead of coming in contact with them, we can avoid them, the sharpness is not felt. This is a self-evident fact, but I reached middle life before I really understood it. You are young; and if you can comprehend the fact at the beginning of life, you will save yourself an infinity of worry and even self-reproach at its close. I sometimes think that living in a large family, or in a circle of relations, is like that game in which dots are made on a piece of paper, and you are told to travel with a pen or pencil from one near to another at a distance, without crossing any previously marked line. The intricacies are as perplexing as they are amusing. To avoid coming across others in family life is often somewhat of a like problem, especially if the members of the family have not been educated in courtesy and self-control; and even if they have been, caution is required. But there are certain rules that my experience has taught me, which I give to you, because I have paid a large price for their acquisition, and I don't want you to do the same.

One, and the first, I think, is: never repeat to one member of the family what another member has said about him or her. When I say *never*, I could almost include pleasant as well as disagreeable remarks, because there are some persons who have a great dislike to the idea of being talked over, and shrink from personal remarks of any kind. But certainly, as regards disagreeable criticising, sharp remarks, or censures, the rule should be absolute. Just test yourself. If I say to you, 'I think, A——, you did wrong in saying or doing so-and-so,' you will be ready to defend yourself; but it is not the fact of my accusation that offends you—you and I are upon terms which admit of my finding fault. But if, on the other hand, I say to you, 'Charlotte says you did wrong,' you will almost instinctively turn round indignantly and exclaim, 'What business has Charlotte to make remarks

about me! It is not her concern!’ Double anger is, in fact, aroused, and naturally you put aside my suggestion of a fault in yourself, and are only occupied in finding fault with another. And what I say in reference to a member of the family, I would say even more strongly in reference to those who do not belong to it. I really believe more feuds have been fostered by this senseless habit of repeating what *some one* has said of *some one*, than by any other means. It adds insult to injury; and I have known it do such grievous mischief that I cannot speak too strongly against it. And please remember always that the rule especially applies to servants. Blame Martha or Nancy, if you will, but don’t say to Nancy, ‘Martha has told me so-and-so about you.’ If you do, the two servants will infallibly have a quarrel, and you will have to give them warning. I can imagine your objecting to this rule, that there are cases in which you must tell persons what has been said of them. Quite true. There are such cases, but they are very rare. In nine cases out of ten it is perfectly possible, by asking a few questions leading to the point, to get an acknowledgment of the fact reported, and then you can make your remarks without bringing any one else into trouble. Should Martha tell me that Nancy will not get up in the morning properly, I am not obliged to quote Martha’s words by way of reproof. I have only to make some little complaint of remissness to Nancy, and then say, ‘You would have time enough for your work if you got up early, but perhaps you don’t do so.’ And then will come a little excuse, and a little questioning, and before many minutes are over Nancy will have told the tale of her own misdeeds even more fully than Martha could have done.

Then, as another rule: don’t allow yourself to complain of things for which complaining is no remedy. It is a great relief to oneself to air one’s grievances by bringing them forth in the form of a grumble, but this is really, for the most part, mere selfishness. It makes the person who has to listen uncomfortable; it often comes like a cloud over a bright sky, and what is worse, it gives form and shape to that which before was probably little more than an ‘airy nothing.’ I was going to say at first, if you must grumble, grumble to some one out of the family, who will not be pained by it. But the wiser rule unquestionably is not to grumble at all. Look your grievance fully in the face; turn it round and examine it. If it can be remedied by complaining, by all means complain—but only to the proper authorities; not, as is often done, to the first person who crosses your path and is likely to be a good listener. If the grievance cannot be remedied, bury it and do your best to forget it. It will often then die away of itself—at any rate, it will not spread. More especially take care not to *harp* upon it though you may think yourself justified in mentioning it. Nothing is more wearisome even to the kindest listener than the perpetual repetition of the same complaint. Say your say, get what

help and comfort you can, and then exercise self-control and let the subject drop. Remember, I am not alluding to real sorrows; they need the support of sympathy, and to speak of them to a friend or relative is a comfort permitted and encouraged by God. What I call grievances are little frets. Some one speaks or looks in a way you dislike; some one else has omitted a courtesy; you think that some one meant something by what he or she said. These little matters are dwelt upon in your mind, insensibly exaggerated, mentioned, talked over, become realities to yourself, are controverted by others, and at length probably cause family disagreements. So again with regard to that fruitful subject of complaint—the weather. Horrid! dreadful! nasty! tiresome!—all kinds of ungracious epithets are bestowed upon it. Gravely, I would say, we ought all to remember Who it is that sends the weather, or ordains the climate. But even if we only speak of the weather in reference to our own sensations, and so are not actually irreverent, there is no doubt that we English should be a better and happier people if we were to leave off grumbling about it. For, after all, we never can agree. What one finds too hot, another finds too cold; and as no weather can suit every one, we are tolerably sure, if we belong to a large family, to live in an atmosphere of dissatisfaction respecting it. When every one thinks himself at liberty to vent his feelings annoyance must be the consequence.

Then another point I would urge is—a patient manner; by which I mean avoiding, if possible, the appearance of being in a hurry. As I am by nature one of the most impatient persons under the sun, and feel sure that I must have tried my family uncommonly by it, I can speak feelingly upon the subject. Busy people (and you and I are always busy) are so possessed with the mania for work, and the desire of finishing, that we feel everything an obstacle which comes in our way; and so we hurry from one person and one subject to another, breathless ourselves, and making others breathless. This is a characteristic which has forced itself upon me of late years, and I have been trying to learn stillness; to sit down quietly, and listen quietly, to wait calmly, to listen attentively, to answer carefully; and I must say that I find the discipline—for discipline it unquestionably is—extremely valuable. It checks many irritations, and saves one from many hasty words; therefore I recommend it to you.

Then again, to study the dispositions of those one has to live with, so as to avoid crossing them in any peculiar susceptibility, is very helpful when one desires to live peaceably. When a person has been accustomed to guide others, or when it has long been a duty to try and correct their faults, there is always a temptation to go on guiding and correcting, forgetting that children grow up into men and women, and become responsible for their own conduct; and this may be in some degree your temptation with regard to your younger brothers and sisters. A fact, self-evident, but often overlooked, is the

individuality of human characters, and the impossibility of moulding them to one form. When young people have come to years of discretion (so-called), one may do harm by interfering with them even by good advice in small matters. If they seek it, well and good; they are prepared for it and may profit by it; but if it is at all thrust upon them, they will in all probability resent it. I say small matters advisedly. Of course, if you saw your brother or sister on the high road to some great offence, you would be called upon to interpose at any risk of offending; but what I refer to are worrying little faults, tiresome ways, mistakes of judgment, prejudice. Better let them buy wisdom for themselves; they will never let you buy it for them. I give this caution with some hesitation, because it may be made an excuse for moral cowardice; but still, I think it is in many cases necessary, and will be found so more and more as life goes on. We are all undergoing a process of moral fossilisation, and we shall find that we certainly cannot mould and influence persons of five-and-twenty as we can children of thirteen and fourteen. When we have learnt therefore what the sharp edges of our relatives are, it is, I am sure, wiser to keep out of the way of the edges than to attempt to file them off. Let me give you an illustration of what I mean by referring to a remark which you made to me not long ago.

You said that your sister Harriet governs the household by her irritability. Almost every one obeys her because there is such a fear of annoying her; and this you confessed made you angry, and you often thought it right to oppose her. But Harriet is only a year younger than you are; you are both nearly twenty—women, not girls. Opposition will certainly not make Harriet less irritable, and you are not in a position to censure her. If you rouse her temper you will be tolerably sure to be in the wrong yourself; but if you just move away, leave her to herself, say something gentle, she will come to her right mind all the more quickly, and being, as no doubt she is, a person of real Christian principle, she will then blame herself, and so one may hope she will improve. Anyhow, if you attempt to interfere directly with the formation of her character, you will put yourself in a false position. I don't mean by this that you are not to stand up against her if she is unjust or unfair, which irritable persons often are. By all means be brave and say what you know to be right and true, but don't say it at the wrong moment. Move out of the way whilst the fit of irritability is upon her, and when it is over you will not have lost influence, and so she will be inclined to listen to you. I think the same rule applies to every kind of bad temper—sulkiness, perverseness, passion, fretful discontent, and a domineering spirit. If we just move out of the way for the moment we may gain an advantage in the end. And what I think helps more than anything else to make one patient under these provocations is the perception which, if we are sincere, will, I believe, come to us all more or less as we

watch ourselves—that we really have the same tendencies in our own character. How few of us there are who cannot say with truth—‘There are times when I am most unreasonably alive to things which offend my taste. If my will is contradicted, again and again I find my impulse perverse, and because I cannot have just what I want I find it in my heart to declare I will have nothing. I could sometimes be in a furious passion, if the habit of self-restraint did not at once step in to check the first rising of feeling; and if anything said or done by another vexes me, my inclination directly is to twist and turn words into a meaning which was probably not intended. I find it extremely difficult also to be fair in an argument, and it is only by an effort that I can bring myself to let my opponent finish his or her sentence whilst the moment I am found fault with I am conscious that my mental porcupine’s quills bristle up, and in an instant I am in an attitude of self-defence.’

It is, in fact, the possession of these tendencies in ourselves which makes us alive to them in others. We should not be so quick in perceiving them if we did not understand them, and we only understand them by having experienced them. So it is that we are bound not to aggravate them when they are wrongly excited, but, as I said before, to step aside; and I think you will find this the best way of dealing with Harriet. Her conscience will tell her more than you can tell her; and you are not her mother or her governess called upon to train her. After twenty, I doubt indeed whether as a rule even a mother can do good as regards temper by direct unasked for interference and advice. Each one of us must bear his or her own burden in this matter. Each one can discipline *self*, and that will be work enough. This is all I can say to-day, and you will probably think it enough.

Yours, &c.,

G. M.

Spider Subjects.

THE choice of remarkable storms is as follows:—All mention the Armada. Bog-Oak, Jonah's, and that which led to the Peace of Bretigny; Titania, the storm that delayed Warwick's crossing; the Muffin Man, the strong wind on the Red Sea, S. Paul's shipwreck; Sintram, King John's allies delayed by a storm, at the battle of Largs; Clover, Thomas the Rhymer, two which made the Romans break up their navy, hurricane at the Crimea. Frances is the most interesting.

Four answers on the Whitsuntide Psalms are excellent: those by Spinning-Jenny, Autumn, Vögelein, and A Bee. The first of these best takes the general scope, though Vögelein's details are fullest. Patience is full of thought, but disjointed. Frances good, except for the numbers she killed at Towton; Clover, Grisigona, Water Wagtail, Bruce's Spider, fair.

THREE GREAT TEMPESTS WHICH INFLUENCED THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

PROBABLY, almost certainly, there are many occasions during the centuries of the world's history when the fate of nations was decided, humanly speaking, by the course of the elements, but among these examples there are three which, for various reasons, may be selected as typical.

The first of these in point of time occurred about A.D. 175, during the expedition of Marcus Aurelius against the German tribes of the Quadi and Marcomanni. The Roman troops, having gained some advantage over the enemy, forgot their usual discretion, and continued the pursuit into the midst of some barren mountains, till they found themselves completely blocked up in a narrow defile, with no means of escape, and at the mercy of the barbarians, who now, with every prospect of success, mustered their forces to attack the hitherto victorious Romans. To add to the misery of the latter, no water was to be found within the narrow limits of their mountain prison, where the heat was intense, and where no rain had fallen for days. The Emperor made every effort in person to cheer and encourage his fainting troops, of whom the greater part were abandoned to despair. Among the Roman legions, however, there was one entirely composed of Christians, and these preserved their faith and trust amid the general despondency. And at length this was rewarded. At the very moment that the barbarians were about to fall on them, the solemn prayer of these worshippers of the One True God was answered by such a copious shower of rain as to completely reinvigorate the fainting army. The soldiers might be seen holding their mouths and helmets up to the sky, gratefully receiving the rain which afforded them such wonderful and timely relief. Nor was this the only manner in which they profited by the tempest, for the same clouds which refreshed the Romans discharged such a storm of hail, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, against the Germans, as to astonish and confound them utterly. The Christian legion, who had hitherto knelt

in thanksgiving, as formerly in prayer, rushed forth upon the enemy, and the whole strength of the Roman army, renewed and refreshed by the coolness of the air, and the copious draughts of water, followed to victory. Henceforth the legion whose prayers had wrought such a mighty deliverance was known as the *Legio Fulminatrix*, or the Thundering Legion; while the Emperor was so much struck by the miraculous event, that he immediately caused persecution against the Christians to cease, and also wrote to the Senate in favour of their religion. Had the war ended in defeat to the Romans, Italy would have been left defenceless before the invading hordes, and the progress of civilisation must have been at least retarded for centuries.

The second great tempest which may be selected for mention, though of less universal interest in the political events which seemed to depend on it, must not be regarded as unimportant in its effects by the student of English history. It took place during that terrible struggle between the White and Red Roses, which for nearly twenty years stained England with the blood of her own children.

On the Palm Sunday of 1461 was fought the most obstinate and bloody battle that ever raged between Englishmen. The gallant young Edward of March, recently proclaimed as Edward IV., and fresh from his triumphant entry into London, accompanied by 'the king-maker,' Warwick, then met on Towton Field the Lancastrian forces under Somerset and Clifford, and the dreadful contest which really won the kingdom for the House of York was there waged, in the midst of a tremendous snowstorm. The flakes drifted full in the faces of the troops of the Red Rose, and effectually disconcerted their aim; still for six hours they fought with desperate bravery, nor was the struggle finally ended till the close of the following day, when 28,000 Lancastrian corpses lay stretched on the field. Henry VI. and Margaret fled for refuge to Scotland, after what was, in fact, the death-blow of their cause, and in three months' time Edward of York, the victor of Towton, received the crown of England.

Perhaps we can hardly venture to say that this result of the contest was entirely, or even chiefly, the work of the storm, but no doubt the elements had at least a share in the discomfiture of the Lancastrians, and thus contributed to decide the struggle, at any rate for the time, in favour of the House of York.

The third 'great tempest' is one which can scarcely fail to occur to the memory of even the most cursory reader of history, and though its results were in the main chiefly instrumental as affecting our own kingdom, they were not without their effect on the politics of Europe at large.

Terrible indeed was that storm which completed the work begun by the skill and courage of Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, and dashed to pieces in the northern seas the scattered ships of the proudly-styled 'Invincible' Armada. Both victors and vanquished showed their consciousness of the share which the winds and waves had in deciding the contest. 'I sent my ships against men, not against the seas!' exclaimed Philip II. on hearing the tidings; while in humble thankfulness England owned to whom she owed her deliverance by inscribing on the medal struck in commemoration of the victory the words: 'The Lord sent His wind and scattered them.'

With the ruin of the Armada, the maritime supremacy which Spain

had so long maintained passed away from her, while her despised foe rose at once to importance as a great European and naval power.

FRANCES.

SHOW HOW THE PROPER PSALMS APPLY TO WHITSUN DAY.

The proper Psalms for Whitsun Day are Psalms xlviil., lxviii., civ., cxlv.

The Collect for Whitsun Day gathers up the teaching of the festival and helps us to see how the Psalms fit in with the day. We learn from it that the attitude of expectancy which we must assume in order to receive the gift of Pentecost is one of faith; that the Pentecostal gift is light; that the result of a faithful reception of the gift is enduring consolation. We perceive the hush of expectant faith, we see the suffusion of quickening light, we hear the rejoicing over deliverance from past evils and prospective joy over future triumphs, not only in that room at Jerusalem where the Apostles were gathered waiting for the promised Comforter, but also in the four Psalms we are now considering. In the 48th the key-note of hopeful waiting is struck by the words, 'We wait for Thy lovingkindness, O God!' which form the link between the retrospect of victory over enemies and the prospect of continual help and guidance: 'For this God is our God for ever and ever; He shall be our guide unto death.' In the 68th psalm the chant of triumph over deliverance won is joined on to the chant of praise for present blessings and future glory and dominion by the passage, 'Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea even for Thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell amongst them.' The 104th is in every sense a Psalm of life, and the 145th dwells especially upon the continuance of the lovingkindness of God, to whom it is an ascription of praise.

This much is seen by a superficial reading of the Psalms; a closer study brings out the applicability of details. These, for instance:—The apostles 'waited for the lovingkindness of God' at Jerusalem; Psalm 48th is an exaltation of Zion. The 'mighty rushing wind' that filled all the houses where they were sitting is the *spiritus vehemens* that should 'break the ships' of the sea.' Naturally the Apostles' minds were filled with a sense of deliverance from a bondage more enthralling than that which had held down their forefathers 'among the pots' of Egypt; a darkness had covered the land more palpable than the darkness which had fallen upon the Egyptians of old; the true Paschal Lamb had been slain; their glorious Joshua had led the way for them through the waves of baptism, and so they broke forth into praise of Him who had 'led captivity captive,' and by accepting death at the hand of His enemies had given life unto men.

The 104th Psalm throbs with life from beginning to end, and, because invisible truths are shadowed forth by visible facts, it not only reproduces the harmony of the visible creation, but also strikes the chords of the spiritualities of the Invisible. Not only do small verbal details, such as 'He maketh His angels spirits and His ministers a flaming (or consuming) fire,' suggesting the rushing wind and flaming-tongues of Pentecost, furnish analogies, but in the water, the life sustaining course of which is traced out by the Psalmist, we have a type of holy baptism, and in the breath which goes forth from the mouth of God we see foreshadowed the quickening Spirit sent forth

into the body Christ had formed, even His Church which waited for the gift on that feast of firstfruits commemorated by us on Whitsun Day.
SPINNING-JENNY.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Six famous trees.

The history of the letter H.

Stamps Received.—Autumn, Sintram, Spinning Jenny, Bruce's Spider.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

Does *E. O. B.* really think the story *Bog-Oak* relates of David is in the Bible? Perhaps she had not seen the question in the April number to which this was an answer. We were not asked for *Bible stories*, but for historical anecdotes connected with Spiders, though since David's time the spider's web saving a life in this manner has been more than once told both of saints and (she thinks) of Mahomet. Therefore, if *E. O. B.*'s 'chapter and verse' meant a Scriptural reference, *Bog-Oak* cannot give it, nor is any one called on to believe the story. If, however, *E. O. B.* wishes for an authority, she will find the anecdote in Neale and Littledale's *Commentary on the Psalms*, at the Exposition on Psalm xxxix. 12. It is no doubt Rabinical.—*Bog-Oak*.

I should be very glad to know where the words

'Love is a present for a mighty king,'

are to be found. I have a *Christian Year* in my possession in which these words were written by John Keble, and under them he has written, 'This was written by John Keble.'—*C. M.* [It is a line in George Herbert's 'Church Porch.' I have seen Mr. Keble write it on being asked to put his name in a *Christian Year*, saying he had chosen it as his motto.—*Ed.*]

Is there an answer known to the following?—

'To six and six and thirty-six,

The chief of all the letters add,

'Twill name a thing that killed a king,

And drove a wise man mad.'

C. M. E.

[One version is—

'To five and five and forty-five,

The first of letters add,

'Twill make a thing that pleased a king,

And drove a wise man mad.'

But we know of no solution.]

Where are the lines—

'Its choir, the winds and waves,

Its organ, thunder; its dome, the sky?'

A. D. P.

M. B. H. would be much obliged if any one could tell her where these lines occur, beginning—

'Whither we send our thought to dwell.'

And further on—

'Like flies that pace upon a window pane.'

Can any one lend me or help me to complete a fairy tale entitled 'The Princess who turned up her Nose'? It is in verse and commences—

'There was once on a time a prince with a name
As long as my arm and with titles the same,
Who, with scarcely a penny to spend on his hack,
And with only the clothes he had got on his back,
To court a young princess came trotting afar.'

I have tried in vain for it at booksellers, so think it must be out of print. Address—'Æditha,' 10, Mersey View, Blundellsands, near Liverpool.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Pusey Memorial—W. S., 2s.

For the Chinese Mission.—By Miss Silverlock—C. Ryder, Esq., 5l.; Miss Clendon, 7s. 6d.; by Miss Clendon, 5s.; Mrs. Buckworth's Children, 7s.; Miss Etherington, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Kinneer, 5l.; Mrs. Morris, 10s.; Percy Morris, 2s. 6d.; Herbert Larkin, 2s. 6d.; M. Bird, 2s. 6d.; J. Bird, 2s. 6d.; F. W. Kitching, 1s. 7d.; Miss Gough, 2s. 6d.; by Miss Gough, 2s. 6d.; W. Warren, Esq., 5l.; by G. Northcote, Esq., 1l. 15s. 8d.; Miss Lawrence, 15s.; Mr. Lord, 7s. 6d.; Miss Williams, 2s. 6d.; by Mrs. Taylor—Dr. Mintling, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Crasstwait, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Coey, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Bell, 2s. 6d.; Miss Nisbet, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Brown, 2s.; Miss Seymour, 5s.; Miss E. Seymour, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 5s.; Miss Newbound, 1s. 2d.; Miss Newburn, 1l.; by Miss Calvert, 12s. Further donations are earnestly solicited as 1,500l. is required.

ANSWERS.

Bufo.—The poem is by Charles Kingsley, and is to be found in his *Miscellaneous Poems*. The words continue—

'Tell us how our brave crusading fathers
Lived for God and not for gold.'

—*Wena*.

L. L. R.—A story called 'Expiation' appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in No. 172, for October, 1830.—*Bubbles*.

J. E. B. believes one of the brothers Montgomery (James, she thinks) is the author of the verses on prayer—

'Go when the morning shineth,' &c.

[Another claimant!]

L. M. F.—The nursery rhyme commencing—

'There was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,'

was published, with coloured illustrations, about the year 1828. Mrs. Vidal, Cornborough, Bideford, will send a copy if *L. M. F.* will apply to her, but as there are ten stanzas of eight lines each, and they are not particularly interesting, she thinks they are scarcely worth publishing in the *Monthly Packet*.

In answer to A. B.'s inquiry in the April number of the *Monthly Packet*, an illustrated Bible, published at Oxford in 1701, contains a curious engraving of the Creation. At the top is a space with the words *Fiat lux*; on the right side the moon and stars are represented, on the left the sun; between the two, eagles are flying; below the eagles is the sea, with whales spouting; in the foreground trees and animals and birds, also a porcupine and tortoise; quite in front the head of a horse, of a sheep, and a tiger are represented just rising

from the earth ; a unicorn is in the centre, and the elephant, camels, &c., are complete. The engraving is marked 'G. Freman, delin. J. Kip, sculp.' The publisher appears to be Richard Blowe, as many of the prints are headed by a scroll supported by flying cherubims, stating that the print is the gift of some persons for the advancement of the work, which is humbly dedicated to their patronage by Richard Blowe. The prints are very numerous and curiously quaint ; all are signed 'G. Freman, delin.,' but are not all engraved by the same person.

J. E. M.—Your solution would make it no riddle at all.

E. J. Alfrey writes to say that the lines beginning—

'The words are weak and far to seek
When wanted fifty-fold'—

are from the *Lay of Elena*, a poem which connects the two parts of Sir Henry Taylor's play of *Philip van Artevelde* ; and as this beautiful lay is so little known, quotes the lines succeeding those given, and concluding the poem :—

'But could she have reveal'd to him,
Who questioned thus, the vision bright
That ere his words were said grew dim
And vanish'd from her sight.
Easy the answer were to know,
And plain to understand—
That mind and memory both must fail,
And life itself must slacken sail,
And thought its functions must forego,
And fancy lose its latest glow,
Or e'er that land
Could pictured be less bright and fair
To her whose home and heart are there !
That land, the loveliest that eye can see,
The stranger ne'er forgets, then how should she !'

(1) *Giaour* is pronounced 'Gower' (in two syllables, the first short, not as 'gore').

(2) 'Wake again, Teutonic father-ages,' is the beginning of the Proëm to Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*. Also answered by *B. C.*

(3) Robert Carr was never Earl of Rochester. He was made *Viscount* Rochester in 1611, and Baron Brancepeth and Earl of Somerset in 1613. Henry Lord Wilmot, father of the notorious Lord Rochester of Charles II.'s day, was the first Earl of Rochester ever created, in 1652.—*R. F. L.*

M. L. H. from *S. A. A.*—

THE BOY OF HEAVEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

ONE summer eve, seven little boys
Were playing at the ball ;
Seven little boys so beautiful,
Beside a castle wall.

And, whilst they play'd, another came,
And stood among them there ;
A little boy, with gentle eyes,
And thick and curling hair.

The clothes he on his body wore
Were of linen fine and white ;
And the girdle that was round his waist
Was like the morning light.

For a little while he look'd on them,
 Look'd lovingly and smiled;
 When unto him the eldest said,
 'Whence comest thou, fair child?

'Art thou the son of some great king,
 And in a hidden place
 Hast been conceal'd? for until now
 I never saw thy face!

'Dwell'st thou among the lonely hills,
 Or in the forest low,—
 And dost thou chase the running deer,
 A hunter with thy bow?

'And tell us what wild woodland name
 Have they unto thee given!'—
 'They call'd me Willie,' said he, 'on earth,—
 They call me so in Heaven!

'My father with King David dwells,
 In the land of God dwells he;
 And my sweet mother, so kind and good,
 Is set by the Virgin's knee.

'Seven years ago we went to Heaven;
 'Twas in the winter chill,
 When icy cold the wind did blow,
 And mists were on the hill;

'But when we reached the land of Heaven
 'Twas like a summer's day;
 The skies were blue, and a thousand flowers
 On the ground before us lay.

'Oh, the land of Heaven is beautiful!
 There no cold winds do blow;
 And fairer apples than ever ye saw
 Within the gardens grow!

'I have walk'd by the side of Abraham;
 I have sate at Mary's knee;
 And the ten thousand little ones
 Of Heaven, they play with me!

'We wander by the River of Life,
 And through the forests old,
 And o'er the boundless hills of Heaven—
 The sheep of God's own fold.'

Then up and spoke a little boy,
 The least of the company,
 'My mother is dead, and gone to Heaven,
 Let me too go with thee!"

'Thou canst not go with me,' he said,
 'That home thou canst not win,
 If thou have an ill word on thy tongue,
 Or in thy heart a sin;

'For the way is long and wearisome,
 Through peril great it lies;
 And with any sin upon thy soul
 From earth thou couldst not rise.

'There are waters deep and wild to pass,
 And who hath a load of sin,—
 Like the heavy rock that will not float,
 Is tumbled headlong in.